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THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION OF THE CITY OF ROME,

AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE FOR THE CATHOLICS IN THEIR VARIOUS NATIONALITIES.

La Caduta di Roma per le Armi Italiane considerata nelle sue cagioni e nei suoi effetti da C. M. Curci, S.J. Firenze: L. Manuelli, 1870.

ST. PAUL says: *As the body is a unity and has many members, and as the fact that the members of the body are many, does not prevent the body being a unity, so likewise is Christ* (1. Cor. xii. 12). If it had been the design of God to make an entirely new creation for the Christian redemption, that should come into the world totally severed and disjoined from all that existed previously, and so absorb everything into itself, the second Adam would have been brought into the world clothed with a body totally void of all connection with anything that then existed in the world. But this every one knows not to have been the case. Christ took His human body from the existing world. His Mother was a maiden of the nationality of Israel, of the tribe of Juda, and of the house and lineage of David, and His birth took place by the disposition of Divine Providence in such a way that immediately after His seeing the light His name was entered as a subject on the census roll of the great Roman empire. In this respect the second Adam perfectly conforms Himself in His entry into the world to the example of the first Adam, whose body by the same analogy was fashioned by the hand of God, "*de limo terræ*" (from the moist earth) which,

after receiving the breath of life, became the living soul, man, and obtained the name of Adam (Gen. ii.)

As Christ, then, is the beginning of the renovated order of the human creation, which through Him receives the heavenly gifts by which it becomes regenerated, so Christ in return does not fail fully and in all respects, one only excepted, to identify Himself with the world that existed before His incarnation. Hence it is that He stands before all the generations of Adam's family as—

I. *The second Adam*, a very and true man, born of woman.
II. *The Son of the Virgin Mary*—in fulfilment of the promise that a virgin should conceive and bear a son.
III. *The Son of David* and the *King of the Jews*—in fulfilment of the promise made to David.
IV. *The seed promised to Abraham*—in whom all the nations of the earth should be blest.
V. *A subject of the great Roman empire*—that is, connected with the nations of the world, whom He has come to redeem, by submitting Himself equally with them to the jurisdiction of the great empire over the nations that had been acquired by the ancient city of Rome.

He has proved Himself to be the second Adam by his sympathies for all the sufferings of the children of the first Adam which were brought under His observation.

He proved Himself to be the son of the Virgin Mary by His acknowledgment of her on the cross as His Mother; to be the son of David by His granting the prayer of the blind man who appealed to Him as the son of David; to be the King of the Jews by accepting the title to this effect over His head on the cross. He acknowledged His being a son of Abraham by the rite of circumcision; his subjection to the Mosaic law by His presentation in the temple; and lastly, He has acknowledged His character as a subject of the Roman empire before all the world by submitting to the sentence of death passed upon Him in the Roman court of Pontius Pilate. In a word, sin excepted, He would be a perfect part and portion of the world which He came to redeem.

Thus the Christ who is the author of our redemption comes into our world in every respect perfectly associated with it; and, as it is all-important to observe, not merely perfectly associated with that which existed at the time of His coming, but likewise with the past, with all that had previously existed. As the second Adam, he owns Himself associated with the whole world that began from the first Adam; as the son of Abraham, with the whole people descended from Abraham; as the son of David with the family of David and

its fortunes; as a Roman subject with the city of Rome and all the nations subject to Rome. And the practical consequence of all this is, that, when we become members of His body as Christians, in Him and together with Him we become equally associated with all with which He condescended to associate Himself by coming into our world as man.

Hence follow a series of consequences attended with no slight practical results. If, through being a Christian, I am associated with the world descended from Adam, then it becomes me as a Christian, as far as circumstances permit, to acquire a correct historical knowledge of what has befallen the world descended from Adam. As a Christian my business is not with piety only, but also with knowledge. I need consequently, as a Christian, to acquire a fair and competent knowledge of the general history of the world, and how it has fared with people descended from the first forefathers of the human race. Next, I need a more special knowledge of the people descended from Abraham, and after this a more special knowledge still of the fortunes of the royal house of David; and lastly, I need a knowledge of the city of Rome and her empire over the nations. All this strictly follows from my being a Christian. It may be quite true that my lot in life may be to have to work so hard for a livelihood that, as the first law of the creation is to sustain and preserve the life that has been given, I may have extremely limited opportunities of acquiring the knowledge that it becomes me to acquire as a Christian. In such a case, of course, I must be satisfied to do the best that I can with such aids and helps that I can readily lay my hands upon.

But a considerable proportion of the Christian people are able to devote either the whole of their life previous to their legal majority of twenty-one, or at least a notable portion of it to the acquirement of knowledge in their various schools of learning; and all these schools have to be furnished with adequately skilled professors and masters in all the various branches and departments of knowledge, which the pupils frequenting them require for their future career, whatever this may be. The body of knowledge thus taught on the one hand and acquired on the other is of two kinds: First, the general knowledge above described, which it is becoming that every Christian should acquire, for the sole reason that he or she is a Christian, and which such Christian, granted the condition (which is a personal privilege and a special favor of Divine Providence) of being in easy or affluent circumstances, is therefore bound, with all reasonable care and diligence, to set to work to acquire; and secondly, the special knowledge and training proper to the particular calling or profession of which the person concerned may have made a legitimate choice.

The first kind, or the general knowledge, to the acquirement of which all who have the requisite conditions of leisure and means are bound in decency as being Christians, forms the indispensable substructure on which those who are intended for their several careers in the various liberal professions proper to civilized social life are supposed to build their superstructure of special professional or scientific knowledge. Those again who are born to the simple enjoyment of great rank, wealth, and social position, are undoubtedly to be held bound in Christian decency to extend and perfect their acquirement of this body of general knowledge. Hence it is from the higher Christian academies and universities, where such studies can be carried to maturity and perfection, that the great and eminent Christian statesmen, magistrates, and public men may be expected to come forth, to the great social advancement and good of the commonwealth.

Now, in the body of general knowledge above described, the "Roman empire" stands forward as the object of the very greatest prominence. And here a question arises for which, although at times there has raged no little contention about it, and it has afforded no slight matter for fierce combat on both sides, what has been said above furnishes the key to apply a satisfactory solution. On the one side it has been contended we are Christians and not Pagans! What are we Christians doing, laboring with such extraordinary care to form the susceptible minds of our youth on the corrupt and degraded models of the Pagan world? To what purpose has the Christian redemption come to us, with its heavenly renovation of mind and heart, if all that we Christians can do is to go back to the beggarly elements of a lost and superseded state of society, and to exalt the old Roman mind, while we cover up and hide out of sight the glories of the redeemed world. On the other hand it is urged that Christ declared that, by His being lifted up on the cross, He would draw all things to Himself; and, in token of the accomplishment of His words, His title, "King of the Jews," was written in "Latin," "Greek," and "Hebrew," over His head on the cross; that is, in three choice languages of the world, outside of which there existed nothing but error, ignorance, and barbarism. The solution to the question thus debated, which we gain by what has been just said is clear, and such as should easily carry conviction to both parties in the dispute. We are undoubtedly as Christians connected through Christ with the old Roman empire, for the one reason, if others were wanting, that He has elected to be Himself connected with it by being entered on its census roll, and by accepting a sentence of one of its law courts as the mode of offering the sacrifice of Himself for the redemption of the whole human race. Christ, as we know from the Apostles' Creed,

has chosen the Roman empire to be the power by whose public sentence He would lay down His life; and he has further chosen to exhibit His power in weakness by subsequently taking to Himself the chief city of the empire, to whose law courts he paid the respect of accepting their sentence of death, to become the chief seat of government to the end of the world for his mystical body the Church. As long as Rome, the chief seat of the government of the Church, is the same Rome which was the central seat of the old empire's government of the nations, here is the link of a standing chain by which as Christians we continue to be bound up with the old empire. But our connection with it comes to us through Christ, and, if we are connected with it, we are so connected only as Christians. We are not to be, like the rest of the world, blind admirers of Old Rome, but being made free by a truth higher than anything known to Old Rome, whatever there is to be found in Old Rome that is grand and noble, this becomes part of the spoil of which the One stronger than the strong man armed has despoiled him, and which He has given and distributed to His own people.

It is for the unbelievers of the world, the men without God, and to whom the future is a hopeless, undiscernible blank, blindly to admire the old Roman empire. For us Christians there is, doubtless, much to be learned from its history and through its literature; but the principle that we must bring to its study is always to bear in mind that we have to approach it as Christians—that, if there is very much to be learned from it, this must always be on the condition of that which we learn being subject to correction from higher Christian truth. One extreme most commonly leads to another; and the large and lamentable degree of failure on the part of the one school in respect of duly remembering that the history of Old Rome, and its treasures of classic literature, both Latin and Greek, are to be used and read subject to the correction of Christian truth and morality, is no doubt the chief if not almost the only cause of the partial cry that has been raised for the banishment of the Classics from the Catholic education of youth.

That their banishment, however, from Catholic education is a simple impossibility must be a matter of the plainest evidence; but on the other hand their subjection to Christian truth is not the less a sacred duty; and events have now come to pass which we must contend go a very great way to impose upon the consciences of the teachers in Catholic schools, more than ever, the duty of taking the necessary pains to establish firmly and clearly the true connection of the old empire with the Catholic Church in the minds of their pupils. This, in other words, is to make sure that every Catholic pupil receiving a liberal education is brought to understand how it comes to pass that the Roman prefect, Pontius Pilate, has a

place in the Apostles' Creed, and why Jesus Christ condescended to come into the world as a subject of the former Roman empire, and why, from having been the first few days after His birth enrolled on the register of the subjects of the empire, and having subjected Himself to the death of a public malefactor from one of its Provincial tribunals, He has since vindicated His power over the earth, by appropriating to the purposes of His Church the city which was the seat of the very empire that passed the sentence of death upon Him.

Many reasons exist which may be given to show cause why the Divine plan of human redemption should have predetermined to fix upon the city of Rome as the permanent home and seat of the supreme government of the Church; one of these is sufficient for our present purpose. Christ had said to His Apostles previous to His last commission given to them to go into all lands to teach His religion, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on *earth*." The infidels of the earth, to whom the Christian doctrines appear to be the merest useless pious phantasies of the weak-minded and the devotees, laugh in their sleeves very complacently at the claim that the Christians make of the supreme power of the founder of their religion; they can very well afford to make the Christ of the Christians welcome to His power in heaven. In this they are quite consistent, as it is no concern of theirs one way or the other who may or may not have supreme power there. What they understand perfectly, however, to concern them, is the claim that He has likewise supreme power over the earth. Here the disposition of Divine Providence has been such that while there is, on the one hand, very much to prove the faith and to try the fidelity of those who believe, the supreme power of Jesus Christ over the earth, on the other hand, has a veil largely cast over it to hide it in mercy from the eyes of the unbelievers, in order that their contempt and contumacy against it may not add, measure to measure, in the increase of their condemnation. Still, the Divine plan would not leave the generations of men without at least one signal proof set up in the midst of the nations of the world to bear its umistakable evidence, that Jesus Christ, the victim of the unjust sentence of Pontius Pilate, does possess supreme power not only in heaven, but also over the earth; and the proof consists in this, that all the nations and people of the earth have placed before their eyes the fact, that He who thus suffered death takes Rome, the eternal city, the city which in past times asserted its power to subdue all the nations of the earth to its single rule, and makes this very city, and not any other city, the supreme seat of government for His glad message and covenant of salvation for all the people, tribes, and kindreds of the earth.

Again, it may also be added that He was willing in this respect to show His tender consideration for His people. In His own person He would not receive testimony from men; He would be known as the simple "Nazarene," and make no account of the contempt of the world for the native of so obscure a spot as Nazareth. But then, if He Himself chose to be a Nazarene, His people are not to be Nazarenes, but "Romans;" they are to inherit the name, the renown, and the dignity of the conquerors and the masters of the world. He would bear Himself to be the despised and the rejected of men; but His followers, as long as they are faithful to Him, are to be constituted in honor, and to be called Romans, a name which has earned an imperishable fame in the sight of all the nations of the earth.

However, all that God was pleased to do for the former Israel, to exalt the Hebrew people to great honor, and to make their city of Jerusalem the mistress of the nations, was conditional on their being faithful to the law of Moses. "If Israel would have walked in My ways I would have humbled his enemies perhaps to annihilation, and I would have laid My hand upon those that troubled him" (Ps. lxxx. 14). The rule of God for His former Israel remains the same for the Christian people. If they are to be honored on the earth, honor can come to them only so long and in so far as they honor and conform themselves to the Christian law. If God is to be required to humble their adversaries perhaps to annihilation, and to lay His hand upon those who trouble them, they in return must walk not in their own ways, but in His ways. And if the behavior of the Christian people had been better, and more pleasing to God than it has been, their social position in the world would have been better and more honorable than it is. "Woe to the world," said Christ, "because of scandals" (Matt. xviii. 7). St. Paul also speaks of Christ "having in readiness to punish all disobedience when *your* obedience is fulfilled" (II. Cor. x. 6).

The above homely and practical truths properly precede and serve as a suitable introduction to the following passage from Padre Curci's remarks on the fall of Rome under the arms of the Italian kingdom:

"If you put together the three elements, which up to the present we have observed in the conduct of Europe relatively to the fall of Rome, to wit:

"I. The sanction given to the prevalence of force over right.

"II. The manifestation of a positive hostility to the Catholic Church, which shows the general desire to see it in fetters.

"III. The haughty contempt for the strongest and most universally prevalent feeling among the Catholic nations—

"Put all this together and you will see on what an overwhelming force of reason the inference as to the civil and moral decadence of modern Europe comes to stand. A decadence which resembles that of Paganism in its worst period, when besides having no other law than that of brute force, it was a persecutor of the Church and a tyrant over the people, two qualities which always appear in the pages of history as walking hand in hand" (*La Caduta di Roma per le Armi Italiane*, p. 62).

The whole body of the Catholic people dispersed throughout the various nations of the world have now been familiarized, for five years, with the sight of the empress city, Rome, reduced to the servile condition of serving as maid of all work for the new Italian kingdom. "The mistress of the nations has become, as it were, a widow; the chief over the provinces has been brought under tribute" (Lam. 1. i).

When we compare the real magnitude of the injury which the Italian nation, as represented by the faction now dominant among them, has done to the honor and public credit of the whole body of the two hundred millions of Catholics spread over the world, in their different nationalities, with the whole sum of the various symptoms that have been publicly manifested indicating the displeasure and indignation of this vast multitude against the act of the Italian government, can we be otherwise than painfully struck with its deplorable inadequacy? Who could easily see in the generation now upon earth the successors to the Crusaders of the middle ages? Let it be pleaded in our defence that the Catholic faith is now very much more widely spread over the earth than it was in the days of the Crusades; that those who are so scattered among heterodox populations, who are so separated from each other by space, language, and difference of local interests and ways of life are taken too much by surprise, at an unexpected calamity, to know how to act, what to think, or how to communicate and to take counsel one with another. Let it be said that addresses of sympathy with the Pope in his humiliation have poured in on all sides, that the generous offerings of his people from all parts of the world flow into his treasury, and that the sacred person of the prisoner of the Vatican receives far more honor from all quarters of the world than the sacrilegious invader of his city receives from the daring faction which makes use of his royalty and name for purposes of their own. Granted all this, and would that we could make the picture still more rich in palliatives, under cover of which we might conceal from view the terrible distance which separates us from the

courage, the daring, and intelligence which gathered all the choice warriors of Christendom round the standard of the cross. Let our defence be what it may, and would that we could plead much more effectually in our own behalf, there, nevertheless, still remains before our own eyes and the eyes of the whole world the fact, that a mere Italian faction, not representing the faithful Catholic multitudes of Italy, dares to seize upon the capital city of Christendom. This act of daring becomes the more remarkable because the faction in question not only treats the wishes and feelings of the vast majority of the Italian people as if they were not worth being regarded, but, as if this was not enough, they equally set at naught the whole of the two hundred millions of the Catholics in their various nationalities throughout the world. In this, it must be confessed for the present, they appear to have reckoned quite with their host, and to have come most comfortably to the conclusion that they need not care two rows of pins. For, if the worst comes, these two hundred millions can never go any greater length in manifesting their dissatisfaction than in addressing a greater or less number of feeble, pious condolences to the person of their chief Pontiff on the events that have come to pass; a mode of acting from which the faction in question, as may be readily supposed, do not expect to have to experience any very serious inconvenience.

Perhaps, indeed, some portion of the tranquillity—let us use this word rather than "apathy"—of mind, with which, in the main, the vast body of the Catholic populations have acquiesced in the sacrilege of the Italian faction, arose from a certain perception of the truth that the care and protection of the city of Rome is the concern of the Powers above; that "qui conque mange du Papa en crêve;" that the same God who drowned Pharao and the Egyptian army in the Red Sea, holds the city of Rome in His keeping; and that, by and by, He will manifest His power in the city of Rome, as He did in the city of Jerusalem when an entire Assyrian army fled in dismay from an invisible power that defended the city, leaving multitudes of their dead behind them. That, by and by, those who have invaded Rome will be in a greater hurry to escape out of it than ever they were to gain it into their possession.

Let us by all means hope the very best, as regards what may be said in defence of the vast helpless multitude of the Catholic people, whom the comparatively mere puny handful of daring Italian associates treat with such absolute disdain, that they do not give to their dissatisfaction, and to their sense of the injury inflicted upon them, so much as the honor of a place in the calculation of the obstacles that stand in the way of their designs. When Nehemias was rebuilding the walls of the city of Jerusalem, Tobias, the Ammonite, said contemptuously: "Let them build, if a jackal comes

up he will be able to leap over their wall." (II. Edras iv. 3.) The Italian faction which now occupies Rome has about the same estimate of the power of the two hundred millions of the Catholics, to oppose their designs. "Hear, O our God," exclaims Nehemias, "for we are despised. Turn back our shame on to the head of these men. Give them over to contempt in the land of captivity."

This patent and manifest helplessness of so vast a multitude under the infliction of so dire an injury, does not arise from the operation of any one cause, neither is the remedy in the hands of any one nation or people. It is a remark of Pascal, that those who are being drifted away by a current at sea never know how fast they are being swept away from their course until they come across some rock or fixed object, when they then at once discover their true predicament. The fact of the city of Rome in the hands of the puny Italian faction which has seized upon it, and which is able, in defiance of the whole of Christendom, to hold its Supreme Pontiff a prisoner in the Vatican Palace, stands before the Catholic multitudes of all the nations upon the earth, as a fixed object before their eyes to show them the huge current of anti-Christian civilization, to a companionship with which they have blindly committed themselves, and in partnership with which they have been unreflectingly content to know themselves to be carried forward by the general current.

It is impossible for a mind possessed of any power of reflection, added to a Christian sense of right and wrong, not to fix his eyes upon this fact, that the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church is at the present moment in the power of a hostile faction, and, like a second Daniel, in the den of lions. God, it is true, has sent his angel, and, for the present, has shut the mouths of the Italian lions. The lions of the Italian faction are gathered round him, eager for their victim, but One above has said to them, "Noli tangere Christos meos," and a supernatural dread has fallen upon them. The aged and venerable Pontiff still rules over his flock from the place of his imprisonment, and all the treasures of the Catholic Church, the sacred records of the past, the acts of Councils, the relics of the martyrs and saints, are still untouched. But in whose custody are all these treasures to be for the future? Divine Providence, in times past, for a thousand years from the time of Charlemagne downwards to the time of Napoleon I., provided the Holy See with an armed defender of its city. One of the great Christian princes of Europe received from the reigning Pope the "Crown of the Holy Roman Empire," and this Prince became by his coronation oath the sworn protector and supporter of the rights of the Papacy. Since the present century has set in not one of the princes of Europe is found worthy to have this crown given to him, per-

haps it may even be true that not one is found who could so much as dare to be a candidate for it, in consequence of the obligation which its coronation oath would impose upon him.

Is it then the will of God that the Papacy should remain for the future without a material defence and protection, to supply the place of the armed crowned defenders, whose race has become an extinct species, not one being found worthy or competent to succeed? It will be manifestly contrary to all intelligent faith in the Omnipotence of the Divine government which rules over the universe of men, for us to surrender helplessly to the thought, that, because the line of crowned defenders of the Central See of Christendom has come to a default, the last hour of Roman Catholicism has struck.

It may be perfectly true that we shall have to remain, possibly for an indefinite time, outside the knowledge of the counsels of God with reference to the future position of the Holy See in the world, and that we must content ourselves with what faith alone reveals to us, viz., that God has His counsels, and that in due time He will make these known to all the nations. The sacred proverb says: "Altiora te ne quæsieris," and the wisdom of old Rome has said:

> "Negligens ne quâ populus laboret
> Parce privatus, nimium cavere."

The various Catholic multitudes in the different nations of the world, have, however, now the plainest possible evidence placed before their eyes, how completely they are an object of contempt to the Italian faction, who do not see in them the least appreciable obstacle to their sacrilegious seizure of the chief city of Christendom, and who do not apprehend being in the least degree seriously incommoded by any power they may possess to raise an outcry, or to manifest their displeasure. "O, my God!" exclaimed Nehemias, "we are despised." What then was the effect upon the mind of Nehemias, of his perception how completely he and his people were despised, by those who surrounded them, and who were lookers-on at their work. The effect this had upon him, was to nerve and steel his resolve to go on with his work and to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem.

This is precisely the effect which the contempt the Italian faction has shown for us, should have upon our minds. We are despised, nothing can be plainer than this. The empress city, Rome, "degraded by an Italian faction to the level of a third rate national capital, such as Lisbon or Madrid. The Christian mistress of the nations become a widow, and her Supreme Pontiff a prisoner, constituted under the dominion of a hostile power"—who can help

pointing the finger of scorn at the huge helpless multitude that has to make itself easy and comfortable under the indignity. Well, what can be plainer than that we are despised? Shall we mend matters by pretending not to see that we are despised? No! the act of contempt is patent, and in the face of day, and there it is, set up and exposed to view in the city of Rome, in the sight of all the people of the earth. We are despised, and there is no mistake about it. What are we to do? The answer is plain. Do like Nehemias, in a perfectly similar plight—go forward with greater determination than ever to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem.

"To rebuild the walls of Jerusalem," are words of great import, and of wide and extensive application,—but they have this advantage, that they are capable of being understood by every individual of the great Catholic multitude in every part of the world in a manner profitable to himself and others,—but for our present purpose we must be permitted to narrow their application and to concentrate their meaning upon one particular subject.

Doubtless, one of the reasons why the whole Catholic multitude throughout the world has received the wound inflicted upon it by the Italian faction, with such comparative silence and stupor, is the failure to appreciate adequately the deadly nature of the wound. "Conticuit populus meus," says the prophet; "eo quod non habuerit scientiam" (Osee iv. 6). The fact of the city of Rome being the city which affords the seat of government for the Christian nations, has passed in a superficial way for a geographical accident, rather than for any fixed provision of the Divine plan for the government of the world for which great and serious reasons can be given. Hence the unreflecting Catholic multitude manages to satisfy itself very easily with the thought, "Surely any other city will answer just as well." Why should the Pope, for example, have any difficulty in accepting the offer, understood to have been made to him by the British Government, of a residence in the Island of Malta? What is there so particular in Rome above all other cities or places, that the Pope cannot be at least quite sufficiently well provided for anywhere else? What is there again in Rome that should make the whole body of the Catholic people throughout the world at war with the Italians, if the latter, in the fervor of their joy for the acquisition for the first time of the consciousness of being a united nation, have seen in Rome that kind of pre-eminence which would best reconcile all the other cities of Italy to the central seat of the new national government being fixed there? Why should the Catholics of the world begrudge the newly-born Italian nation the possession of the one city of their country to which all the other cities of Italy would cheerfully yield precedence, and why should the Pope render himself any obstacle to so necessary and judicious an ar-

rangement? Under the new state of things all the guarantees that can possibly be required for the perfect freedom of the Pope in his spiritual capacity, are freely and generously offered by the Italian Kingdom; what more then can the most orthodox and zealous Catholic by any possibility desire?

There is perhaps, if the sad truth must be confessed, little ground for wonder, in the present state of popular Catholic knowledge on the subject of Rome and Roman, that the Catholic multitudes should be induced to acquiesce for the moment in an order of ideas that screen from view the real depth of the wound inflicted, and which steer clear of the unwelcome conviction as to the terrible decadence of faith and intelligence that must have been known to have spread far and wide in order to allow of the possibility of that which has come to pass. The prophet's words recur again and again: "Conticuit populus meus eo quod non habuerit scientiam." We do not know, and it is, for our misfortune and calamity, no part of our current popular system of instruction, that all classes, high and low, rich and poor, should be made to understand what the city of Rome is to the Catholic religion. All the nations of the world know the sound of the name, "Roman Catholic;" but to be familiar with the name Roman, as the associate and companion of Catholic, is rather a simple fact than a pledge that our multitudes at all rightly understand the real force of the reasons why all the nations of the world have now for several generations unanimously agreed to call themselves not simply Catholics, but Roman Catholics.

Here, then, Nehemias's example and pattern finds something definite on which to set to work. Here is a manifest and well-defined gap in the walls of the city, where the defences require to be rebuilt and to be made secure. Our multitudes, even where the recent act of the Italian faction fills them with a certain vague sense of a wrong perpetrated, fail to render a reason to themselves clearly and distinctly why the act in question contains so great a wrong; and the cause is, "want of the requisite knowledge." Did we all know the true reason of our being Roman Catholics we should know why and on what grounds to cry out that the city of Rome is the gift of the God who reigns above to the whole body of the Christian people, to be to them their Centre of Unity, where they can claim brotherhood with all the other nations of the world, to be the seat of supreme government for the Christian religion, and the treasure-house where all the various precious records and documents of the Divine Revelation can be securely preserved in the hands of their proper responsible custodians. Rome in the custody of the Sovereign Pontiff, and of all the various members of his household and his court, is in the hands of those to whom God has given Rome,

and through the sacred person of St. Peter's successors every person in any official position in the city becomes responsible to God for his care of that which is committed to his keeping. Rome in the hands of an Italian faction is not only a jewel of great price in the snout of a swine, but none of the Christian treasures Rome contains are safe in their keeping. The sole cause, then, why a cry of indignation is not raised against the sacrilege of the Italian faction, from every part of the earth, is the same which drew forth the lament of the prophet, "Conticuit populus meus eo quod non habuerit scientiam."

In the spirit, then, of the faithful and undaunted Nehemias it will henceforward become us to resolve to redress this great defect, and to take such measures as lie within our reach, to bring about for the future that at least the necessary knowledge shall not be wanting to give nerve and vigor to the universal cry of Catholic indignation against the daring and sacrilegious usurpation of the capital of Christendom.

And here we have only to reflect upon the rich resources which the providence of God places at our command, to be filled with a kind of wonder and amazement, that through the goodness of God we should possess a territory so vast and ample, and by our own inertness should fail so largely to reap from it the harvest it is calculated to yield.

Let us quietly and impartially look into the case that is before us. We have, then, the very obvious fact before our eyes that every one, male or female, who has the least pretension to have received a liberal education, has been taught the history of the Roman Empire; and all men who have this claim, with a certain proportion of the feminine sex, acquire their share of knowledge of the literature, Latin and Greek, which was the basis of a liberal education in the time of Imperial Rome. Here, then, is the plain and obvious fact of a connection existing between Ancient Rome and the liberal education of the youth of the nations of the world. There is simply no such thing known as a liberal education in which old Rome has not its place, and in which it is not in all cases represented by its history, and in the majority of cases also by its literature. In the case of the youth of the Catholic Church, Old Rome and the New Christian Rome are combined together. The authority of the Roman Pontiff extends over all that concerns the education of the youth of the Catholic Church; and, with the exception of the national literature proper to each nation and people, all of which is everywhere amenable to the judgment of Rome, all liberal education is founded on the Sacred Scriptures and the Christian classics, and on the history and literature, Greek and Latin, of old Rome.

The history of old Rome and its literature necessarily bring up

the present city of Rome before the mind. It is simply impossible for the mind to dissociate the world-wide action of the old Rome, which is the substance of all early liberal knowledge, from the present Christian city, whose acts of Christian government extend far more widely still over the earth. The human understanding and its powers of intelligence must plainly cease to be what God has made them if it were possible to prevent a liberal education in Roman history and literature from solidly implanting in the mind a wonderful feeling of the greatness and the majesty of the city of Rome. If Horace could say with truth, nineteen centuries ago—

> Alme sol curru nitido diem qui
> Promis et celas aliusque et idem
> Nasceris, possis nihil urbe Romam
> Visere majus—

the heart of every student at the present day re-echoes the sentiment with an increased force. The distance of time lends a certain enchantment to the view, and the mind unconsciously reflects how great must have been the glories, over the memory of which time has no power, which lapse of ages cannot obscure, and which generations, as they come and go, all honor with the same undying loyalty and veneration.

So far a liberal education produces in all alike its uniform fruits. But contrast both the antecedents and the sequel in the respective instances of the intelligent Catholic student, whose studies have been directed in the manner which it is our purpose here to advocate as forming the rule and the norm of a true Catholic treatment of Roman history, and the manner in which the same study is directed in all schools and universities, whether Protestant or simply secular.

To the ordinary Protestant student the rise of the city of Rome from the Roma Quadrata of Romulus and Remus on the Palatine Hill to the city's universal empire over the nations, is a mere fact of history, a bare phenomenon, a sort of comet or meteor in the great atmosphere of the world. The meteor first made its appearance in the persons of Romulus and Remus, ran its career through the air, and finally disappeared in the person of its last emperor, Romulus Augustulus; and all that can be said of it is, that its career through the air was marked with many extraordinary marvels, but whence it came and where it is gone, or whether it is not simply dissolved into space, no Protestant student so much as learns to inquire; and should any student by chance conceive the desire to inquire, he would certainly have to go to some other quarter for an answer to his inquiry than to his teachers. For these would not only be unable to give him one, but would in all

probability express their extreme surprise at his wanting to know. And then as regards the Wonderful City which was the seat of this marvellous meteor power, has this turned out to be a meteor also, which has been absorbed into space, and which has passed out of the world of the living? Or has it come to be a mysterious Palmyra buried in the sands of the desert, from time to time visited by some enterprising traveller at the risk of his life? What has become of it? Before it ceased to be an object of his studies he had learned that it claimed to be eternal, and had even stamped its money with the words "Romæ æternitati" to the "eternity of Rome." What has become of its eternity? Poor student of a Protestant or secular school of learning, where will you find one who will take compassion upon you and try to answer your question?

However, our Protestant student finds when he comes to know a little more of the actual world in which he lives, that the great conquering meteor, whose brilliant career has been the object of his study, has left its city behind; that the city still bears the same name of the "*Eternal City;*" and that, if it was then the central seat of a power that gave laws to the bulk of the then known world, it is now become the centre of a power which makes its voice heard over the entire globe, which sends its missionaries into every clime and every latitude, which treats on equal terms with all the kings of the earth, and whose decrees are in force among every people of the earth. He must go out of the earth, says St. Bernard, who would find anything not subject to the Pontiff of Rome. Every eye still continues turned to this city from every part of the earth; and sooner shall the end of all things come, than Rome shall cease to be the heart of the civilized world. Poor Protestant student, do not ask your teachers to account to you for this continuation, in a far more wonderful manner still, of the power and jurisdiction of the ancient Rome. All that they can do for you is to tell you that the subsequent career of this wonderful city has ceased to engage the attention or to occupy the minds of the learned world, that it has fallen into the hands of a mixed system of spiritual despotism and idolatry founded on ignorance and terrorism, and that the superior enlightenment of more recent times is unanimous in passing it over as quite unfit for the study of those who are preparing to take their place in the modern world.

The best account then that the Protestant, and, if you will, the secular system (they are cousin-germans) of conducting a liberal education, can give of the great Roman Empire, which in its literature, Latin and Greek, and in its history forms the spine and marrow of a liberal education, is that in its beginning it was without a purpose, that its career was one continuous blind thirst for con-

quest and dominion equally without a purpose, that as it grew to its vast extent and power by slow advances, so it in the same way shrank and dwindled away by slow degrees, through dismemberment and inertness, and finally its end was without honor, as its beginning had been unknown to fame. It came upon the scene for no known end, and disappeared from the scene without any sequel, leaving the world very much as it had found it, to take care of itself, and to continue its wars of people with people and of nation with nation.

Contrast the above picture of chaos and confusion with the lucid statement of a perfect design on the part of Divine Providence for the government of the world, which the light of faith enables the Catholic school of liberal education to place before its pupils for the direction of their studies.

The Sacred Scriptures inform us that when the world began to be peopled once more from the family of Noe, a band of associates formed the plan of building a city and a fortress, to make their name famous before the growing population required to spread and divide itself over the earth. A city and a fortress have never had any other meaning than to secure political power and sovereignty, and the most usual way in which associates aim to make their name famous, is by acquiring political power into their hands. Moreover, their city and fort had a design against religion; its power was intended to reach to heaven. A city and fortress of this kind would have become a seat of central government over all the people of the earth; and that in their plan was contained a design against the religion of the earth, and that the associates intended to rule over both body and soul, follows from the act of God interposing to baffle and overthrow their scheme, for God does not interpose in the world except for sufficient reason. The building of a city and a fortress does not by any means of itself imply any crime against the majesty and sovereignty of God; but a city intended to be the seat of a power for ruling over the consciences and souls of men, and for acquiring such dominion as this into the hands of a set of associates, becomes a real crime against the majesty of God, calling for an act of His power to baffle and suppress it.

The particular act of God by which this design was suppressed, viz., by the confusion of speech, has left on the family of Adam far more visible marks of its effect than the Deluge has left on the material world. Peoples, divided by differences of language, scattered over the earth into all lands, have become separated from the centres and schools of learning, and estranged and alienated from each other. They have lost and corrupted their knowledge of God in their isolated condition, and, finally, they have fallen into all the

various forms of barbarism, more or less abject, in which huge numbers of tribes and peoples are still to be found even at the present hour. We ask, what in the Divine plan was to be taken and used as the remedy of the terrible wound inflicted upon the human family by the confusion of languages? For God ever remembers mercy in his judgments. The evil consisted in the alienation and estrangement of the various members of the human family from each other. A city with its pride of unjust, impious dominion, had been the occasion of the wound being inflicted, and a city was to be taken for the remedy of the wound. From a city the evil had taken its beginning, and through a city it was to find its cure.

> Ars ut artem falleret
> Et medelam ferret inde
> Hostis unde læserat.

Babel and its fortress was the cause, the ruin. Rome, with its conquest and pacification of the world, was to bring the remedy; Rome was to give to the alienated and mutually estranged tribes and peoples of the earth their common citizenship and their centre of unity.

At first the citizens of the rising city which was to conquer the world were to use the world's weapons, and to prevail by armed legions, and to create a military empire, in the wake of whose conquests peace and good order, civilization, and the arts of life were to follow; but as time advanced there was to come One into the world who was to be stronger than the strong man armed of the old empire, whose goods were to be in peace as long as he guarded them. This stronger man was to send His chosen Apostle Peter to fix his chair in the city and to gather his new order of followers about him. The ancient city seeing a religion growing up in its walls, which to its amazement it found to be coextensive with the world, and which declared the gods worshipped by the empire to be mere foul demons, was to be maddened with rage and jealousy, to the extent of ten several times in the course of three hundred years, and to seek to exterminate the followers of the new religion by the united action of its law courts, and their death penalties. A countless number were found to stand up and brave all the tortures and forms of death which disappointed rage and jealousy could invent, and in the end the old empire surrendered, overcome by the manifestation of such superhuman power of endurance.

Then the emperors of Rome became Christian; and, overcome by the majesty of the greater Christian unity of the nations which was rapidly supplanting, in the person of the Roman Pontiff, the former military and administrative unity of which they were themselves the centre, they removed their seat of government from Rome to

Constantinople. The old empire had now done its work, and from this time it begins to decay, and finally perishes. But the city of Rome becomes more than ever glorious among the nations as their Christian centre of unity, and, in the year A.D. 800, the reigning Pope restores the Christian or Holy Roman Empire, and bestows the crown of it upon Charlemagne, whose coronation oath obliges him to defend the city and its Pontiff.

The city continues for a thousand years, from Charlemagne up to the last of the line of emperors, whom Napoleon I. compelled to abdicate, the abode of the Popes under the protection of their sworn crowned defenders. And the present century sets in, leaving the city and its Pontiff in the midst of the nations to take its fate amongst them.

Contrast for a moment the pitiful confusion of great events without end or aim, which Roman history studied in a Protestant or secular school presents to the mind of its pupils, with the beautiful and satisfactory light which Faith throws upon the whole of the history to the mind of the Catholic student. Compare, on the one side, the mangled and truncated catalogue of disjointed facts, with one portion of the history as extravagantly lauded and extolled as the other is sedulously covered up and hidden from sight, with the constant, onward march of the history, on the other, in which the Eternal City, the divinely-adopted centre of unity for the nations of the world, chosen in mercy for the mitigation of the Divine judgment and penalty, always forms the centre of the picture on which the mind rests, and we may easily perceive what a charm and a power for good there is in the truth.

Where is the right-minded student of history who, with the choice fairly laid before him, would not say, Give me the beautiful order, the light, and the lucid intelligence which the Catholic plan of the history opens before me. Knowledge, says the old adage, is power; and when St. Peter says to us, "Do you, using all diligence, minister in your faith virtue, and in your virtue knowledge" (1. Peter, ii.), what have we else to do but to comply with his words?

The peculiar circumstances of the time, then, we must contend, constitute the call to us to be diligent in cultivating this knowledge. For the city of Rome and the Father of Christendom are now thrown by the disposition of Divine Providence upon the good-will and attachment of all the nations. Let the nations be everywhere full of faith and veneration, and the Pope may live among them as a father lives among His children. The services of the armed policeman are not supposed to be needed to enable the beloved and respected father to live in peace in the bosom of his family, who love and revere him, and esteem his least wish to be law. But alas,

who among us can cherish such a desperate illusion as to try to persuade ourselves that the nations of the world, and particularly the people of Europe, who are nearest to him, constitute the loving and reverential household gathered about the sacred person of the Father of Christendom. Who can look forward to the unknown future without a certain dismay, and a heartfelt prayer that it may please God to avert the evil day. We are not masters of the future, and it is not in our hands; but it is in our power to make use for the present moment of that which God places in our reach. Hence we may, in conclusion, revert to the example of Nehemias. The more he perceived himself to be an object of contempt and ill-will to his adversaries the more resolutely he set himself to the work of rebuilding and strengthening the defences of His city. *Let us follow his example;* and then, should it be the pleasure of the Providence of God to bring days of darkness and suffering on the Father of Christendom, and on the city which is the Christian centre of unity for all the nations of the earth, we may, through our diligence and perseverance, have the comfort of knowing that the words of the prophet, "Conticuit populus meus eo quod non habuerit scientiam," do not apply to our particular people, but that they will be ready to join with us, heart and soul, in raising our cry against the crime and wrong that will then have been committed.

CATHOLIC INDIANS IN MICHIGAN AND WISCONSIN.

"At the present day, with the exception of a few insignificant bands of converted Indians in Lower Canada, not a vestige of early Jesuit influence can be found among the tribes. The seed was sown upon a rock." Francis Parkman, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, vol. i., p. 55.

"The missions had failed because the Indians had ceased to exist." *Idem: The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century.* Page 320.

TO do justice to a writer, himself by no means scrupulous when quoting from Catholic sources, we must admit that the author of *The Jesuits in North America*, apparently forgetful of the existence, and but superficially acquainted with the present condition of our own northwestern Indians, may, in penning the above lines, have had in view the fate of the Huron and Algonquin tribes in Canada alone. But as it stands, and as it will be understood by the reader, that sweeping judgment on the result of the early Jesuits' labors holds about the same relation to truth as the novelist's plot

to the sober historical facts on which he strings the threads of his fanciful texture.

Those Jesuit Fathers would not, it is true, be a whit less worthy of every American's grateful admiration, if time and events beyond their control had really destroyed the last vestige of their missions; and hence, were it only a question of their claims to the admiration of posterity, the aberrations of this imaginative historian would call for no correction at our hands. But erroneous impressions, prevailing to some extent even in Catholic circles on this subject, have already been attended with some very lamentable consequences. One of them, we think, we can recognize in the humiliating fact that for a considerable number of Indians already converted, and for others still buried in heathen darkness though not generally averse to Christianity, the large and yearly increasing body of the Catholic priesthood in the United States has not a member to spare. To help to remove those impressions is one of the chief objects of the present paper on the *history, conversion, and present religious condition of the Indian tribes in Michigan and Wisconsin*—the theme suggested to the writer as one that would prove interesting to the readers of the AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY. Let facts speak and history tell her tale!

A glance at any map or statistical table, showing the distribution of Indian tribes over the land, will reveal the fact, perhaps not quite insignificant, that in the whole area of the United States, east of the Mississippi, you will find few traces of their original Indian populations, except where the image of the crucified Redeemer, in the hands of a Jesuit, was once held up to the veneration of the benighted native. A remnant of Abenakis in Maine, and Iroquois in the northern part of New York; larger bodies of Algonquins, chiefly Ottawas, Ojibwas, and Menomones, together with portions of the "Five Nations" in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Northeastern Minnesota, are all that remain within the area specified of the ancient masters of the soil; and these are precisely the tribes among whom the sweat and blood of our early missionaries were most freely spent. Those Indians are not all Catholics, nor even Christians; but the influence of the Church, once strongly felt by their sires, is still in a measure being brought to bear upon the greater part of the present generation, which would hardly be the case had not the ground been broken by those sturdy workmen of the seventeenth century. Besides, entitled partly at least to all the rights of citizenship, allowed the privilege of a home, and devoted mainly to agricultural pursuits, the greater number of these Indians have attained to such a degree of civilization as renders it highly improbable that the question of their removal will ever again be proposed; and this, too, it may safely be said, nay, to some extent,

their very existence, they owe to the labors of the great missionary Order. As to the insignificancy of these bands or tribes, let it be understood that, small as their absolute numbers may be—less than 1000 to 12,000 severally—the present numerical strength of one of the last-mentioned Algonquin tribes, the Ottawas, is not inferior to that of the two others, Menomones and Ojibwas, and even greatly in excess of what it was at the time of the Jesuits' first arrival among their fathers.[1]

This was when the missionaries Raymbault and Jogues came to visit the assembled Ojibwas and Pottawattamies at the Rapids of St. Mary, in Upper Michigan, only nine years after the second occupation of Canada by the French, and five years, as Bancroft has it, before Eliot addressed the tribe of Indians that dwelled within six miles of Boston harbor. It was, however, merely for the purpose of reconnoitring the field, that those Fathers, in June, 1641, set out from their Huron Mission of St. Mary's, near the southern coast of Georgian Bay; and, of the 2000 Indians they met at the Rapids, less than 200 were residents of the place. The Pottawattamies, then fugitives from the shores of Lake Michigan, dwelt only as transient guests among their Ojibwa cousins, the small band of *Bawitigowininiwag*, or "Men of the Stream lashed into Dust." The chiefs of the latter invited the two missionaries, as envoys of France, to erect some kind of an establishment—a trading post they meant—in their town; and apparently, as an inducement, promised to listen also to their message on the part of that other invisible power which they represented. Owing to the small number of members the Society then counted on this side of the ocean, the missionaries could only hold out a hope of future help to the savages. "We want laborers," remarks the Superior of the Mission in connection with that plan; "we must first endeavor to gain the nations nearer to us, and, in the meantime, beseech God to hasten the moment when those others, too, shall be converted."

Whence that scarcity of laborers? Were vocations for the Indian mission so rare among the more than thousand members the Order then counted in France? One of the Superiors in Quebec informs us that "for one Father asked for, ten offered themselves." Why, then, not send them? The answer follows immediately. "I learn," he says, "that all we have in France for this mission is but very little. . . . . Alas, must the goods of this world be a

[1] Other tribes, now beyond the Mississippi, among whose ancestors the early Jesuits labored, and who, to these teachers principally, are indebted for whatever they possess of culture and religion, are a remnant of Hurons, the Pottawattamies, Miamis, and other Algonquins; also the Winnebagoes in Minnesota. Many of these tribes have remained stationary, or even increased in numbers, since the middle of the seventeenth century.

hindrance to those of heaven?" The old story of Dives and Lazarus!

Eighteen years passed before another Jesuit reached Lake Superior, or preached the gospel to any of the Western Algonquins. This fact finds its explanation in the reduction by the Iroquois of the Huron towns, on Georgian Bay, in 1649, the consequent dispersion of all the neighboring Algonquin tribes, and the blockade of the avenue to the West. An attempt to reach Lake Michigan, made despite the danger, in 1656, was frustrated by an Iroquois attack at the Lake of Two Mountains. One of the Fathers, the Huron missionary Garreau, fell pierced by the ball of a Mohawk, or, as the savages asserted, of a French deserter in their ranks; the other, Father Druillettes, was deserted by his frightened Ottawa conductors.

Four years later, the same missionary, having met with an Algonquin chief, who, to avoid the lurking foe, had accomplished the journey from Green Bay to the Saguenay, by way of Lake Superior and Hudson Bay, conceived and proposed the plan of passing over the same circuitous and horrible route in order to reach the West and its thousands of benighted Indians. Such was the spirit of our pioneer missionaries, such their indomitable resolution, when the gain of souls was in question. But the reviving hopes of that youthful sexagenarian were to be fulfilled in another and an unexpected manner.

In the summer of 1660 there was joy in the colony. A large canoe fleet, the first from Lake Superior, had arrived. Two young Frenchmen, after a winter spent in what is now Upper Michigan, Northwestern Wisconsin, and Eastern Minnesota, had run the blockade with three hundred Ottawa and Ojibwa traders, and now came to enrich their employers and to open the way to the long-contemplated Western mission. A few days only were granted for a hasty preparation, and, on August 28th, two Fathers, with a *donné*[1] and six other young laymen, probably traders, embarked with the returning Indians at the infant settlement of Three Rivers.

Before entering on the details of the first apostolic expedition to Lake Superor, a survey of the western field, as then known, must be offered to the reader.

In 1660, there was not an Indian on the shores of Lake Huron, or on any of its islands. The whole peninsula of Upper Canada was a solitude. Lower Michigan too was a desert. A voyageur from the island of Montreal, paddling his canoe up the Ottawa and

[1] *Donné*, or *given-man*, *i. e.*, one who had given himself to the service of the Fathers without asking for wages.

descending through Lake Nipissing and French River, the accustomed thoroughfare to Lake Huron, would not, on the whole route, have met a single Algonquin hunter; nor was the smoke of a wigwam likely to greet him, until he came into the neighborhood of the broad Menomonee, that now forms the boundary between Upper Michigan and Wisconsin. Or, if the term of his journey lay to the north, and he entered the bay of Keweenaw, ninety leagues beyond the Rapids of St. Mary, even at this great rendezvous of Algonquin fishermen, no less than in the Straits of Mackinac, "the true home of the trout and the white fish," he would only have found the gull and the eagle left to feed on the dainties of the red man. But perchance our traveller, while skimming the waves of Lakes Huron or Michigan, might have fallen in with half a thousand warriors from the neighborhood of the Dutch settlements on the Mohawk, hunting along the shore, on a raid to the coast of Wisconsin; or might have heard the splash of the passing paddle of a timid scout from Green Bay, on his way to the old home of the Hurons, perhaps soon to hasten back and bring timely warning of the Iroquois's ever dreaded approach. To such an extent the daring and resoluteness of a few thousand savages had prevailed over an enemy more than tenfold their own number, and not wanting in warlike qualities, but incapable of combined action and destitute of able leaders, or, if they had them, impatient of restraint and rebellious. As wisps of straw, the sport of fitful blasts of wind, are swept off the barnyard and gathered into the corners, thus the Algonquin tribes, together with a remnant of Hurons, had by the worshippers of Arescoe been driven from one place of refuge to another, until they found themselves huddled together on the distant bays of Lakes Superior and Michigan. Green Bay on the latter, Keweenaw and Chegoimegon on the former, were their three principal rallying-places.

On the shores of Green Bay there had met, at a date now unknown, two offshoots of widely distinct families, the Dacota Winnebagoes from the west, and the Algonquin Menomonees from the distant east, greatly reduced in the course of time by wars, nay, almost exterminated, but still closely allied among themselves. The Menomonees and Winnebagoes were represented by the first French traders (1654–1656) as forming but one of those bands, then dignified with the name of nations. A small clan of the Ojibwa tongue, the Noquais or Nockets, who have left their name to the deep indentations of the Michigan shore, opposite Green Bay, had, previous to the flight of the upper Algonquins, formed the connecting link between the Menomonees and the Ojibwas of Sault St. Marie, or Santeux proper; for, fishing with the latter during the summer, they were, in the autumn, found sharing the wild-rice harvest of the

former; and hence those early explorers identified them with the Menomonees and Winnebagoes. The aggregate number of these three original Green Bay tribes or bands would seem, at the period in question, to have hardly exceeded one thousand.

But large accessions to the Algonquin population of Northeastern Wisconsin had come, in the course of the last twenty years, from the east and southeast. The first welcome guests were the Pottawattamies, a tribe of somewhat more refined manners than most of their northern neighbors and kindred. Expelled by the Iroquois from their rich hunting grounds in the southern part of Lower Michigan, they had already before 1640 migrated to the neighborhood of Green Bay. Compelled to flee before the Sioux they sought refuge with their Ojibwa cousins at the Rapids, where Raymbault and Jogues met them, in 1641. Retracing their steps, they first halted on the islands that cluster around the point of the Green Bay peninsula, to one of which they have given their name; and finally spread over the southern part of the bay, the principal settlement being located at some distance from its head on the eastern shore. Making proper allowance for the probable exaggeration in their census, according to which, in 1656, they would have counted seven hundred warriors or three thousand souls, this fine tribe must still be looked upon as having stood foremost among the settlers on the shores of Green Bay.

Together with the Pottawattamies, or not much later, the Nassawakwatons, or Nation of the Fork, a clan of the Ottawa tongue, arrived in the bay and settled at their side. They formed a village of about two hundred souls.[1]

Hardly inferior to the Pottawattamies in numbers, but greatly in culture and moral qualities, were their near relatives and former neighbors, the Ousakis or Sacs, who (some time after the defeat of the neutral nation in Upper Canada, in 1651), driven by the universal foe from their magnificent forests on the Saginaw and Tittbawassee, were soon found scattered among the Winnebagoes and their own Algonquin kindred, on the spur of Green Bay, on the opposite shore, and on the Lower Fox River; but, following the bent of their savage nature they delighted in roving through the woods of Northern Wisconsin, ready, it was said of them, to strike down and despoil the first defenceless traveller that fell into their hands.

The Ousakis were followed, apparently by land, around the southern bend of Lake Michigan, by their former allies, the Outagamis, those Ishmaelites among the Algonquins, better known

[1] Another small band of Ottawas, termed *Negawishininiwag*, or "Ceux du Sable," may also have been in the neighborhood in 1660.

from the name of one of their *totemic* animals, as Renards or Foxes. Enjoying, like their Ousaki brethren, an unenviable reputation even among their own fellow-savages, they acted wisely in securing a more remote station on the fertile borders of the Wolf River, where they formed, it is stated, a town of more than two hundred cabins, each occupied at least by five, in some instances even by ten families; the number of their warriors, according to a probably exaggerated statement, amounting to one thousand. Polygamy, rather the exception among most of the northern tribes, being the rule with that of the Outagamis, the seed of the gospel could not be expected in their case to fall on very fertile soil; nor has the unfavorable description, given of this tribe by the earliest authors, been ever belied by its subsequent history.

On the Neenah or Upper Fox River, southwest of Lake Winnebago, the Mashkotens or Prairie tribe, perhaps two thousand in number, had sought refuge before the all but ubiquitous enemy, to whose inroads they also had been exposed in their former more eastern location. With them we find, already in 1656, a clan of the kindred Miamis called the Atchitchagos, or nation of the Crane. At a considerably later period other Illinese clans, especially the Kikapoos and Kitchigamins, came hither, but rather as transient guests. In fact every adverse shock sustained by the numerous bands of the Illinois nation during the varying fortunes of their war with the Dacotas on the one hand, and the Iroquois on the other, seems to have thrown a new wave of fugitives upon that advantageous spot, the fertile height of land which forms the watershed in Central Wisconsin between the Mississippi and the great lakes.[1]

Thus within three or four days' journey north and south from the head of Green Bay, and easily accessible from one central station, a Pagan population of at least twelve thousand souls awaited the coming of the missionary. Beyond that immediate neighborhood, at distances varying from six to ten days' journey, other and more numerous nations were known to reside; the Illinois proper estimated at one hundred thousand souls, the Miamis reaching one-fourth of that number, the sedentary Dacotas or Sioux inhabiting forty towns, in five of which no less than five thousand

[1] As the nearest neighbors of the Green Bay tribes, in a northwestern direction from the Outagami village on Wolf River, we find mentioned in the earliest accounts, a nation of Mantones. They have, it seems, not been identified with any tribe known by later writers. Apparently they formed an advanced post of the sedentary Dacotas or Sioux (*Nadowessiwag*), and resided on the Manitowish River, which may have received its name from that tribe. The Mantones were, according to tradition, exterminated or expelled by the Ojibwas.

warriors had been counted; and the Dacotas of the prairies, or Poualac (*Bwanag*), in thirty villages or nomad camps. Greatly exaggerated as some of these accounts certainly must be, the field was large, and well might the heartfelt good wishes of the Jesuits in Canada go with those of their brethren whose steps were now turned in the direction of so glorious a harvest, and by whom it was fondly expected the words were soon to be accomplished, *fructum referent in patientia.* The tawny canoe-men, however, that had agreed to carry those missionaries, were bound for a more northerly rallying-point of Algonquin fugitives.

Detached parties of the Ojibwa tribe, itself a wanderer from the east, were, of all Indians known to history, the first visitors to the shores of Lake Superior; but only uncounted ages after the mysterious "Ancient Miners," the "Mound Builders" of more southern latitudes, had abandoned their work of centuries in the rich copper deposits of Upper Michigan. The number of those Ojibwa hunters and fishers, on both shores and at the western end of the lake, appears to have been inconsiderable, till the Iroquois onslaught on the Huron (1650) made Lake Huron disgorge, through the straits of St. Mary, the Ojibwa part of its border population. The Nikikonés, or Nation of the Otter, the Amikonés, or Nation of the Beaver, and the Missisagués, all living along the rugged coast of Lake Huron to the north of Manitoulin Island, took refuge on the north shore of Lake Superior. Accompanied, it would appear, by the Kenoshés, they carried with them their brethren of the Rapids, and were followed by a part of the Nipissings, who, after having held their ground for some time, were also compelled to disperse, some taking refuge in the colony, others joining the exiles in the north. But the chase on that most inhospitable shore of Lake Superior proving insufficient for the support of such numbers, a part of the fugitives, principally Amikonés and Nipissings, penetrated into the interior, and settled in the neighborhood of the Kinistinaux, or Crees, on Lake Nepegon (*Animibegong*); while the Missisagués, Kenoshés, and Sautenx returned to the south shore, and took up their headquarters at Keweenaw (*Kakiweonan*), where they found the band of L'Anse (*Wikwedong*). It was from this bay the flotilla of sixty canoes, guided by the two young Frenchmen already mentioned, set out in the summer of 1660. But the number of Ojibwa voyagers was greatly swelled by members of the Ottawa tribe.

Among the several tribes that, gradually receding before the Iroquois, had, after some stay on Mackinas and the Nocket Islands, sought refuge in Green Bay, were the Ottawas of Manitoulin Island and the east shore of Lower Michigan, comprised under the name of Kishkakons and Sinagos. Almost inseparably united with them, through the long course of their wanderings, we find

a tribe of the Huron tongue, former neighbors and friends of that unfortunate nation, and known as Petuns, or Tobacco Nation, Tiomontates, and Wyandots. These united Kishkakons, Sinagos, and Tiomontates had formed the bulk of the trading party that on their return from Canada, in 1656, lost a missionary and abandoned another; and there are grounds to believe that it was this new proof of Iroquois prowess and the fear of being pursued by an enemy, who already the year before had laid siege to their fort on Green Bay, that determined them to seek a still more distant hiding-place on the very shores of the Mississippi.

For a year or two an island in Lake Pepin became their quiet, but again transitory home. For, untaught by adversity, they repaid the friendly advances of the Dacotas by wanton murders and hostile invasion, meditating nothing less than the conquest of their country; and rapid flight alone saved them from destruction. Having reached the mouth of the Black River, one of the tributaries of the Mississippi, they ascended it to its source. There the Hurons halted and fortified themselves; while the Ottawas, probably by way of Lake Courtes-Oreilles (Ottawa Lake), pushed forward towards Lake Superior. Having struck its shore and found in the bay of Chegoimegon[1] all the advantages they could desire for a permanent home, they lost no time in exploring both the north and the south shore of the great lake, at once entered into commercial relations with the Ojibwa settlers, whom they met at different points, but especially at Keweenaw, and furnished their contingent to the fleet of traders that from this bay, in 1660, descended to the colony.

The number of Ottawas in Chegoimegon may have amounted to fifteen hundred, probably somewhat exceeding that of Ojibwas in Keweenaw, while the Tiomontate Hurons, still loitering on the headwaters of the Black River, counted no more than five hundred souls. But of the latter the greater part, though utterly demoralized by ten years' wandering among and in close alliance with Pagans, belonged at least to the Church, into which they had, after a sufficient trial, and with the hope of continued instruction, been received, while still in their own country. The Ottawas, on the contrary, were, with scarce an exception, still Pagans, and but slightly acquainted with the real character of the Christian faith; although on their visits to the Hurons in Georgian Bay they had sometimes seen and conversed with its messengers. The good-natured, but light-headed Kishkakons were great scoffers; the sterner and ruder Sinagos declared enemies of the faith. As for the Ojibwas in

[1] Properly *Shegawamikong*, *i. e.*, a long-stretched tongue of land, or shallows, over which the waves break.

Keweenaw, a few of the floating population were baptized, others had a slight knowledge of the Catholic religion, but were indifferent, or bitterly opposed to it. And so were the fugitives in the north, with the exception of a goodly number of Nipissings that had been baptized in their old home, and who still, though surrounded by Pagans, publicly professed their faith.

Into this seething mass of barbarism Christian missionaries were now about to let fall the leaven of Divine faith. A short account of the moral condition, character, and superstitions of these northwestern tribes will here be in place. But to give even the faintest outline of the degradation into which they had sunk, and of the horrors of Indian Paganism, would require more space than is at our command, and must be deferred to some future occasion.

It was towards the end of August when the Chegoimegon and Keweenaw traders, with whom the two Jesuit Fathers, a *donné* of the mission, and six other Frenchmen had embarked, left Three Rivers, paddling with all their might lest the northern winter, even earlier in those days than now, should overtake them before they reached their intended quarters in Keweenaw. On the Ottawa an attack by a lurking party of a hundred Onondagas was happily repulsed. This peril over, the fleet disbanded, every one seeking such scanty means of living as he could procure on the dreary shores of rivers and lakes. About the second week of October, the fifty canoes, arriving at intervals, glided into the vast bay of Keweenaw. One of the last frail vessels bore a travel-worn, emaciated priest, almost a sexagenarian, a survivor of the noble band of Huron missionaries, who longed for the moment, apparently not far distant, that was to unite him with his martyred brethren in a better land. Deprived of the companionship of his brother missionary, who by some whim of his savage guides had been deserted at Montreal, separated from his French fellow-travellers, forced, though frequently in a state of starvation, to ply the paddle or carry burdens, on a journey, itself well-nigh a living martyrdom, ignominiously treated by his conductors, the brutal Kenoshés, nay, in consequence of the accidental destruction of his canoe, abandoned for six days on the dreary shore of Lake Superior, Father René Menard thought himself abundantly rewarded, when, upon his arrival in Keweenaw, on the 15th of October, he was once more permitted to say Mass, and thus, by the holiest act of religion, inaugurate the Ottawa and Ojibwa mission.

In the late autumn of the following year, 1661, the Fathers in Quebec were rejoiced by the first account of Menard's arrival. The tidings were brought by a son of Le Brochet's, the barbarian Kenoshé chief, who soon after the Father's arrival had ejected him from his lodge. "The Black-gown is well; in the spring he will

return in good company," said the messenger. He must have been ill-informed, or he purposely told an untruth. For the next entry concerning that missionary in the Jesuits' report of July 26th, 1663, runs thus: "Yesterday the good God sent us thirty-five Ottawa canoes, with whom returned seven Frenchmen out of the nine who had left us; the two others, who are Father Menard and his faithful companion, Jean Guerin, have gone in another direction to enter, sooner than these, the safe port of our common country. Two years ago the Father died; Jean Guerin followed him about ten months ago." Another life thrown away! Or could the results of this Father's short missionary labor in Keweenaw have been commensurate with the price they cost? To him who would weigh matters in the balance of faith, the answer cannot be doubtful.

After a nine months' mission on Lake Superior, made frightful by its sufferings, during a Siberian winter spent in a miserable hovel, the good shepherd had undertaken, partly on foot, partly in a canoe, a long journey through the woods in search of that lost sheep, the half Christian band of Hurons on Black River; but he lost his way near one of the rapids of the Upper Wisconsin, and died of hunger and misery, unless, as there is reason to believe, his death was hastened by the club of a prowling Ousaki.

There is no account of the number of children whose happy souls thronged around the good missionary at his entrance into Heaven, to thank him for the boon of the beatific vision, secured to them by holy baptism received at his hands. But among the Hurons, who, famished and incessantly harassed by their Dacota foes, soon after the father's death, accomplished their march to Keweenaw, and thence to Chegoimegon, amidst toils and sufferings that swept away most of their younger children, Menard's companion, Jean Guerin, the *donné*, baptized not less, it is asserted, than two hundred. Nor was the missionary's labor lost on the adults of the different Algonquin bands that witnessed this beautiful sacrifice of a life spent in the service of the poor and ignorant. After a severe trial, and only when entirely convinced of the sincerity of their faith, Father Menard baptized about a dozen of them. But the discerning eye of the missionary had not been deceived; for, according to the testimony of his successors, his converts continued, after the dispersion of their several bands, in the practice of the highest Christian virtues—especially that of chastity, a new revelation to souls immerged, as they had been, in the slough of moral filth—at Chegoimegon, on Manitoulin, and on the north shore of Lake Huron, thus affording by their example, or, as in the case of the remarkable celibate Louis, even by actual teaching, an invaluable aid to the first messengers of the faith in all those places.

And should the sacrifice of life, clearly foreseen and gladly offered by that soldier of the cross, be counted for nothing? The secrets of Divine mercy in measuring out graces of conversion are indeed hidden from our eyes. But on all those bands that heard Father Menard in Keweenaw, a blessing, however long deferred in some cases, has come down in the shape of their complete, or well-nigh complete, conversion.

The Ojibwas of Wikwedong, or L'Anse, at the head of Keweenaw Bay, were soon left alone in the possession of their fishing and hunting grounds; for before the arrival of the next missionary to Lake Superior (1665), who, on his way to Chegoimegon, met at Keweenaw two of Father Menard's converts, "shining like stars through that darkness of infidelity," the greater part of the floating population, composed of Hurons, Kishkekons, and Kenoshés, had struck out for the West, and, three years later, the Sautcun and Missisagués were again in their old homes on the Rapids and Straits of St. Mary. No mention is made in the *Relations* of any attempt at converting the remaining Keweenaw bands during the short period of the early Lake Superior mission; and from its close, in 1671, to the fourth decade of the present century, no envoy of the Church is known to have entered the deeper recesses of that bay. But a tradition, in the form of a prophecy and of an injunction, was handed down through five generations: "That, once the French black-gown would appear among the men of Wikwedong, to him alone they should listen." Accordingly, when, some forty years ago, a worthy Wesleyan minister established himself in Keweenaw, the greater part of the Indians, though generally not averse to Christianity, and well aware of the worldly advantages to be gained by joining the *prayer* of the *Big-Knife*, held back in distrust; but as soon as the restorer of the northwestern Algonquin missions, a man bearing in many traits of character a striking resemblance to their first founder, took up his humble abode in their town (1842), they at once recognized the voice of the shepherd, and humbly bowed their heads to the saving waters of baptism. Their village, on the western shore of the bay, now contains, with some neighboring hamlets, over three hundred Catholic Indians, who subsist by farming and fishing, are under the care of a resident pastor, and enjoy the advantages of a school kept by the good Sisters of St. Joseph. The village and the county in which it lies, now bear, by a creditable recognition of Christian merit, on the part of an American legislature, the name of Baraga, the founder of the mission and first successor, in Keweenaw, of Father René Menard.

Ten years before the erection of the present Keweenaw or L'Anse mission, a boat rowed by nine Ottawas of Arbre Croche, in Lower Michigan, and bearing a still youthful missionary, entered the

mouth of the North Manistee River, on the southern shore of the upper peninsula. Not far from thence, near a beautiful sheet of water, incased among gently rising wooded hills, the men of a small Indian hamlet were busily engaged in roofing a little log chapel and patching it with bark—the style of the golden age of the missions. These Ojibwa hunters had never seen a priest; but the remembrance and the love of the black-gown was an heir-loom in their families. Hence, being assured of his intended visit, they wished to be thoroughly prepared for his ministrations. Having finished their sylvan temple with the assistance of the missionary himself and his companions, they all, on the morrow, reverently knelt at the same sacrifice that Father Menard, little less than two hundred years before, had offered up to God for the conversion of their ancestors in Keweenaw. They were a remnant of Le Brochet's band, the Kenoshés of the *Relations*. Within a fortnight Father Baraga—for no other was the happy apostle—received them into the Church, of which, though seldom visited, they have since remained faithful members, gathering at least on Sundays and holy days, to sing their hymns and to read or recite their prayers, under the roof of their fast-decaying chapel.

The next mission which claims our attention is that of Chegoimegon, or La Pointe du St. Esprit. On the first day of October, 1665, four years after Menard's death, his successor in the Lake Superior mission set foot on the shore of that magnificent bay, where now not only the Kishkakons and Sinagos, but also the Tiomontate Hurons, the Kenoshés, and, for a short time at least, greater or lesser numbers of Pottawattamies, Ousakis, Outagamis, and even Illinois, were assembled. Father Claude Alloez, a missionary destined to labor and travel more among the western Algonquins than any of his brethren, had accomplished in two months, the long journey from Three Rivers, amid trials great enough to appal the stoutest heart. The unfriendly reception he met, at the very outset, from his four hundred Indian travelling companions; their evident unwillingness to give him a place in one of their canoes, while they readily admitted his six lay companions, traders like themselves; and, still more, the merciless treatment he too met at their hands, on the ascent to Lake Superior, augured ill for the immediate success of the mission. Still, in a meeting of eight hundred warriors his Algonquin harangue was well received, chiming in, as it did, with the peaceable views entertained by the council of sachems, in opposition to the young braves' clamoring for a Dacota war. The attention was breathless, when the eloquent missionary announced that the great chief of France, the captain of ten thousand captains, had resolved to clear the river courses and lakes of their Iroquois pirates, and either

coerce the Five Nations to the maintenance of a universal peace, or utterly destroy them.

While the new officials of the crown in Canada did their best to redeem these promises, Father Allöez labored on Lake Superior with indefatigable zeal, teaching in his hut from morning till night; enduring the importunities of his barbarian visitors, many of whom had never seen a white man; bearing in silence their taunts, or remonstrating with apostolic fearlessness, according as his love for their souls and the zeal for the honor of his Master would bid him; visiting the sick and constantly on the alert to provide dying children with the nuptial garment. On the latter question, the baptism of infants, this active missionary took broader views—in some cases, perhaps, less wisely—than most of his brethren, requiring only a moderate degree of danger in order to confer the sacrament, nay, sometimes baptizing children in health, when spontaneously offered by parents for whose own conversion there was less hope than that Father's sanguine temperament led him to believe.[1] Hence, of two hundred and fifty children, or more, whom he baptized during his first twenty months' stay at Chegoimegon, the greater number may have survived, especially as in many instances the baptismal water proved medicinal for the body as well as for the soul. Fortunately most of them belonged to parents who for many years afterwards were not deprived of Christian teachers.

Among the infants baptized there was a dying Dacota child, the first of that once comparatively noble, and in its present degradation still remarkable, tribe; for even with them Father Alloez made acquaintance at the western end of Lake Superior (Fond du Lac), where he spent a month with an Ojibwa band, the farthest outpost of the tribe, at that period, and still in peace with its western neighbors. Of adults, on the contrary, the missionary baptized only thirteen, most of them apparently in health. Among them were the first fruits of the Pottawattamie tribe, five in number, who, soon returning to Green Bay, carried thither the seed of faith. Eighty Illinois visitors, to whom he preached, pledged themselves to direct their prayers henceforth to the God made man, and to cause His name to be honored all over their southern prairies. A similar promise was made by the Crees, from the neighborhood of Hudson Bay; and whatever we may think of the sincerity of those pledges, the idea of one overruling power, good, wise, omnipotent, which before the arrival of the missionaries had been utterly un-

[1] Upon this practice of Father Alloez the enemies of the Order in Canada and France pounced, as on a long-sought-for *corpus delicti;* and the ridiculous insinuation that the Jesuits preferred swelling their baptismal records to laboring for the moral regeneration of their converts, has been repeated over and over to the present day, even by writers who from their study of the sources must have known it to be a calumny.

known to the Indian tribes, from that time gradually spread over the greater part of the continent.

In the spring of 1667, Father Alloez resolved to visit Canada for the purpose, principally, of obtaining the much-needed assistance of trustworthy laymen; for upon those who followed the yearly canoe-fleet from mere mercenary motives no reliance could be placed. In order, however, to leave none of the dispersed Algonquin bands without its measure of spiritual assistance, the intrepid traveller, having started on the 16th of June, crossed Lake Superior at a distance of about two days' journey from its western end; then, coasting along the north shore, left its largest island, Minong, or Isle Royal, to the right; and finally ascended through a river, or rather a series of rapids and falls, to Lake Nepegon, the place of refuge, as already mentioned, of the Amikonés and the partly Christian Nipissings. For nearly twenty years the latter had not seen a priest, and however short his stay among them was, the sick and way-worn missionary's arrival, after eighteen days' forced canoe travel, undertaken for their sakes alone, must have forcibly reminded those poor fugitives how much their souls were worth.

On the 3d of August, Father Alloez was in Quebec, having come directly from Lake Nepegon, and thus travelled around Lake Superior, of which he was also the first to draw a complete map. Two days later, the canoe-fleet, with which he had descended from Sault Ste. Marie, was ready to return. On that occasion the Indians, however tardy on others, would never brook delay. The missionary, if he would not lose a year and expose the seed sown in Chegoimegon to the decomposing influences at work there, must forego the hope of rest, and tear himself from the company of his brethren and from civilization. Father Nicolas and a secular assistant accompanied the founder of the mission. Three others and a lay brother were refused a passage by the surly barbarians.

The progress made in Chegoimegon was slow enough to discourage any less earnest laborer, until, in the autumn of the following year, the large band of Kishkakons, once with Father Menard at Keweenan, unanimously declared themselves for God and the *prayer*. It happened by one of those sudden changes characteristic of the race, that, when the turning-point was once reached, stubborn resistance or seemingly unconquerable indifference gave way to an enthusiasm almost impatient of the missionary's wise delay in granting them the boon of the sacrament. Besides thirty-four Hurons, over a hundred Kishkakons, both children and adults, received baptism before Father Alloez, after nineteen months' stay, set out on his second and last journey from Chegoimegon to Quebec.

Among those who manned the traders' canoes were three Iroquois prisoners, whom Father Alloez had ransomed, and whom

he was now restoring to their people, at the request of the governor, as an earnest of the peace just concluded between the Ottawas and Iroquois, and for once sincerely meant by the latter, at least for the moment; for they had two troublesome enemies on their hands, the Algonquin Mohicans to the east, and a remnant of Andastes, a tribe of their own race, to the south; while to the north a regiment of soldiers, fresh from the Turkish wars, and since 1665 in the colony, kept them in awe even of their Canadian neighbors.

Never had the prospect in the West seemed brighter. "The Ottawa mission," writes the author of that year's *Relation*, "is now one of the finest in New France. The want of every commodity, the brutal disposition of those Indians, a distance of three or four hundred leagues, the number of tribes, and a whole nation's promise to embrace the Christian faith, made to Father Alloez at the conclusion of a general council; these are the things that cause all our missionaries to burn with a desire to be sent into that mission."

James Marquette, one of the youngest of these missionaries, but one destined to become more famous than any other, had already, in the preceding year (1668), been sent to the West, and was still instructing two thousand more or less willing hearers at the Rapids of St. Mary. For the fugitives from the north and Keweenaw had again gathered at that favorite fishing ground. Thus at the spot where, twenty-seven years before, the Jesuits had first stepped on the soil of our republic, the Cross was planted by the future discoverer of the Mississippi. Humble and conscientious, almost to scrupulousness, he would not himself gather the harvest, though most of the Indians seemed willing to be baptized by a priest whose personal amiability charmed even those rugged sons of the wilderness. But now the veteran missionary, Dablon, well versed in Huron and Algonquin dialects, and who as a most efficient superior could but badly be spared from Canada, went forth to give the benefit of his experience to the promising Ottawa and Ojibwa missions. He halted at the Rapids and sent his young predecessor to fill Alloez's place in Chegoimegon. For the latter, by his ardent zeal, his linguistic talent, and power of readily adapting himself to the ways of the Indians, particularly fitted for the duties of a pioneer, was not to return thither; but early in November—almost too late in the season—set out for Green Bay, and, with two French companions, reached the intended winter quarters near its head on the 2d day of December, after a month's perilous and tiresome travel, over a distance that we now easily traverse in two days.

Of the three missions now begun the oldest enjoyed but a short term of existence. Father Marquette's report, extorted from the modest missionary by reiterated demands on the part of his superiors, evinces his loving and successful exertions for the better in-

struction of the Kishkakon neophytes and catechumens, but also his reluctance already noticed to baptize adults. Among the Hurons, too, symptoms of reviving earnestness had appeared, and the missionary applied himself to the study of their difficult language. But soon the little establishment was threatened by a war-cloud, all the more ill-omened, inasmuch as the two nations had conjured it up by one of the worst acts of treachery that Indians, according to their own code of morals, can be guilty of.

In the summer of 1670, or thereabout, the leader of the Sinagos, Sinago by name, was visited by a Sioux chieftain; for, during the last few years, peace had been kept with that powerful and valiant nation. Nay, the dance of the calumet, performed in honor of Sinago at a previous meeting in the Dacota country, held the two chiefs and their bands united in the bonds of inviolable friendship. The visitor felt safe in Sinago's cabin. But the Hurons had not yet digested the shame of their repeated defeats at the hands of the countrymen of their too confiding guests. Whether it was done by the Pagan part of the tribe, or whether there were nominal Christians also in the plot we do not know, but the murder of the Dacota was suggested by the Sinagos. Failing to persuade, they overcame the scruples of the less inhuman Ottawas by bribery. The Sioux chief and his companions, among them a woman, were cut down; and in the village where two missionaries had for five years by word and example been preaching the religion of love, a cannibal crowd was seen sitting around kettles filled with the flesh of five human beings.

The outrage committed, the thought of the consequences seems to have burst on the savages' bewildered minds. Apparently even before the declaration of war on the part of the Sioux, a part of the Ottawas hastily embarked and, trusting to the continuation of the lately established peace with their eastern hereditary foes, sought their old and never forgotten homes on the shores and islands of Lake Huron. Early in the spring of the following year the Hurons and the rest of the Ottawas followed them, their faithful missionary, Father Marquette, working his way through the floating ice of Lake Superior.

An entirely new population took possession of the abandoned spot. Its natural advantages soon attracted many of the hunters and fishermen, that, before the arrival of the Ottawas and Hurons, had been scattered along the shores and in the interior; and Chegoimegon became the central seat of Ojibwa power. It was from thence those warriors went forth that subdued the Mantone nation, and drove the Outagamis from their advanced posts in Northern Wisconsin, while further to the west those of the tribe that Alloez had visited in 1666 carried on the struggle against the Sioux.

They finally succeeded, by superior woodcraft, in wresting from a nation, by far their superior in numbers, the greater part of Northern Minnesota.

On one of the islands in the bay of Chegoimegon, which from the opposite tongue of land received its present name of La Pointe, a French trading post existed during the first half of the last century; and, early in the present, an American fur company chose it for its headquarters on the lake. But it was long before souls were again prized as highly as beaver-skins and moose-hides. For the space of one hundred and sixty-four years Father Marquette found no successor. It was again the modern pioneer Baraga, who, entering the field on July 27th, 1835, cultivated it with his accustomed ardor and success. At the end of two months the names of one hundred and forty-eight adults and children stood in his book of baptisms, and when, after eight years of indefatigable labor, he changed his residenee to Keweenaw, his successor found a flock of scarce less than a thousand well-instructed Catholics on the island itself, in the interior to the south, and at the head of Lake Superior. From the latter point the work was carried to the north shore and especially into Minnesota, where, at this day, two or three missionaries, incumbered besides with the care of white congregations, are, with all their zeal, unable to satisfy the wants of over three thousand Indians already baptized, and perhaps as many more, who only await the coming of the shepherd to be gathered into the fold.

Was any part of this result, which contrasts so strangely with the slow progress of the first missionaries, due to the self-sacrificing zeal of the latter? The thought of a direct connection between the labors of both is precluded by the fact that some only of the ancestors of those western Ojibwas had been under the immediate care of the Jesuits, and that only for a very short time. But, indirectly, it is to the workmen of the seventeenth century that the laborers of the present age must ascribe a great part of their success. For the uninterrupted communication between the western, and the partly christianized members in the east, of a tribe well known for its roving propensities, served to keep up among them a general knowledge of the Catholic faith. Even the presence among them of Canadian traders, to whom the pioneer missionaries had opened the way, and who, during the period of the Jesuit missions, were partly at least under religious control, helped to prepare the way for the gospel. Those fur merchants were not all bad men; even among them God had His servants.

When Bishop, then Father, Baraga, less than two months after his arrival in La Pointe, first entered the Indian village on the St. Louis River, at the western end of Lake Superior, he was not a

little astonished to find a score of Pagan Indians kneel to beg his blessing, and he was still more surprised when the poor people who had never seen a priest recited the prayers, sang the hymns, and answered the catechetical questions in the Ottawa prayer-book which he himself had adapted from an Algonquin one that, in its essential parts, dated from the Jesuit missions of the seventeenth century. Little additional instruction was needed to prepare the happy catechumens for baptism; and now the settlement of Fond du Lac contains four hundred Catholic Indians. But who was their or their fathers' first instructor? The trader of the band, a Catholic like all his Canadian comrades, but one worthy of the name.

The island of La Pointe is now almost deserted. Many years ago its population emigrated to the charming village of Bayfield on the opposite shore. But the greater part of the Indians belonging to this mission live on the Bad River reservation, the only spot in Michigan where Indian agents, and ministers favored by them, have considered it their duty to interfere with the free action of the Catholic missionary. But, while we wonder at such things being possible in the home of the free, let us bow our heads in humble acknowledgment of our own deficiency. Our Catholic Ojibwas, in spite of bribes held out and stumbling-blocks thrown in their way, have remained faithful, and also among the Pagans in the forests of Northern Wisconsin every missionary visit has been repaid by many conversions. But if we open the *Catholic Directory* for 1876, we will there read, page 290: "La Pointe, St. Josephs (Indian, the oldest church in Wisconsin) attended from Bayfield. Bayfield, Christ's Church, *vacant.* Bad River Indian mission, *vacant.*" Why those sad vacancies? Is the soul of the Indian at this day, when he calls to us, and when a few days' ride in cars and on steamers will bring us to the door of his peaceful cabin, worth less than it was two hundred years ago, when two months' labor, starvation, and appalling hardships of every kind, nay, the prospect of being roasted alive amid the taunts of cannibals, lay between the missionary and the object of his zeal? Let us hope that the inspiring example of our early missionaries and a better knowledge of the existing necessity will help to make aspirants for the honor of working in that neglected field more frequent, and will cause the call of the chief pastors in the northwestern dioceses to be responded to by a greater number of priests, or candidates, willing to live and die in the Indian mission!

In taking up the thread of our history, it should first be remarked that the Jesuits themselves forbore to embody the details of the tragedy of Chegoimegon in their yearly report, fearful, no doubt, lest the newly awakened interest in the western mission might

thereby suffer some check. But had their own zeal and hopefulness abated? They were never more active, and soon a great and promising change rewarded their perseverance.

Druillettes, the venerable founder of the Abenaki mission and once already destined for this western field, had, in the summer of 1670, with the younger Father André, arrived at the Rapids of St. Mary. After a few months' stay he had the joy to see the Bawitigo men and their guests of divers clans declare for the Christian faith. The outbreak of an epidemic at the moment of his arrival threatened to frustrate the effect of his instructions; for, to jump at conclusions based on the fallacy *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, is a peculiarity of the Indian mind, equalled only by the pranks of Caucasian intellects when under the pressure of the strongest of prejudices. This time, however, the error found its speedy corrective. With astonishment the pest-stricken people saw their children restored to life by baptism, the adult in many instances healed by a prayer. A saint was in their midst.

A medicine-man's recital before the assembled village of his own and his family's cure produced a striking effect. Young and old shouted: "The Sault prays; the Sault is Christian." Severed marriage ties were again united. Polygamy was abandoned. On Sundays enraptured crowds filled the newly erected chapel, and sang the hymns composed by those early missionaries, and still so dear to the Indians of our day. All day, and during a part of the night, the work of instruction went on in the Fathers' residence and from cabin to cabin. The baptism of adults was wisely deferred, but within six months one hundred and twenty children received this sacrament at the hands of Father Druillettes. Many of them grown up to manhood may have fallen victims to the debauchery introduced about that time into the Jesuit missions by French garrisons, brandy-traders, and bushmen. But shall the husbandman forbear to cast out the seed through fear of a coming hailstorm?

Father André devoted himself, amid sufferings well-nigh superhuman, to the instruction of the Missisagués, Amikonés, and other bands that had returned to the north shore of Lake Huron and the opposite island of Manitoulin. A walking shadow, after two months' diet on boiled moose skins, worn moccasins, and the leather binding of his books, he still went from cabin to cabin teaching his equally famished, but apparently, for the greater part, well-disposed hearers, and rewarded their attention by performing for them on his flute and repeating newly composed hymns with their children. Absolute want at length driving him from thence, he marched in snow-shoes to Lake Nipissing, where the never-failing supply of *tripes de roches* and an occasional dish of acorns enabled him to continue his labors among a band of Odishkwagamis or Algonquins. In the

ensuing summer (1671), leaving the Missisagué, Amikoné, and Kenoshé mission, in the hands of the new Superior, Father Nouvel, a more experienced and not less hardy worker, Father André went to assist Alloez in the mission of St. Francis Xavier, on Green Bay.

For eight or nine years at least—further the scanty notices of the mission of St. Mary's at the Rapids, St. Simon on Manitoulin, and that of the Apostles on the opposite shore, do not extend—that long stretch from the outlet of Lake Superior to Lake Nipissing continued to be traversed by the few Fathers of Sault Ste. Marie, hardly ever more than two at a time. The venerable Druillettes, whose earlier labors in the cause of religion had extended from New England to the wilderness on the Upper Saguenay, was now approaching the close of his career. Returning to Quebec in 1679, where he soon died, at the age of ninety years, he was spared the sight of the plague that, in the shape of the brandy trade and all its concomitant horrors, towards the end of the century, laid waste the half-tilled field of the missions, and blighted, for the time being, all the laborers' hopes.

The old trading-post of Sault Ste. Marie was again visited by Canadian priests in the first and second decade of the present century. The first resident missionary, about 1834, was an Austrian Redemptorist, one of the first Fathers of the congregation that two years before had crossed the Atlantic. His church was burned by a band of fanatics, and his stay was but short. Still, the native part of the motley population clung to the religion once preached to their ancestors. A very few Indians of pure blood may still be seen on the American shore; the little band of Santeux proper has been almost completely absorbed into the white population. But a number of the old Bawitigomens' descendants, some hardly showing a trace of their origin, and speaking English and French with equal fluency, still prefer to hear their learned pastor preach in the tongue of their fathers. Here, in 1854, Bishop Baraga composed the last of his Indian works, and, in 1866, reluctantly left the old Indian settlement for the rising city of Marquette.

For the last thirty years, with a short interruption, the Society of Jesus has had charge of the missions at the Rapids and along the Straits of St. Mary, whose shores and islands are still at intervals dotted with the wigwams and log-houses of the red man. Two little churches on the American shore are Bishop Baraga's legacy to his Ojibwa children.[1]

[1] It may be remarked here that the first spot visited by Jesuits in the territory of the United States north of Maryland is at this day the only one in the North American republic, east of the Mississippi, where a priest of the Society addresses a part of his congregation in an Indian language.

A considerable part of the mixed Ojibwa and Ottawa population of Manitoulin and the opposite shore had, before the middle of the eighteenth century, taken up their residence on the Canadian side of Lake and River St. Clair, and played, under the name of the Missisagués, a conspicuous part in the political commotions following the period of their transmigration. Their descendants are still there and on the neighboring islands. The fifteen hundred Indians, shown by the census of 1870 to inhabit the different districts of Ontario, are all Christians. If they are at this day provided with pastors, they owe it to the charity of our separated brethren. Once they were Catholics, at least for the greater part, and many may still be so in heart. Had not the shepherd failed them they would still be ours.

Happier, in this respect, were those of their clansmen that never left, or again returned to their old homes. Among the three thousand five hundred, mostly Catholic Ojibwa and Ottawa Indians, living in the eastern border districts of Georgian Bay, on Manitoulin, and to the west and north of the Straits of St. Mary and of Lake Superior, the sons of St. Ignatius, for over thirty years, have been and still are at work, with the energy and perseverance of their brethren of the seventeenth century; and the chief pastor and the little staff of secular priests in the newly erected Vicariate Apostolic of Northern Canada are vying in zeal and charity for their Indian flock, with the Jesuit Fathers of Wikwemikong, Garden River, and Fort William.

The third great mission, that of St. Francis Xavier, begun in Green Bay, December 3d, 1669, by Father Alloez, would, on account of its longer duration and the greater number of tribes belonging to it, require an even more extensive survey than that of Sault Ste. Marie. But its checkered history and the multiplicity of details, devoid, as they have come down to us, of connection, render the task impossible within the limited space at our command. Two missionaries at first, and then one, battling with superstition and vice amidst a motley population unsettled and divided among themselves, often exasperated against their French would-be rulers, and, with the exception of the more peace-loving Menomones, almost continually engaged in bloody feuds, succeeded in wresting thousands of souls from Paganism, and, by the strong impressions produced on some of the tribes, prepared the field for the reception of the seed at a future and more peaceful period.

For the century ending in 1831 no resident priest had been in Green Bay. In the meantime the Pottawattamies and Miamis had returned to their old homes in Lower Michigan and Indiana, where the Jesuits, up to the end of French rule, continued to have charge of them. The mission among the former was renewed in 1830,

and, after their forcible removal to Kansas and Indian Territory in 1836, they were happy enough to become again the object of their earliest teachers' loving zeal. Of the three thousand souls which this tribe still counts—probably more than they had been at the beginning of their wanderings in the seventeenth century—the greater part are Catholics and citizens, bidding fair to rank among the most advanced of the race, unless the meddling of the government, which has already forced a Quaker agent on one of their bands, succeeds in undoing what the Church has accomplished.

The indomitable Ousakis and Outagamis, now under the name of Sacs and Foxes, located in the Indian Territory, continue for the most part Pagans, and are farther removed from civilization than any of the transported tribes. A remarkable decrease in their numbers is the consequence.

The Winnebagoes, too, were moved, and, after various attempts to settle them, they found a permanent home in Minnesota. A mission, happily begun among them in 1844, interrupted by governmental interference, and resumed in 1850, has not been heard of for many years. The secular priests, who visited the tribe from the neighboring town of Mankato, did not generally remain long enough to learn the language; but now the glad tidings come, that the Jesuit refugees from Germany, lately established in that place, devote their care to the long-abandoned flock. May this boon, procured to an Indian tribe by the rule of blood and iron, prove the harbinger of its complete and lasting happiness!

Most consoling was the welcome given to the missionaries of the present century by the peaceable Menomones. Though, since the renewal of that mission, in 1831, hardly one priest remained long enough among them to learn their difficult dialect; and, although for years left without a resident missionary, sixteen hundred Menomones—probably four times more than the whole tribe counted when Alloez first addressed them—are children of the Church. There may be some eight hundred Pagans left in the tribe. At the present time the greater part of it is on a reservation at the Wolf River, and is attended by the pastor of the nearest congregation of whites. A smaller number, living as citizens in their old home on the Menomonee, have the happiness to reside in the neighborhood of an old Algonquin missionary, who, in an incredibly short time, has mastered their language as no one had done before.

The Ottawa clan of the Nassawakwatons, once residing in Green Bay, but long absorbed by the bulk of the tribe in Lower Michigan, is also within the pale of the Church.

Was the labor of those early Jesuits lost? Have the tribes they sought to convert ceased to exist?

A fourth mission, the last in the order of time, but the most

important and the only one kept up to the end of the French dominion, nay, several years after it had ceased, remains to be mentioned.[1]

The Island of Mackinac and the opposite shores of both Upper and Lower Michigan had before the dispersion of the western Algonquins been a favorite resort of Indian fishermen. Hence, when the danger of the establishment at Chegoimegon became known to the superior of the missions, Father Dablon, he selected, with prudent attention to the wants of the Indians as well as to the convenience of the missionaries, the southeastern extremity of the upper peninsula of Michigan as a rallying-point for those who were either already baptized, or willing to place themselves under religious guidance and instruction. Apparently, it was himself, who, in the winter of 1670–71, built the first temporary chapel on the shore of Lake Huron, opposite the celebrated island, and thus became the founder of what was henceforth called the Mission of St. Ignace of Michillimackinac.

Of the tribes expected to pitch their wigwams around the humble sanctuary, the Hurons were the first to arrive. Father Marquette, as first pastor of St. Ignatius's, devoted himself to their second conversion with the irresistible persuasiveness of a holy life, and the charm of a most gentle and affectionate disposition. A severe humiliation of his pupils' pride helped to prepare them to profit by his ministrations.

While the industrious Tionontate women, in the summer of 1671, were watching their first crop of maize, their liege lords descended to Montreal with the harvest of the Lake Superior forests, the produce of at least two winters' chase and trade. Is it for instruments of husbandry and the comforts of domestic life they mean to barter their peltry? By no means. Arms and ammunition are what they most desire now; for they meditate a new expedition against the Sioux; not a desultory scalping excursion, but a war to the knife, to be carried on throughout the winter from a fort they were to construct upon the confines of the Dacota country. Having returned from the colony, they hastily gathered their harvest, and, launching their canoes, a body of young braves, accompanied by Kishkakon and Sinago volunteers, proceeded to Green Bay. There, Pottawattamies, Ousakis, and Outagamis, were induced by the munificent gifts of the Ottawas to join the expedition. A long file

[1] Detroit was not established by the missionaries. In fact, the erection of that post, though necessary from a political point of view, did the cause of religion, among the Indians, more harm than good. Eventually, no doubt, the incipient City of the Straits became one of the centres of civilization, and the labor of its Recollet pastors, and of the Jesuit missionaries among the surrounding bands of Indians, had its share in the preparatory work for the later conquests of the Church in the Northwest.

of over a thousand armed warriors marched through the woods of Wisconsin, till they reached the first Sioux villages in the neighborhood of the St. Croix, and, disdaining all the usual measures of prudence, pounced upon the unsuspecting enemy, put the men to flight, and carried off women and children. But soon the alarm spread through the neighboring villages; the naked warriors swarmed forth, and Dacota bows, war clubs and stone knives did their work. Many of the invaders fell or were captured. A panic ensued. Having, in their mad eagerness, neglected to build the intended fort, the aggressors sought the woods, leaving their track strewn with arms and pieces of clothing. Thus, half-naked and without the means of procuring food—a retreat from Moscow in miniature—the crestfallen braves wearily toiled through the snow-carpeted forest, many perishing from exhaustion, hunger, and cold. A miserable remnant that reached the shores of Green Bay had been compelled to feed on the mangled bodies of comrades, who had died or been struck down on the way.

The Chief, Sinago, murderer of a confiding guest, remained a captive in the hands of the Sioux. These people, less devilish than either Iroquois, Hurons or Ottawas, had not yet learned to burn or devour their prisoners of war. As a rule, they were content with tying them to a stake, and making their children pierce them with arrows. Frequently they sent them home unhurt. But Sinago's exceptional offence called for a very different kind of punishment. "Having so great an appetite for human flesh," they said to him, "thou shalt have thy fill;" and, introducing the prisoner to their feasts, they regaled him with slices of flesh slashed from the muscular parts of his own body, and roasted before his eyes. Not a morsel of other food was given to the miserable man, until death put an end to his tortures.

The mention here, and in the course of the foregoing narrative, of details disgusting to the sensitive reader, calls for a word of explanation. To appreciate the work done by the Jesuits, it is necessary to know what the Indians had been before, and for many years after the Fathers had appeared amongst them. There are other horrors that must remain untold, or which can be but barely hinted at, lest Christian parents should be obliged to hide these pages from the eyes of their children.

In the meantime the pastor of St. Ignace suffered, prayed, and labored for his little flock. In Chegoimegon, Father Marquette had been taxed to his utmost by the care of the Kishkakon neophytes and catechumens. Now, with sufficient knowledge of the Huron tongue, he was able to devote himself almost exclusively to the reclaiming of the demoralized Tionontates; for only a small number of Ottawas gathered at this spot during the two years of

his residence. Probably the most cautious among the apostles of the Northwest, he baptized within about eighteen months no more than two adults.[1] But he had not labored in vain. His successors found a changed and obedient people; and under their fostering care the Hurons continued, during the eighth decade of the century, a most edifying congregation of virtuous and even pious Christians.

Thirteen hundred Kiskakons and Sinagos, who during that period gathered at or near St. Ignace, soon caught the inspiration from their Huron friends, whose remarkable influence, in peace and war, on the counsels of the less-gifted Algonquins, down to their final separation in the present century, has been sufficiently commented on by historians. How many of the Ottawas were deemed worthy of the sacrament of regeneration during that first decade—the most edifying period of the mission—it is now impossible to say, but the claims of Christianity appear to have been recognized, or at least understood and respected by the greater number; and love of the black-gown was implanted in their hearts deeply enough to endure through all the vicissitudes of their checkered career, and to be transmitted to their children and children's children.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, when La Motte Cadillac settled "Pontchartrain du Detroit"—the Moses, as he was pleased to style himself, whom God had destined to lead the Indians from clerical bondage into the freedom of military rule and into the land of promise flowing with rum and brandy—the Huron wanderers were prevailed upon to emigrate to the future City of the Straits. Four or five generations of them remained faithful to the religion once brought, at the cost of the bearers' lives, to their sires in Upper Canada. The Tionontates of the present day, about equal in number to what their ancestors in Chegoimegon were, and, under the name of Wyandots, forming part of the motley population of Indian Territory, are still for the greater part Christians. If you wish to hear of their religious and moral condition, consult the mission reports of our Protestant brethren. Shall we find fault with the latter if they devoted themselves to the guidance of a shepherdless flock? Or, is it to be wondered at, if deprived of religious teachers, as those Hurons were since the latter part of the eighteenth century, a generation grown up in ignorance of Catholic doctrine, should have been persuaded to adopt a form of religion which, by its very birthright, takes kindly to Catholic bodies from which the spirit has fled? Only *let the consuls beware*, lest a simi-

[1] It should, however, be kept in mind that Father Marquette's mission, at that time, consisted only of three hundred and eighty Hurons and of about sixty Sinagos, and that many, if not most of the former, were already baptized.

lar fate befall still other descendants of Marquette's and Alloez's pupils.

We allude to the Ottawas. They, too, went, in 1701, to strengthen the post of Detroit. What remained of Indians in St. Ignace—not a Christian among them, if we may believe the historian of New France—were past correction and guidance. The hallowed ground, where Marquette's bones lay, had become the paradise of Canadian bush-lopers and brandy dealers; in other words, a pandemonium of unbridled licentiousness. To prevent desecration, the missionaries, in 1706, set fire to their chapel and returned to Quebec. Alarmed at the consequences, the colonial government took means to suppress the evil, and having erected a new post at the northern extremity of Lower Michigan, opposite the former mission, prevailed upon the Jesuits there—for they could not be dispensed with—to take charge of such Ottawas as had already spread over the northwestern coast of the peninsula, and of others who returned in squads from the post of Detroit. Thus the second mission of St. Ignace was formed. Its church records, for the greater part preserved, exhibit an interesting picture of the multifarious labors of the last Fathers who visited the Ottawas in the neighborhood, and the Miamis and Pottawattamies around St. Joseph's, in the southwestern corner of the peninsula; but who were, it would seem, prevented by their duties, as military chaplains and officiating *curês* of a little French congregation, from extending their apostolic excursions beyond the Rapids of St. Mary, or to the western shore of Lake Michigan. But commandants, soldiers, traders, and settlers from Sault Ste. Marie, from Kamanistiqueia (now Fort William), on the north shore of Lake Superior, from Nepegon, beyond it, from Green Bay and Chicago, and transient visitors from still more remote parts of New France, availed themselves, during shorter or longer visits at Michillimackinac, of the services of these Fathers as pastors, counsellors, and teachers. Some would bring their children, generally of mixed blood, to be baptized; others stood sponsors to their own *Panis*,[1] or negroes, "well instructed and desirous of being received into the Church." Others again were to be married to an Ottawa, Ojibwa, or Pottawattamie neophyte, or, to have their previous union, perhaps of long standing, legitimated. Now, an Indian waif was placed in the hands of the missionary; again, some aged *voyageur*, after a life spent on lakes and rivers, in forests and on prairies, would haul up his canoe on the beach, to die under the shadow of the Church. It was in the school of Fathers Du Jaunay

[1] *Panis* were Indian slaves, not only of the Pawnee tribe, but also of others. All prisoners of war, or children of such, employed as servants, bore the name. Sioux, Mandan, Blackfoot *Panis*, and others of perhaps still more distant tribes, were found in the French settlements. Their treatment was of the kindest.

and Le Franc the rudiments of knowledge were imparted to youths in whose veins the blood of French gentility and Ottawa royalty mingled, and who, after leading their braves to victory on the banks of the Monongahela, or on the shore of Lake George, were to settle down among their dusky relatives and keep alive the knowledge of *the prayer*, long after their kind instructors had disappeared from the scene. Here the children of worthy families, that afterwards were among the first in the French settlements between Green Bay and St. Louis, received their religious training. At times the routine of duty in the little frame church and presbytery would be interrupted, when the scourge of small-pox fell on the idlers around the post. Then, amidst the wailing of the bereft and the moans of the dying, you might see the minister of mercy, the representative of Him who forgave the dying thief, wind his way from wigwam to wigwam, to move to repentance, to console, to instruct, or baptize the victims of the loathsome disease. For the truth and mysterious power of the *French Prayer* were recognized by numbers among the lake tribes, as is the efficacy of the sacraments by your wayward or negligent Catholic who, always believing and ever postponing, at the hour of death, at last, calls the priest to his bedside. And, long after the missionaries had left the field, there were not wanting, at least among the Ottawas, Pottawattamies, and the Menomones, those who knew how to confer private baptism; and not only children received it, but also dying adults. The deep impression produced by the last Jesuits' teaching and example on the Michigan and also on some of the Wisconsin tribes, is best seen in the welcome held out to their successors, though three score years passed by before the struggling Church in America could listen to the reiterated and pressing entreaties of the Ottawas and afford to give them a missionary.[1]

Let us pass over this melancholy period, the long winter of the Upper Algonquin mission, during which only at intervals of three, seven, and even eleven and more years, some Canadian priest, or a refugee of the French Revolution, on their way to Illinois, a vicar-general of the Bishops of Baltimore or Cincinnati, residing at Detroit, or more frequently the Pottawattamie missionary of St. Joseph's, during a few days' or weeks' stay, would administer the sacraments at old Fort Michillimackinac, on the lower peninsula, or on Mackinac Island, whither, upon the removal of the British post, in the height of our revolutionary war, the few remaining French Catholics had bodily transported their little church of St.

[1] The last entry from Father Du Jaunay's hand, in the Jesuits' register of baptisms, is of July 30th, 1765. The great influence this missionary exercised on the Ottawas of Lake Michigan is recognized by the English authorities on Pontiac's Conspiracy.

Ignatius.[1] Let us pass, we say, over that dreary period to consider a scene of the reviving spring, in the shape of an episcopal visit to Arbre Croche, the central post of the tribe, during the first decade of the modern Ottawa mission.

It was in the May of 1831, a sail hove in sight from behind the long, sandy point which, sheltering the head of Little Traverse Bay, lends to that part of it the charm of a placid inland lake. Our red brethren's discernment in selecting fine village sites is well known, and the Ottawas' choice of this spot for one of their final homes does not belie their reputation in this respect. A more idyllic lake and woodland scene is hardly to be met on the shores of the "pleasant peninsula."

The sounds of a bell have just died over the bosom of the bay, which itself seems only to awake from its night's rest at the salute of the first slanting sunbeam. Hark! once more, briskly and merrily, peal after peal falls from the little belfry. Swinging to and fro goes the bell, till the last Indian has crept from under his wigwam or stepped forth from his newly built log house. Men, women, and children, as many as were not already kneeling in the church—for mass had begun—came down to the brink of the lake. The *Great Black-Gown* has stepped on shore. It is Fenwick, of Cincinnati, a Father whom they have once before seen and learned to love. Having received the episcopal benediction, the crowd accompanies the delighted prelate to the *house of prayer*, built by their own hands. The priest before the altar is Frederic Baraga, not yet two weeks among them, but already greatly beloved by them.

Father Dejean, the first modern Ottawa missionary, had within the two preceding years baptized four or five hundred Indians, helped to build a church for those of Arbre Croche, and a school for their children, engaged teachers, printed a prayer-book, and was urgently calling for an assistant in that wide field, on the mainland, and on the islands, the Indians everywhere asking to be instructed, when business of a private nature called him back to France. But the Ottawa mission was firmly established, and, even then, in a more prosperous state than it had been under the Jesuits.

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[1] The church built by the Jesuits at "Old Mackinac," in 1742, and transported to the Island of Mackinac about 1781, was, fifty years later, replaced by a new one and the title changed to that of St. Anne. The present Church of St. Ignatius, in Pointe St. Ignace—the site of Father Marquette's mission—dates from 1837, when it was built by a mixed French and Indian population that had, during the preceding twenty or thirty years, gathered on the almost abandoned spot. This mission embraces almost the whole southern coast of Upper Michigan, and contains, besides its half-breed population of about eight hundred souls, some two hundred full-blood Indians, a few of them still Pagans. The family traditions of these people, sustained by the old church records, make it evident that from the days of the first missionaries Christians have never been wanting among the Ottawas and Ojibwas of the neighborhood.

The merit, however, is theirs. The seed sown by them had not died; the storms of four wars—the old French, Pontiac's, the War of Independence, and the last English—had swept over it, but it had not lost its vitality. With the springtide of peace it burst, sprang up, and grew up with a rapidity like to that of the vegetation in this northern latitude.

Bishop Fenwick, during a few days' stay, baptized, confirmed, and, on Corpus Christi, gave the Blessed Eucharist to considerable numbers. "On that festival," so he wrote himself, a few days later, to his Vicar-General, "we held the procession with the Holy Sacrament, with such order, decorum, and devotion, as are seldom witnessed in civilized countries. I really believe to have found in that place more piety, faith, and reverence than on similar occasions among our American Catholics. Yes, my friend, I may truly say that this was a bright day for me; never before had I felt so wholly contented and consoled. The Indians had, with their mats and blankets, carpeted the way I was to take in the procession, and strewn it with grass and wild flowers, etc. In truth I would fain exchange my residence in the populous Cincinnati, my dignity and all, for a little hut and the happy lot of a missionary among these good Indians."[1]

Yes, happy missionaries! who within less than twenty years received twenty-five hundred Ottawas into the Church, and with them formed those model missions—once the admiration of the Jew and Gentile—in Little Traverse, Crossvillage, and Grand Traverse Bay, besides many smaller settlements, all regularly and frequently visited and provided with chapels, at least of logs and bark. The man-eaters of Chegoimegon, the wanderers of Green Bay, Lake Pepin, Keweenaw, St. Ignace, and Detroit, had become a peaceable and thrifty agricultural people. The greater number read their Algonquin prayer-books; some made considerable progress in English, and two young men of the tribe went to study the sciences in the City of the Popes. Modest, docile, sober, industrious, honest to the wonder of the traders, these Indians showed what the race is capable of under proper guidance and removed from corrupting influences.[2]

Shall we again visit the cradle of the modern Ottawa mission?

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[1] The above is a translation of the German translation of Bishop Fenwick's letter in vol. iii. of Berichte der Leopoldinen-Stiftung in Oesterreich.

[2] According to Charlevoix the Ottawas were once among the rudest of Indians. "There are," he says of them, "few nations on the whole continent where more effort has been made to produce Christians, and more unsuccessfully." (Shea's Charlevoix, ii., p. 272.) It is encouraging to compare the final result with this unfavorable judgment of a writer who was by no means inclined to do injustice to the labors of his brethren. Charlevoix visited the Ottawa missions in 1721.

The iron horse now brings us to the southern shore of Little Traverse Bay. We step into the steam yacht that in summer carries many a curious visitor over to the Indian hamlet. Who is that gentleman of clerical appearance, with hymn-book in hand? Ah! he invites one of our tawny, raven-haired fellow-passengers to an English evening sermon; not in the silent chapel, though—its key is still in faithful hands,—but in the residence of an American settler, the temporary Evangelical meeting-house.

We step ashore. There it is still, in its pristine simplicity, the humble Presbytery of Dejean and Baraga, the home of a Pierz, Van Paemel, Lautishar—noble souls, long gone to their reward, or called away from their beloved Indians by sickness or old age. There is the tidy little church—the second built by these Ottawas—and the commodious edifice, once intended for a school and a dwelling-house for Sisters. But where is the priest, and where are the teachers?

For the last four years those dearly purchased children of the Church have been orphans, or something akin to it. Confidingly they had at last thrown themselves into the arms of the long-scorned Mother; and now they are abandoned. The only travelling Ottawa missionary in Lower Michigan, residing among whites at fifty miles' distance from the central settlement of the tribe, hardly ever a week under the same roof, and, besides his four Indian churches and numerous stations, incumbered with the care of widely scattered and equally numerous European settlers, is, with all his devotedness, not able to spare for his Little Traverse flock more than a few days in the year.

But will those Catholic Ottawas attend their American neighbors' meeting? Human nature would be at fault if none of them did; and should the number of those, who do, increase, we shall have to blame but our own supineness. Far from condemning or ridiculing a zeal employed—we cannot say otherwise, though we say it with sorrow—in the cause of error, the sight of what others are doing, should bring the blush of shame to our cheeks.

Our hand grows weary; and not only the want of space, but charity itself forbids us to further indulge these reflections.

But we must hope on. A new and lively interest in the Indian cause seems awakened throughout the country by the very attempts being made to destroy our modern Indian missions, especially those beyond the Mississippi. While battling for right and justice, so outrageously violated on the only field where the executive power has thus far been able to tamper with the freedom of conscience, it is to be hoped that the Catholic body in the United States, led by its hierarchy, will make strenuous efforts to secure pastors and teachers for those Algonquin missions in the Northwest, where,

with but one or two exceptions, the free action of the Church has not been, and cannot be, interfered with.

Let the religious orders, both male and female, march to the front! And, should the select troops of the Church be too much taken up with the more exciting battle and the more abundant harvest among a live population, and have no physicians of the soul to spare for a dying though a very slowly dying race, let a central point, a school, a home, or whatever name you may give it, for secular missionaries, be established in one of the northwestern dioceses, and, if possible, amid an Indian population, but under the protection of all those bishops who number among their flocks a remnant of the ancient lords of the country, and who receive, for some such object as this, pecuniary aid from European societies for the propagation of faith.

There young priests, or aspirants to the priesthood, whose hearts God will fill with a love for the despised Indian, may learn the language, that wonderful Algonquin language, spoken from the coast of Labrador to the headwaters of the Missouri, and understood by twelve thousand Christian and eight thousand Pagan Indians, in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota alone. In that home, under the guidance of some older missionary, the young champion of the faith may, as the Jesuits of old were wont to do in Montreal and Three Rivers, pass through a short preparatory school before setting out for his allotted or self-chosen post; and thither, if needs be, return to rest from his labors when broken down with hardships and old age. From thence some could make excursions to many, now hardly ever visited, smaller Indian settlements or families, scattered near and far; and, while recruiting their strength at home, those fit for the task might employ themselves in composing books, or at least remodelling and reprinting those already published for our Catholic Indians, but now becoming more and more scarce among them.

Let the boldness of the suggestion find its excuse in the writer's motive and the very urgency of the cause itself. For surely, unless some religious order takes up the work, or a combined action, of some kind or other, is resolved upon by those whom the Great Pastor of Souls has honored with the guardianship of the poorest of his poor, it is to be feared that the modern Algonquin mission, so auspiciously begun fifty years ago on the foundation of the Jesuits' work of a century, will end in failure.

ORIGIN OF IDEAS;

OR, CONCERNING THE MANNER AND THE ORDER IN WHICH THE HUMAN MIND NATURALLY ACQUIRES KNOWLEDGE. WHAT PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEM MOST FAITHFULLY DESCRIBES THE OPERATION OF THE MIND IN THINKING?

1. *Sancti Thomæ Aquinatis Doctoris Angelici Opera omnia.* 22 vols. fol. Parmae. Typis Petri Fiaccodori, 1866.
2. *Prima Principia Scientiarum, seu Philosophia Catholica juxta Divum Thomam ejusque Interpretatores.* Auctore Michaele Rosset. Parisiis, apud Ludovicum Vivès, 1873.

PRECISE notions concerning the manner in which the human mind acts, in forming its ideas, and in understanding an object, is a subject which is the more important because, as a fact, all, or nearly all, the systems of philosophy turn on this question; and the systems differ among themselves, according as the theories adopted by their authors for explaining the origin of ideas differ from each other. It is thus we have the system of innate ideas, the theory of sensism, ontologism, the various theories of idealism or subjectivism, etc. It is not necessary, in the nature of things, that a system of philosophy should assume for its principal basis a special hypothesis by which to explain the first origin of knowledge. This will become evident by reflecting that philosophy is a rational science, and that the first principle of reasoning is something quite distinct from the first idea. Reasoning begins with self-evident and admitted first truths; the question, is there some one first principle to which all others may be reduced, or by which they may be finally shown to be necessary and undeniable? is an inquiry which most immediately and directly concerns philosophy, when considered as a rational science. Whether you answer with Leibnitz that such principle is twofold, that of contradiction, for the final proof of absolute truth, and that of the sufficient reason, for the criterion of empirical matter; or, you adopt with Descartes, *Cogito; ergo sum*, as the first principle of certain reasoning, or say with authors more generally, that the principle of reason which is simply first, is that of contradiction; in all these suppositions, a basis is laid down for philosophical reasoning, and by consequence for logically founding philosophical knowledge, and it is not directly and primarily concerned about the first origin of man's ideas.

Yet, the object of philosophy includes that question, as to the manner in which man's ideas naturally originate, within the scope of the subject-matter which it is its office to investigate and ex-

plain. The custom of naming the system of philosophy according to the mode of treating this point is not without reason then; for, it is not in the first principles or self-evident axioms of necessary truth, that difference of opinion among thinking men usually begins; but in the conclusions deduced from them; and, indeed, a system of psychology supposes much reasoning. It follows, then, that as a work on philosophy would not be complete if it failed to treat of the soul and its operations; and since, owing to the intrinsic difficulty of the subject, philosophers reach very different conclusions on this important matter, it is not to be wondered at that systems of philosophy are mainly distinguished from each other by their special theories for explaining the facts of psychology.

It would seem to be an essential postulate for right reasoning on this topic, as on all matter which we know empirically, and to be at the same time a criterion by which to judge of any system proposed to explain human thought, that the theory should deny no self-evident principle of truth; and that it should reject no well-attested and generally admitted fact of experience. Hence, it affords just ground of prejudice against a mental or psychological system, if it be an hypothesis laid down arbitrarily and *a priori*, instead of being an induction from facts, at the same time that it is contradictory of no evident necessary truth. The various theories of subjectivism to which Kant's doctrine has given rise, more or less directly deny the objective reality of our ideas; or, that the objects outside of the mind are, in themselves, such as the ideas in the mind represent them to be. This is to lay down a theory arbitrarily which impugns and destroys nearly all empirical knowledge in the minds of men, exacting of them the denial of the plainest facts, which they know directly and by the self-evidence of their objects. This theory, then, is not an induction from plain facts and evident principles of reason; it is assumed *a priori*, and it is opposed to the facts of experience. Besides, it is one thing to explain a method according to which man's cognitions could originate, absolutely speaking; and it is another and a very different thing to explain the manner, and the order according to which man actually acquires his ideas, or knowledge of things; truly to do this, the explanation must begin with, and proceed from, the facts concerning the nature of man's powers, their action, and the objects of that action. Does man know that he exists as a primitive fact, *v. g.*, through the direct testimony of consciousness, or does he know it only as an abstraction; *i. e.*, by way of a logical conclusion from premises? If he does know his existence as a primitive fact through the direct testimony of consciousness, then it is useless to start from the dictum, *Cogito; ergo existo;* and thus present

that as an abstraction, which is seen in itself immediately and directly as a concrete fact. Besides, this dictum does not enunciate what is first and fundamental, whether we consider it as expressing a first principle of reasoning, or we regard it as expressing the first direct act of knowledge; for the first action of the intellect is direct, not reflex. In Locke's theory of sensism, the idea in the intellect is nothing else than the sensible impression itself, more distinctly seen, by being reflected on. In vision, *v. g.*, the image of the object goes, by way of the eye, directly to the intellect, and is immediately apprehended by it. Hence, the intellect itself actually receives the sensation; or, it is numerically the same sensation received by the organ, that is also received by the intellect. It is manifest that this hypothesis reduces the intellect to the rank of an organic power, whose only object is some sensible property, quality, or the accident of corporeal substance. One of the first conclusions reached in the philosophy of mind, is that an organic faculty, and the intellectual faculty, differ from each other in all their specific notes; and not to reach this conclusion is not to go beyond the beginning of mental philosophy. To say with the ontologist that God is the *primum scibile*, and that He is the object which is first and intuitively apprehended by the human intellect, whether He be thus perceived in His own essence as absolute being, or as *ens creans existentias*, is to assume, *a priori*, that the mind must, by its nature, first know that which is in itself first; that since God is the first being from whom all other beings derive their existence, therefore He must be the first object known to man's intellect. It is not true to affirm, however, with some reasoners who object to it, that this theory of intuitive vision is in itself pantheistic; for this objection to it proves too much. But what is the fact of common experience? Does general experience teach us that our first notion was of God seen intuitively or immediately? Do we thus see Him, even after all our study; or do we see Him only in abstract, as first cause reasoned out *a posteriori?*

It may be granted, so far as the present inquiry is concerned with the matter, that it is intrinsically possible for God to create intellects, to which the intuitive vision of His Divine essence would be connatural; for although the question of this possibility is disputed in the schools, it seems more probable in itself that such a thing is not repugnant to reason. But, conceding the physical possibility that intellects could be created thus capable of intuitively seeing absolute being, is God, or *Deus creans existentias*, as a fact, the object of such intuition in our minds? The whole question turns on the fact as to what the operation of the human mind in knowing actually is; and not what it could be by the power of God differently ordaining and constituting man's faculties, or some

other creature's rational nature. Do our intellects, on the testimony of internal consciousness, see God as absolute being, or as actually creating dependent existences; or do we know Him as their cause or creator by concluding *a posteriori* from these creatures, seen as effects, to Him as their cause, and thus knowing Him by way of a logical deduction from facts? No mere hypothesis and no form of arguments can do away with the plain fact of things, as they are in themselves naturally and actually, that man in this life knows God only in an abstract manner, or as inferred from the knowledge of other things, and not by an immediate intuition of His being or essence. Whatever is known to us by way of a logical deduction is *ipso facto* known only by way of abstraction, and by consequence is not seen immediately.

It is beside the aim of this article to discuss all the theories which have been proposed for explaining the origin of our ideas. After all that has been written on this subject by men of the greatest minds, and notwithstanding many plausible arguments in favor of other theories that have been devised, it seems to me that, after all, the system which best explains the operations of the human mind in knowing, and which most satisfactorily accounts for the origin of our intellectual ideas, in accordance with evident facts and their principles, is the peripatetic theory as understood and taught by the scholastics. This opinion is here advanced with all due deference to the judgment of others who may think differently. But, not to assert more than can be rightfully claimed as proved by them, it must be confessed at the outset that their theory, too, has its unsolved difficulties; for it, too, fails to dispel all obscurity, and render the whole subject of mental action perfectly clear.

Some reasons will now be given, which are believed to justify the conclusion that the scholastic method and theory for explaining the action of the human mind in thinking, is the most consistent and reasonable of all the theories of mental philosophy. But, since the present issue is not with materialists, it is here assumed, 1st, that the human soul is a spiritual substance, which is the living principle in the body; 2d, that man's sensible or organic powers have only material objects of action; in other words, that they can be directly acted on only by material things, and that they can perceive or apprehend only material objects.[1]

[1] There are certain popular forms of expression, as "the body is the *tenement* of the soul, the soul *inhabits* the body, the body is the *prison* of the soul," etc., which are susceptible of a correct meaning; but they are not taken in a sense that is true, if they be understood in the sense attributed to them by the theory of "pre-established harmony," or of "occasional causes," or even the theory of "physical influence." For in all these hypotheses soul and body in the living man are really two distinct, separate existences; or they are actually two complete substances, not constituting by union in composition only one complete substance, one existing being; a supposition that

To begin with a striking proof that the peripatetics reasoned correctly concerning the manner in which man knows external objects, that they argued from true principles, and that they neither denied nor ignored plain facts of experience:

They proposed the question, does the eye see by emission, *i. e.*, only by action and influence that go from the eye to the external object, or does the eye see by means of action coming to it from the object? The principle was justly assumed as evident that, in order for the act of vision to take place, the object and the organ must be conjoined in some manner. They concluded that as the eye does not go out to the object, nor does the object itself enter into the eye, their union must take place by a representative medium which goes from the object to the eye. In order for the eye to see the object truly this representative medium, as reaching the eye, must be a likeness of the object, a formal or real likeness of the object, *i. e.*, one that really resembles the object, and by consequence is truly representative of the object. From this reasoning they inferred that every visible object emits in all directions through the circumambient light likenesses of itself, which at every point, within a certain distance from it, are capable of reaching the eye, and being received by it.

These diminutive images or likenesses, as thus emitted by the object, were styled by the schoolmen, "intentional[1] sensible species," the word "species" being understood in the sense of likeness. These vicarious species, or images, when considered as acting on the eye, were termed impressed species; and when they were considered as actually received by the eye, and as informing it, they were called *expressed* sensible species, their intention being

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directly contradicts the unity of man's nature. Within the same limits, and in the very same manner, the kindred sayings often used, namely, that "the senses are the organs of the soul," "the mind uses the brain as its organ of thought," etc., may be explained in a true or a false sense, according as "organs" or organic powers are conceived by us. If they be regarded only as instruments separated from the soul, and not as living with its life and substance animating them, and as principally constituent of them, in that supposition they would be only mechanical instruments, as the pen, the mirror, the staff in your hand are mechanical instruments, that are complete substances entirely distinct from you. A sensible organ, or an organic power, is a member of the living animal compound, *i. e.*, compound of a substantial vital principle and matter; it is capable of vital action in respect to its proper objects, and is ordained by its nature to sustain and perfect the living organism to which it pertains. These powers in man are constituent parts of his complete human nature; in other words, they are really a portion of himself, since the body is not something extrinsic to man, but is an essential component of his physical, personal being.

[1] Later authors do not agree in assigning a reason for the use of the word "intentional." The species is called "intentional" by some, because it is *intended* to represent the object, and not itself; by others because it *tends* from the object to the power, and represents the object, or because it is representative, vicarious, and is the medium through which the object and the power *tend* to each other, etc.

thus far realized. The species as thus expressed and informing the eye, becomes thereby an inherent quality in the eye itself; is vitalized, or by becoming a living quality in the eye, is made a living part of the eye itself. By this species thus informing the eye, it is enabled to perform the act of seeing the object from which the species is received. In the act of seeing, the expressed species is a part of the principle that sees; for, it is a living virtue in the eye, and it and the eye together constitute the one power that sees, or the one principle that elicits the act of seeing is composed of the organ and the species. The eye does not see this image that is thus received into itself and identified with itself; but, informed and helped by this species, it sees the object of which the species is a likeness. Hence the species is the means by which the eye is enabled to see the object, but the species itself as an object is not seen at all by the eye.

In order that the foregoing statement of the theory of vision proposed by the scholastics may be made more clear and that the validity of their reasoning may be rendered more intelligible to the general reader, let us apply it to the facts as made known by modern physical science. Besides, if the scholastic doctrine of ocular vision be well understood, it will at the same time serve as a key to their whole theory of intellectual cognition; for the action of the intellect in apprehending its object is, under several respects, analogous to that of the eye in seeing.

Kepler was the first person, as is well known, who actually showed that distinct images of external objects are formed on the retina of the eye, whenever those objects are seen. His discovery was first published in 1604, or at the beginning of the seventeenth century. This fact, now so well known in optics, that the visible object makes on the retina of the eye a real picture of itself, truly and exactly representing the original both as to color and figure, is an undeniable and a striking proof that the reasoning of the scholastics was correct, both as to the principle and the substantial fact. Their argument as to the fact was that, since the object itself could not come to the power or organ, it emitted or sent forth a representative, vicarious image of itself, which made the object present to the eye by means of its formal or real likeness. In this they were philosophically correct; their error was in regard to the physical law by which the result demonstrated by them to be necessary, was brought about; and hence, their mistake concerned what is merely accidental to the main point in question. They proved that a true likeness of the visible object must reach the eye in order for the act of vision to take place, though they did not know how the object, the light, and the lens of the eye actually and physically produce that image. They argued that the created power is indifferent

to this or that act in particular; it must be determined by the object, as nothing acts at a distance, *nihil agit in distans*, the object must be present to the power, either virtually or in itself. The object itself does not accede to the power; its virtue does reach the power. Now, since, as a fact, the eye sees the object itself as it is, where it is, and not as something in the eye itself, nothing will suffice for enabling the eye thus to see the object but a real likeness of that object, which likeness itself becomes a principle in the act of seeing. The image, which is now known to be pictured on the retina of the eye, fully satisfies all those requirements of their faultless logic, as another coincidence of facts will render still more evident.

When you look at the house, the river, or the tree, which is in a distant plain, the eye sees that object where it is; it does not see in itself and on the retina a picture of the object, but it sees the object itself; and consciousness testifies to us that it is thus we see the object. Hence we really see the object itself, not the likeness of it in the eye, as would be the case if we saw it in a mirror in which it was imaged before us; and it is manifest that when we contemplate an object in a mirror it is not the object itself that we directly see; what we directly behold is only an image of the object. If we saw the object as pictured on the retina of the eye, then the object itself would not be seen where it is, and at a distance, but it would be seen only as represented in its image. It is a fact, however, that we do not see that image on the retina at all, in the act of vision, as our consciousness testifies; besides, this truth is proved indisputably by the fact that no one knew the existence of any such image pictured on the retina of the eye, till Kepler discovered and made known this truth.

In this, also, the incontestable fact of modern physical science is substantially identical with what the peripatetic philosophy, arguing from known principles and plain facts of experience defended as a demonstrated conclusion, for they proved that for vision to be physically and naturally possible, a real likeness from the object must inform the eye.

In order to take one more step in the examination of their theory, we must here rightly apprehend the precise import of their axiom, *species est medium quo, incognitum ut quod, i. e.*, the species or likeness of the object which is received into the eye or power that sees, is the means or the medium by which the eye sees, but the medium itself is not seen at all as an object or as anything connected with the object. This saying applies also, in their theory, to intellectual apprehension, as will be noticed again further on in this article. But in what sense do they term the image in the eye a medium of vision? Is it a medium in the sense

that it co-operates in the act as an instrumental cause, or does it help in performing the act by way of principal cause? In answer it must be said that, since it informs the eye, it really acts or helps the eye to act, by way of principal cause; it is not an instrument with which the eye sees, but it and the eye constitute the one principle that performs the act of seeing. An example will help to make the distinction clear: A man that is exhausted and weak from hunger is unable to lift a heavy burden, but when food and drink shall have been received into the stomach and have nourished the body, the man is thereby made able to lift the burden that previously exceeded his strength. It is clear that the nourishment which has entered into and informed the tissues of the body has its efficient share in the force or strength with which the man lifts the burden; it does not help by way of an instrumental cause, as a lever or handspike, but as an assimilated constitutive of the one principal cause that now exerts the strength. Similarly, the species or received image of the object is constitutive of the principle or power as capable of seeing the object. This matter being understood, it becomes more easy to comprehend both the fact that the eye does not see the image of the object which is projected on the retina, and also how it is that the act of seeing terminates upon the exterior object, where the object is represented to be.

The modern science of optics leaves no doubt or obscurity in our minds as to the manner in which the exterior object is made present to the visual organ: the light from the object is reflected upon the lens of the eye, which forms an image of the object and casts it upon the retina, as the lens of the camera is made to form true images of exterior objects and throw them upon a screen as background. These facts, and the physical laws that explain them, are familiarly known and are sufficiently understood. But a question that regards less obvious matter is, how is it that the act of seeing performed by the eye, even as informed with the real likeness of the exterior and distant object, truly terminates in that object, though it is remote? It may be answered that, since the medium from the retina of the eye to the object seen is both real and continuous, and if intercepted by an impediment vision ceases, the difficulty raised by this question is not a metaphysical one, but it is entirely of physical law. There is known to be a complete physical medium of action from the eye to the exterior object seen by it; that medium is a beam of colored light, with one base on the object, the other on the retina of the eye. The explanation of its physical nature is properly a task that pertains to positive or experimental science, and most especially to optics. As will be seen, when the action of the fancy as influencing the intellect is described, such question does become a metaphysical or philo-

sophical one, should it happen that there is no known or assignable medium which really unites the agent and the object of its action; for, then the evident fact would seem to be incompatible with absolute and necessary truth; and such principle is the proper object of philosophy.

We may conclude, then, from what has thus far been said, that an act of sensible cognition is efficiently and immediately produced by the power and the impression from the object, as by one complete principle. Neither one of these two principles is separately the adequate cause of the cognitive act or the vision; the act is from the union of the two. To each of the two corresponds its own proper perfection in the act produced, namely, to the power we must attribute the vitality of the act; to the *species impressa* we must ascribe the likeness of the object as concurring in the act of knowing that object, by determining the power to act. The species is a part, then, of the formal principle that performs the act of cognition; hence it is identified with the power in which it becomes a vitalized quality. It mediates between the object and the power, but it exists in the power according to the nature of the power, *omne receptum per modum recipientis recipitur.* It is in this meaning that the power is also said to be identified with the object, *potentia fit ipsum objectum*, since the two unite into one acting principle. We may conclude, then, that, as said in the beginning of this article, the explanation of ocular vision as an act of sensible cognition, which was given by the old scholastic philosophers, neither contradicts nor ignores any plain fact of experience or any physical law of nature; an inconsistency that cannot be avoided by an hypothesis which is assumed arbitrarily and *a priori*, and which, therefore, like the pure subjectivism of Kant, is not logically concluded from those facts and principles.

We know also, as a fact of experience, whether or not we know its explanation, that the image on the retina of the eye produces in the fancy another image of a higher and more refined nature, which is also representative of the object seen by the eye. The fancy, then, being impressed with an image or sensible species derived from the image in the eye, forms for itself its own likeness of the object or its phantasma, which is another order of sensible species still nearer to the intellect, and which, as we shall see, can really influence the intellect, actually determining it to elicit its intellection or put its act of understanding.

It is not for us in this place to examine or explain the physiology of that action by which nerves leading from the eye to the brain physically produce this image in the fancy, nor to assign the place of this organ in the brain, nor describe its physiological structure; all that directly pertains to the pyschological question, how

the intellect comes to know sensible things, is the fact that such image is produced in the fancy, and that both this image and the fancy are material, or that the fancy is an organic faculty, a power limited to a member of the body, not a power which is wholly spiritual, having the soul alone as its subject. That the image formed by the fancy is material in its nature, was always regarded in philosophy as conclusively proved by the fact, which universal experience attests, that it can represent only material things, or at least what it can clothe in material qualities; *v. g.*, it can represent no object except as having some dimensions of real quantity, with a location, and shape, or figure of some kind or other. Indeed, even when we think of things that are wholly immaterial the fancy must always present those objects as in some manner embodied, or as having some property of matter that is located and extended; or else it must have the quality of material things as perceived by some other sense, *v. g.*, sound, as an oral term, etc. Reflect on what takes place when you think even of a mathematical point, which has no dimension nor any sensible property; the fancy pictures it by means of the space that immediately surrounds it. Besides, the facts connected with dreaming, with insane mental operation, furnish conclusive physiological proof that these images are produced by a power of the brain itself. Disordered mental action is from false or abnormal presentation of objects to the intellect; that which is diseased is organic; the intellect cannot be in itself diseased. It is a well-attested fact that, assuming the reality of the objects as fancied before the insane mind, the intellect's judgments and reasoning are correct; the falsity and absurdity that are in disordered mental action are from the objects as presented by the fancy. If the brain be diseased, or the action of the external senses be wholly or partially suspended, the fancy is either totally or partially cut off from the order of real things. In this state, the action of the fancy is morbid or abnormal; its images are false, the intellect having no communication with the real things extrinsic to itself, except through the ministration of this organ, is unable to know their falsity or unreality.

Reflection on what takes place when the mind thinks will render manifest the facts: 1st, that fancy invariably pictures its object under a material form; 2d, that the fancy co-operates in all thought, in every act of apprehension, and every judgment; or, as the schoolmen expressed it, the intellect never apprehends or sees without converting itself to the phantasma. Be the theory for explaining it what it may, it is a fact that the intellect never understands without using the fancy to present before it an object. Hence it is that when the action of the fancy is totally suspended, as happens in deep sleep, the intellect has no thought at all; for, naturally at

least, the intellect is so entirely dependent on the fancy for its object that, without that mirror before it, no idea can either be originated, be recalled, or be otherwise known by it. Any one that carefully observes the action of his own mind will readily verify for himself the correctness of this statement. It was said that the intellect is "naturally" in this complete dependence on the fancy for its objects; because, by a special exercise of divine power, the intellect, even while the soul remains united with the mortal body, can be made to understand by another law of thought. Things may, by exception to the natural law of its action, be objected before the intellect without any ministry of the fancy, or when the action of the fancy is wholly suspended. It is thus St. Paul is believed to have seen intellectually and understood, when he was rapt to the third heaven, and saw such things as it is not given man to utter. As the things which he saw had not come to him by any assistant action of the fancy, the only natural means of reaching the knowledge of objects, on returning to the natural manner of thinking, he possessed no terms, could form no images by which to express or reproduce the things seen by his intellect when it was thus operating apart from the bodily organs, and not according to its natural mode of knowing. Yet his intellect preserved the impression of what he saw, as the intellect preserves what is naturally produced in it, even through the aid of the fancy. The intellect naturally possesses no knowledge except what it derives from sensible things, either as they are first presented to it, or as reasoned upon: the axiom, *nihil in intellectu quod non fuerit prius in sensu*, is employed to express briefly this same doctrine. Hence all our intellectual ideas, and all our terms or signs for such ideas, include some relation, either immediate or remote, to the sensible things from which those ideas must be primitively derived.

The foregoing remarks and explanations will render intelligible the meaning and scope of the proposition defended by the scholastics, that the intellect never understands or apprehends anything without directing its act to the fancy, and, by consequence, that it naturally knows nothing without some positive co-operation of the fancy in its action, the ministry of the fancy being necessary, however, only for the presentation of the object. This being the fact, the idea in the intellect is produced by two causes: the object and the intellect. The objects first known are sensible things, manifested through the senses or organic powers, and every idea subsequently formed, by reasoning upon them and their relations and analogies, must be symbolized by images in the fancy. An idea, even of a thing the most abstract, is never formed by the intellect unless its symbol in the fancy somehow co-operates in the act by which it is produced. In order to reason rightly, then, concerning

the ideas in the intellect we must give to it two factors, or two elements; one coming from the object as presented by the fancy, which is an organic brain power, the other proceeding from the intellect, itself, which is not an organic faculty, but is a spiritual power which, so to say it, stands out of, or it is not immersed in, the human compound or the living body; it must derive its own virtue to act from the soul alone, and not from the body, or it must be merely spiritual, because the formal object of its own intrinsic act or idea is the true as true, the universal, the supersensible, and therefore the immaterial. Its action possesses in itself no material predicate, and it must be inferred, therefore, that the agent or the intellect itself is not a power that is material. Though the idea in the intellect originates from two faculties, one of which is organic and therefore a power in matter, yet, as will further appear by the sequel, the idea, as in the intellect, is wholly immaterial.

It was already observed that the phantasma or image in the fancy approaches nearer to the intellectual idea or the intelligible species, than any other form or likeness does, that can be produced by an organic power in man. But though this phantasma possesses such resemblance to the intelligible species or intellectual idea, yet it is not in itself immediately intelligible; for it is material, and the intellect being spiritual, cannot receive immediately into itself, and be informed, with what is singular, material, and is nowise universal and spiritualized. An objection to what has been said, that will readily occur to the discursive mind, may be here appropriately stated and answered: "Since the object is not really present to the power knowing it, but its image only, is in the power, it follows then that the power does not know the object as it is, but it knows only a likeness of that object; and, by consequence, the power knows falsely."

In reply it must be granted that the object is in the power only according to the mode of the power's existence, not as the object actually is in itself; for, it is not the distant house, for example, that comes into the eye, but a likeness of that house. Yet, as a fact, it is not this likeness of the house that the eye sees; but it sees the house itself, as already explained; *i. e.*, through the co-operation of this unseen image or medium as a formal principle in its act of vision, the eye sees the house as it is in its real color and figure, not as if pictured to it; and therefore it sees truly and really. Besides, we know as a fact of experience that it is only the object that is seen by us, and not its image; and that we cannot see its image in the eye at all. If we allow due proportion for difference of proper objects, the same objection and answer may be applied to the act of the intellect, by which it perceives material things in an immaterial manner; the intellect does not, therefore,

understand falsely, because it acts in perceiving according to its own nature, and not according to the nature of the object apprehended by it.

Up to this point in explaining the nature of human thought, the scholastic theory is, it seems to me, undeniable; it fully recognizes all the plain, well-known facts of experience, and all evident and generally admitted principles, which hold true in the nature of things. For example, it maintains as true, 1st. That for any real action, the object and the power must be truly conjoined; 2d. That in ocular vision a real likeness of the object seen, must inform the eye or be received by it; 3d. The intellect knows through the ministry of a phantasma or image in the fancy; 4th. That this phantasma is a material representation of its object; 5th. The intelligible idea which is in the understanding itself, and is, therefore, immaterial, is produced by combined action or influence of the object perceived and the intellectual power. Thus far the theory faithfully admits, and fully agrees with the facts, just as they are generally observed and known to be, by reflecting minds; and it recognizes the necessary principle that for knowledge to be objectively real and true, it must naturally be caused by both the object and the power. The intellect is the principal cause in the production of the intelligible idea that it acquires in itself, for it is the living principle of thought; but yet, since the object of its idea must concur as one of its real causes, it is the intellect as somehow or other informed with real influence from what is imaged in the fancy, that is the total principle which efficiently elicits the intelligible idea or species by means of which the intellect knows the object.

At this stage of the question we reach the real difficulty, hard to be surmounted by any philosophical theory for explaining human thought, and which is acknowledged to be the *pons* that has yet to be completed to the entire satisfaction of all philosophical inquirers. The difficulty referred to is, to explain the intercommunication of action between the image in the fancy, which is material, and the intellect which is a spiritual power. That there is action mutually received and given, by the phantasma in the imagination and the intellect, seems undeniable; and that a spiritual power cannot immediately suffer material action, seems to be physically certain. Plato saw this, and therefore proposed his hypothesis of subsistent and eternal ideas or essences that are in themselves directly and immediately intelligible to the understanding, and which at the same time mediate between the extrinsic object and the intellect; but this hypothesis is a mere assumption, as regards those subsistent and eternal ideas, which does not satisfactorily explain the truth of our knowledge, either as referred to the object

known, or the intellect knowing; since it takes away all causative share both from the object and the power in the production of the real cognition. A like objection holds against another theory resorted to, that of the innate ideas; neither are they produced by concurrent action of the object and the power: the intellect would, by them, know only an image of the object, not the object itself; besides, in this theory, the body does not perfect man, as an essential part of his nature; but it impedes his natural action.

The limits to which this article must be confined will not permit any more extended analysis of these theories, nor that others be introduced and described. The purpose which is herein aimed at is to state in the simplest terms which I can select, and in the directest style I can use, some salient points of the scholastic theory, with a view of showing that it does not hide the inherent difficulties of the subject under arbitrary hypotheses or vague generalities, and that, as asserted above, it is faithful both to fact and to principle.

In this theory the intellect by directing its attention to the phantasma or image in the fancy, or, as it is expressed, by converting itself to the phantasma, can by its own spiritual virtue so elevate that phantasma as to render it capable of impressing the intellect with an intelligible nature or form that is truly and really representative of that phantasma, and, through it, of the object imaged by the phantasma. The intellect, of course, gives its own influence to the impression or action of the phantasma; and, in the language of the theory, the intellect is said to "abstract" from the phantasma what is intelligible and can be received by it. Since the word "abstraction" may be taken in an equivocal sense, the precise meaning of the term as here used must be clearly understood in order rightly to apprehend the theory. The word "to abstract," in its general sense, signifies "to draw from or out of; to separate from." This act may be done in two distinct manners: first, by positively and actually separating one thing from others connected with it, and directly rejecting them, or putting them aside; we do this mentally, when, *v.g.*, we consider the will of man thrusting away all thought concerning his other faculties; and this act of abstraction is by good writers sometimes expressed with the word, "prescind, precision." Secondly, a faculty is also said "to abstract" when it apprehends one respect or property of an object, without considering, or even perceiving at all, the other qualities of that object, *v.g.*, the eye perceivs the color and figure of the visible object without seeing its hardness, taste, smell, etc.; and the eye may be said, according to this meaning of the term, to *abstract* an image that is representative of the visible object. It is in this second sense of the term also that the intellect is said to

"abstract its intelligible species or idea" from the phantasma. The virtue in the intellect by which it is enabled to elevate the phantasma, and thus fit it to give its influence to the spiritual power that is in man, or determine the act of the intellect by which it perceives, is technically called the "active intellect," and also "the natural light of reason," this latter name being preferred by the later authors. Just as in ocular vision the eye does not see the image on the retina, but sees only the object represented by it; so the intellect when perceiving does not see its idea, but it sees only the object of which that idea is representative; or, as it is expressed, the idea or intelligible species is the *medium quo incognitum ut quod;* the idea is the medium of knowing, but in the act of knowing the idea itself is not what is perceived by the intellect, but the object expressed by that idea is that which is perceived. When the intellect sees its own idea reflexly, it does so by using the fancy for that purpose; and by the help of an image in the fancy it either forms an idea *of an idea*, or it sees the same idea first had, again abstracted from the fancy, and with this new relation and meaning. It is thus the intellect sees reflexly its own ideas; if it saw the ideas immediately, as in itself, its act in that case would not be reflex; it would be *direct*, as is manifest. If we notice what takes place in the mind when we think of our thought, or make an idea itself the object of our thought, it will become evident to us that, as a fact, the fancy presents an image which serves the intellect when it puts that reflex act. The faculty of consciousness is, so to say it, beneath this operation, and directs it; and hence this faculty is styled by some, but perhaps not fortunately, *sensus intimus*, the inmost sense. As the intellect cannot see itself immediately, so neither can it thus see any positive quality or habit that inheres in it; for, such quality or habit in the intellect has only immaterial or spiritual entity, and the intellect cannot apprehend what is spiritual, except as abstracted from the phantasma. Even the most non-material object conceivable by the intellect, must be embodied by the fancy before it is possible for the intellect to apprehend it and know it. What the intellect first perceives or apprehends, by means of the image in the fancy, is indistinct and general; when by further reflexion the intellect makes out of its first impression the idea, or *verbum mentis*, this mental word expresses the nature of the object by a reflex universal. But this universal idea, it is clear, has for its objective basis the particular, concrete thing presented before the intellect by the image in the fancy.

We have now stated, omitting, however, what is most abstruse and metaphysical, as not needed for the present question, some salient principles of the scholastic theory for explaining the action of the

intellect in merely perceiving or apprehending an object. To describe judgments of composition and division, and the act of reasoning, though required for a complete account of the system, is not necessary for the aim of this essay, which is to give some conclusive reasons in proof that the theory of the scholastics is true to fact and principle, so far as it pretends to explain with certainty the first origin and nature of human knowledge. If we reflect on the operation of the senses and the intellect in knowing external objects, in forming intellectual ideas, we find that the scholastic philosophers accurately describe just what actually takes place in our faculties. Their system includes a simple, consistent statement of all the facts, precisely as they are observable in apprehending, judging, and reasoning; and it describes them with a fidelity to truth, which is its peculiar, distinctive merit. The one point, as already mentioned, which it, in common with all systems of mental philosophy thus far proposed, leaves in more or less darkness, is the manner in which there can be actual and physical nexus between the intellect and the material phantasma or image in the fancy; the fact being granted, as it must be, that the phantasma really and truly influences the intellect. While many theories begin with an arbitrary hypothesis and end in some plain falsity or contradiction of fact, this one begins with obvious undeniable facts and principles that are true in the nature of things, and it follows faithfully the acts of mentally knowing, till checked by one obscure and ultimate fact, which other systems do not even reach, *et sentire et intelligere est quoddam pati, i.e.*, there is no sensation and no intellection by man without action received, and consequently the object acts on the power that knows that object. Also the fancy, which is material, because an organic power in the brain, acts, through its phantasma, on the intellect, which is an immaterial or spiritual faculty, in the production of intelligible ideas. St. Thomas, the ablest exponent of the scholastic system (in i. p., qu., 85, a. i. of his *Summa*, his chief work, and the recognized masterpiece of theological and philosophical reasoning), simply teaches the fact that the phantasma receives virtue from the "active intellect," or that it is elevated "by the natural light of reason" in such manner that it is made capable of informing "the passive intellect," or impressing it with an image that is representative of the object's specific nature, but without its putting into the intellect anything material and singular. He says also that the intelligible species which is received into the passive intellect *results* from the phantasma, as elevated by the active intellect or natural light of reason; but he affirms that no form, *i.e.*, no real physical entity passes from the phantasma into the passive intellect like a body that is taken from one place and put into another place.

Later authors contended that there still remained unanswered questions, clear replies to which are necessary, however, for the satisfactory explanation of this difficulty, or for bridging over this yet uncrossed chasm between the phantasma and the intellectual conception or *verbum mentis*. Does the phantasma really, and by any virtue of its own, act on the intellect; and, if not, what determines the intellect to know one object rather than another? And, if it does, how can the intellect be subject to material action? Is that light from the intellect to the phantasma a superfused spiritual quality; and if so, how does the corporeal receive the spiritual? Is the species that is received into the passive intellect formed by the active intellect alone; and if so, what is the office of the phantasma?. If the phantasma efficiently co-operates, and really determines the intellect's action, then the question recurs how can the corporeal thing act on the spiritual power, and that too even naturally?

The foregoing questions will enable the general reader to see distinctly in what the point of this difficulty for all theories of mental philosophy consists. Several hypotheses have been proposed for so supplementing the scholastic system as to render it capable of going further, and assigning clearly the share which the fancy and the intellect have respectively, in the production of the idea in the intellect. Up to this point of the inquiry we are convinced that no error or flaw, whether of fact or argument, can be detected and proved against this system. We may infer, perhaps with certainty, that there must be some virtue or faculty, either of material natures or else in the powers of spiritual substance as informing matter, or in both of them, which philosophy has not yet ascertained and defined, and which is fully to account for the indisputable fact that the image in the fancy, and the intellect, give and receive action. But is it preferable to suppose this undiscovered virtue, property, faculty, or whatever it is, should be found in the soul alone, rather than in the body and soul as constituting one substance? Cajetan, in his comments on the doctrine of St. Thomas as expressed in the work above cited (i. p., qu., 85, a. i.), denies the opinion advanced by some authors, that the phantasma receives positive influence from the intellect; but he seems to be of the opinion that the phantasma is naturally capable of being *objected* directly and immediately before the intellect, on account of that intimate union between the fancy and intellect which arises from their belonging to the same substantial being; in other words, in virtue of this union in the same complete substance or suppositum, the phantasma is capable of becoming proximately and directly present as an object to the intellect. That the human fancy possesses peculiar virtue, proceeding from the fact that its formal principle is the rational soul,

and that from the same fact the intellect can exert special influence over the fancy, seems undeniable. Who can doubt that the human fancy has more perfect action than that of the brute, arising from the fact that the *anima belluina* is not rational and the human soul is rational?

But, on the other hand, although it is the same soul that is both sentient and intelligent, it is such under very different respects, and through powers that are specifically distinct. Moreover, it is generally taught that a created substance can never act immediately; it can act only through the medium of its powers; the human soul knows its sensations only through the intellect as somehow informed by the likenesses of sensible things in the fancy. It follows, then, that to show the unity of the human suppositum does not suffice to explain the matter in question; for, since the soul cannot know except through its powers, it may be asked by what single faculty, power, or virtue in the soul is it made capable of the sensation and intellectual cognition caused by physical action of the same material object? As a fact, the soul comes to the knowledge of sensible things; but by what faculty or operation, distinct from the intellect forming its ideas of those things through help of the fancy, does it come to know them? It is not meeting the real difficulty to reply merely, "It is the same soul that informs the living body and its organs, and that possesses the faculty of understanding." This unity of the soul's substance is the reason why all its faculties have unity of origin, and have one principle of existence; but this is not an explanation of the manner in which those faculties are acted on by their proper objects, nor is it saying how the intellect is able to abstract its intelligible species from the phantasma, nor how the phantasma determines the action of the intellect. It is true that man has one substantial nature, in which there are many and diverse powers; but he does not know by an immediate act of his substance, he knows only by means of his faculties.

There are others who say that the phantasma receives a positive influence from the active intellect, in virtue of which it is made capable of giving to the intellect the required species that is representative of the object pictured by the fancy. But, as already observed, this hypothesis still leaves us in obscurity as to how the object, through its material representative in the fancy, really and actually concurs in the production of the intellectual idea or conception. Some have held that the fancy and the active intellect, or else the phantasma and the "light of reason," are the continuation of each other; so that where the active intellect ceases there the fancy begins, and thus there being no intervening medium between them they are really adjacent to each other, and consequently

the phantasma is truly present to the intellect as an object. But this supposition does not solve, nor even meet the difficulty. Finally, not to multiply instances of speculative guesswork, there are they who suppose that an immaterial entity really and physically migrates from the image of the fancy into the intellect, and thus informs the intellect with the species that is representative of the object.

Some more modern philosophers have chosen to begin wholly anew, and start *a priori* to explain the matter by denying the facts as enumerated and described in the scholastic system, laying down an hypothesis and interpreting all phenomena in accordance with the principle which they thus assume arbitrarily; thus did the authors of pure subjectivism, of ontologism, of sensism, and others. But the mind that is to solve the great problem, and discover the *pons* that joins the intellect and the material object as really and formally imaged by the fancy, must, if the assertions and the reasonings herein advanced be correct, begin where the scholastic philosophy was stopped by an impediment which it did not completely surmount, but which notwithstanding is the farthest term yet reached by genuine mental science. As to the gross conclusions of positivism and materialism they are as unsatisfactory to the intellect as they are abhorrent to man's superior rational instincts; but yet, while the defenders of these doctrines, under the style of "scientists," are striving to effect one object they may, as has happened before, actually accomplish another and totally opposite one. Kepler, by discovering the fact that the visible object imprints its real likeness on the retina of the eye, proved, without intending it or even thinking of the subject, that the reasoning of scholastic philosophy concerning ocular vision was substantially correct; so any student of physical nature that discovers and proves facts advances the knowledge of truth, whatever may be his own aims in pursuing his investigations. Who can say that no other discovery will ever be made, still further explaining the nature of organic action and power, and thus throwing additional light on mental science?

RAMBLES IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

II.

WE supposed ourselves camped on what was called Cascade Creek, and that the Falls were only a mile or two off. The next morning, therefore, we were in our saddles by six o'clock, and our first care was to find and secure the rest of our deer. We started for the place with many misgivings, for wild beasts, such as bears and wolves, are almost certain to find game a few hours after it is slaughtered. As we approached the spot, after taking a second view of the mud geyser, I caught sight of a large wolf which rapidly disappeared in the woods, and I failed to get a shot at him. We found the deer, which we had drawn up on a fallen tree, safe and unmolested, but the entrails were carefully covered up with leaves and grass scraped together for the purpose, and doubtless by the wolf found lurking near the spot. The deer was quickly cut up and distributed amongst the party; and now to find the Falls was the question.

For six mortal hours did we wander through the dense forest, stumbling and pushing through masses of fallen timber, twisting and turning to get out of its way. Several times we reached the edge of the Grand Cañon, and looked down its almost perpendicular sides to the river rushing along hundreds of feet below us. The scene was grand beyond description, but the Falls were nowhere to be seen. Sometimes we would fancy we could hear their roar beyond a projecting point ahead of us, and in trying to make our way to that, we would encounter lateral cañons so steep and rugged as to render necessary long detours before we could reach the other side, and when we did reach there, it was only again to be disappointed. At length we gave up the fruitless search, returned to camp about twelve, packed up and resumed our journey with a sad feeling of disappointment that one of the principal objects of our trip, a sight of the Great Falls, had been defeated by imperfect maps and incorrect information. In places, the trail being very indistinct, we lost our way, but at length an opening appeared in the dense forest, and we could see a short distance before us. For some time we had noticed a peculiar noise which, when in the dense timber, sounded like the wind sighing through the trees. It appeared, however, to grow louder as we advanced, and when we entered the open space it increased in volume, and appeared to come from the left. Joy lighted up all faces as the fact suddenly broke in upon us, and with a cry of "The Falls! the Falls!" we spurred forward in the direction of the sound, now heard in thun-

dering tones, proceeding from the other side of a strip of timber in our front. A couple of horses saddled and tied to trees in the edge of the timber told us we were in the vicinity of one of Professor Hayden's surveying parties. Hastily dismounting and tying our horses we pushed forward on foot through the timber. For a moment we stood looking in silent admiration and awe, and then, as the thunder of the cataract struck upon our ears in contrast with the previous silence reigning around us, and our previous disappointment recurred to us, each one uttered a yell of triumph and delight, and rushed ahead to obtain a better view of the scene.

Now it so happened that just at this time a young assistant of the surveying party was engaged in taking the height of the Falls, and had his instrument set up upon a projecting point of rock, towards which this yelling, rough-looking party was rushing. Travellers in the western country do not generally dress in the height of fashion. Dressed buckskin and ragged fustian take the place of broad cloth and "good clothes;" and straggling beards, matted hair, and bronzed faces are apt to be the result of rough western life. The young assistant was a new importation, as yet unused to western life, and his feelings on having his quiet labors suddenly interrupted by an Indian-like yell and the apparition of half a dozen wild-looking creatures, with rifles in hand, rushing towards him, when his only retreat was by a spring five or six hundred feet down a perpendicular precipice, can be more easily imagined than described, and were pretty plainly depicted in his face as we neared him. His relief must have been correspondingly great when he discovered by our language that we were not the ferocious redmen or "road agents" we looked.

The position chosen for a view of the Falls was the finest possible one. Looking up the river a deep, narrow rocky gorge was seen, its sides composed of black volcanic rock, towering hundreds of feet above the water and into the dense timber above. At the bottom of this gorge is the river, moving along in its majesty faster and faster as it rushes towards its leap, its bright sea-green surface flecked here and there with white. Reaching the mouth of the cañon, in a smooth, unbroken green sheet from shore to shore, it plunges over, and is at once converted into a mass of creamy white. Down, down, down it goes, the spray becoming finer and finer, until when it strikes the bottom, three hundred and fifty feet below, with a roar and a shock which makes both air and earth tremble, the whole space is veiled in a thick mist, on which the rays of the sun strike, spanning the gulf with a bright rainbow. Below the Falls the river, a narrow green ribbon, rushes along between shores, whose steep slopes, of a Milwaukee brick-yellow, contrast strongly with the black volcanic rocks above. To add to the novelty and

beauty of the scene these slopes are colored with the most brilliant hues, not one particle exaggerated by the brush of Moran in his view of the Falls already referred to. In fact the artist on viewing the scene with an artist's enthusiasm is said to have remarked, with a tinge of sadness in his tone, "No brush can do justice to it."

Looking down at the river almost under our feet it is seen that we stand upon the edge of a perpendicular cliff of rock which descends for hundreds of feet to join the steep yellow slopes of the river shore. We amuse ourselves by hurling over immense pieces of rock. The ear catches no sound from below, but looking over, after waiting some seconds, the eye detects far down in the lower depths a fragment, apparently the size of a fist, bounding from side to side in water-worn gulches, and finally splashing into the river at the bottom. Short of the river there is no possible stopping-point.

Half a mile above the Great Falls, in a bend of the river, is the Upper Falls, where the water makes another perpendicular plunge of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and, between the two falls, Cascade Creek, a considerable stream flowing through a deep gorge and filled with beautiful cascades, joins the Yellowstone. We cross this, ascend the steep hill beyond, enter a bright, grass-covered valley, and strike the river again at the rapids above the Falls, where it rushes over a steep incline, at one point of which stands a huge mass of rock, which divides the rushing waters like an island. Further above, the river flows through grassy meadows, with a gentle though rapid current which a steamboat could with little difficulty stem, and from this point to the lake, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles, the river is said to be navigable. Perhaps at some future day a landing will be established here for steamers conveying passengers from the Great Falls to a tour of the lake.

From a high point on the trail we had a fine view of the river as it flows through a picturesque landscape, and then crossing another steep, wooded hill entered upon a broad, flat, uninteresting, greasewood-covered plain, from the far side of which columns of steam can be seen rising.

Crossing a bright, clear stream, a foot and a half wide, and an inch or two deep, which my map informs me is Alum Creek, I requested a little negro boy belonging to the party to dismount and hand me a drink, tasting it *first* to see if it was cool. He raised the cup to his lips, took one mouthful, and with a cry of disgust ejected it from his mouth, with an expression strongly reminding us of our younger days and experience with green persimmons.

"What is the matter?"

"Why dat's de queerest water I ever tasted."

"Is it cool?"

"No, sir; it's bitter."

I put the cup to my lips, and found it filled with a bitter, saturated solution of alum.

We were now approaching the "Seven Hills," an interesting group of hot springs, the steam from which we had noticed from a distance. We dismounted to examine them, and found two large boiling springs, with all the beautiful formations and colors of the Gardiner's River group, and a number of other lesser ones and mud-tanks. The surplus water from the springs flows over a long slope, which it has itself built up, and, as the hot steam escapes at several points along this slope, we step rather carefully, not yet being fully used to our ground, and not knowing at what moment we might plunge into a boiling bath. The feeling is not a pleasant one, but we get more accustomed to the ground after awhile, and learned to pass anywhere, even on horseback, with perfect confidence.

The mud-tanks are curious affairs, and seem to be boiling springs simmered down and nearly extinct. The muddy water loses in time the fluid part, the mud becomes thicker and thicker, and finally reaches the consistency of mush, and through that the escaping steam slowly makes its way.

We spent an hour looking over this interesting spot, then the party getting separated lost each other and the trail, and it was sundown before all but one member got together again and established camp on the bank of the Yellowstone, where plenty of grass and a supply of driftwood invited us to stop. The absentee wandered about till after dark, contemplated a supperless bivouac by himself, and was rejoiced when our pistol-shots called him to camp.

In the meantime I had put my rod together, to try, with little hope of succeeding, a cast for a trout. One, two, three throws, without result; but at the fourth the water broke, a fine fellow took the fly, and in a few minutes three or four golden-yellow trout, enough for the whole party, were safely landed in the grass. Other rods were produced, and for half an hour trout were landed almost as fast as we could make the casts, and until we became actually ashamed of the cruel waste of catching more. These trout were all of a nearly uniform size, about three pounds in weight, and at the time we entirely forgot all about the stories we had heard of the worms which afflict those inhabiting the lake. I fear, however, it would have made no difference, for we were tired and hungry, and when after appeasing our hunger we recalled the worm-stories, we consoled ourselves as did the Western toper in regard to whisky, and complacently reflected that "all trout is good, some is better than other trout, but none is *bad*."

Just as the night was closing in and we had ceased fishing, the whole air was suddenly filled with an immense number of large

flies, called by one of the party "trout flies." These were swept across the river by a gentle breeze, and immediately the whole river seemed alive with trout, eagerly springing for those nearest the water. The turmoil, kept up long after dark, gave us a better idea than we had yet had of the immense number of trout in the river.

During the night a heavy rain fell, and, as the sun began to redden the east the next morning, I crawled from between my blankets, and, before the rest of the party were awake, had several more fine trout landed for our breakfast. The time of day does not seem to make much difference with these fish. They are always hungry, and always ready to appease their hunger and your own.

Leaving the main body to dry the things in the sun, myself and two or three others started ahead to examine a mud geyser, some miles up the river. After crossing several broad, open meadows, in the valley of the river, we approached a wooded point, where the columns of steam rising above the trees pointed out the object of our search. We wandered about in quest of the curiosities belonging to this interesting group, and, whilst doing so, started a drove of black grouse, the finest game-bird in the Western country, and dismounted at once to shoot off their heads with our rifles. At the third or fourth shot a shout was heard from the hill above us, and two men, as rough-looking and ragged as ourselves (which is saying a good deal), came towards us, to ascertain who the strange party were. They proved to be a portion of one of Prof. Hayden's parties, left here to observe the operations of the principal mud geyser of the group. Under their guidance we made a very satisfactory examination of the different localities. The first consisted of a group of large tanks, half filled with mud, in a most perfect state of mixture, some of about the consistence of brick material, some as thick as fresh mush, others thinner, and others again like thick, muddy water. Up through all of them the hot steam was pushing its way in bubbles, continuing the admixture of the materials, and working them up as it had been probably working them for long ages before. In some of these tanks the appearance was exactly that of boiling mush, where the bubbles came thick and fast after each other. In others the gas worked more slowly, and seemed to have just power sufficient to push its way through the thick, stiff mass. In some of these last a curious and novel feature was observed. As the bubbles slowly and laboriously worked their way up, the surface of the mud rises in a blister, which, growing thinner and thinner as it rises, finally bursts. As the broken blister sinks slowly down towards the general surface of the mud, the most beautifully accurate rings are formed around the opening, and these finally disappear, to be followed by other bubbles, blisters, and rings, and so on indefinitely. We lingered a long time about

these mud-tanks, where thousands of tons of mud appear as if yearning for brick-moulds to press themselves into. The tanks are of all sizes, from twenty or thirty feet across down to a few inches; the larger ones boiling up all over the surface; the smaller ones sometimes with but a single bubble forming blisters and rings on its own account.

These tanks are all situated at the foot of a hill on a plateau, which bears the appearance of being itself formed of the same material, hardened, as the mud in the present tanks. Nearly all the tanks have a depressed passage-way leading from them to lower ground, which formed in former times, when there was an overflow of fluid, a waste weir to carry off the surplus, resulting from eruptions. In the boiling springs of muddy water a little still makes its way out through these channels.

Under the direction of our guides we passed from this group of immense "brickyards" to another of a different kind, higher up on the side hill. Here we were shown the site of the great mud geyser, an immense tank with a boiling pool of muddy water in the centre, and gorges, six or eight feet deep, leading from it through the plateau in which it stands down to the river, which runs close by. The dirty mixture is quietly simmering, now and then spurting up into boiling, preparatory to an eruption, which, we are told, takes place with great regularity about once in every six hours.

Close by the geyser, in the side of a rocky hill, are two large openings, called the "Devil's Grotto" and the "Devil's Caldron," from both of which the mud and water come gurgling forth with a sound like the wheels of a great sea-steamer, as they turn in the water alongside of her dock preparatory to a start. These have both, within a very recent period, been more violently active than they are now, and alongside of one of them, the "Caldron," the deadened trees for fifty feet above the ground are thickly covered with mud from former eruptions.

On visiting the camp of the surveying party we were assured that the geyser would certainly "go off" in a few hours, and that it was a sight well worth seeing. We therefore decided to await here the arrival of our packs and witness the eruption. We were shown a number of specimens of natural history collected on the trip, and amongst the rest a bottle filled with long, white, tape-like worms, taken from the river trout, the sight of which made us shudder at the recollection of our last night's feast. In vain we protested there were none of these in the ones we had eaten. We were met by the startling assertion, "There are very few without them!" To prove the fact we were invited to catch some of the fish from the river close by, which we at once proceeded to do. The first one landed was taken possession of by one of our informants, who, scraping

his knife down along the bright golden side of the fish, called our attention to a puffy spot, a little lighter in color than the rest of the surface, and looking like an incipient boil about the size of a dime. Into this I was invited to insert the blade of a penknife, upon doing which out came a long, whitish-looking worm, and we were all convinced against our will. We caught a number of fish, but few of which were without the outward manifestation of these parasites. They all have them to a greater or less degree, but it is only when they exist superabundantly that they make their way from the entrails of the animal into the surrounding flesh, on entering which they produce a kind of mortification, which would probably prevent any but a starving man from eating it. The fish suitable for food can be readily selected by the absence of the light protuberances on the side. I afterwards found in a trout, caught in Sun River, in the northern part of Montana Territory, a similar worm, but of darker color. To indemnify ourselves for any mistakes we may have committed at our supper of the night before, we cut great slices from a fine fat quarter of elk hanging in the camp, and, roasting them at the fire, made a hearty lunch, whilst waiting the pleasure of the geyser.

At length, after waiting through a pelting storm of rain and hail, our watches told us the hour for eruption was approaching, and we assembled around the geyser crater, the party being increased in the meantime by the arrival of the rest with the packs. Seated on the rim of the basin, at a safe distance, we awaited the advent of the phenomenon. The water was still slowly bubbling about a foot below the edge of a rocky ledge which appeared to form the edge of the crater proper. All at once a great commotion suddenly takes place in the basin, the water boils rapidly up, rises above the rim of the crater, and then with a loud report the whole volume is thrown six or eight feet into the air. Before it has time to descend another explosion takes place, and then another and another in rapid succession, until there is a constant flow of a fountain-like mass of dirty water and white steam projected into the air. Now and then an explosion of more than usual force takes place, throwing the water a foot or two higher, and each additional effort is hailed by the audience with a shout of applause, as if a living animal were exerting its powers before us. This scene continues for twelve or fifteen minutes, when, as suddenly as they commenced, the explosions cease, the water is no longer thrown into the air, it boils violently for awhile, then slowly recedes until it reaches its former level, when it quietly settles down into its old simmer, and bubbles away for six hours again, until the next explosion.

We resumed our trip well satisfied with the gratification afforded

us by the few hours' delay, and, continuing up the river through pleasant meadows diversified with groves of pine, we in a few miles reached the far-famed lake. It does not break upon us suddenly, but the river, as we approach the lake, grows wider and wider, with broad flat shores, and here and there a flat island, near which flocks of wild ducks, plover, and the staid white pelican are feeding. Occasionally we ran into a flock of wild geese feeding on the grassy meadows, but they rise wildly as though fully aware of their danger in the vicinity of man. We soon come in full view of the lake, which opens out to the southward as far as the eye can reach, its banks heavily wooded on all sides to the very edge of the water.

We halt to rest, get a view of the lake, and take a shot at a flock of ducks near the shore. Looking to the south the waters stretch far off in the dim distance, broken in one place by an island wooded like the projecting points of the mainland to the very shore, whilst beyond, in the distance, mountain peaks covered with snow bound the horizon. To the eastward Steamboat Point juts boldly out into the lake and, with columns of steam rising up from it, looks what its name implies, a busy landing-place for steamers. We continue up the shore of the lake, and camp directly on its shore in a pleasant grove, where the abundant grass furnishes full forage for our hungry animals.

Here on a small scale is seen forming the secondary shores described by Elisée Reclus, in *The Ocean*, as constructed on the line of equilibrium between the marine and fluvial waters. From a point near our camp, and stretching across an inlet of the lake, a broad causeway of sand extends, thrown up on the one side by the gentle waves of the lake, arrested on the other by the accumulation of waters from a tributary of the lake. This causeway extends nearly across to the opposite point, where a deep channel is left for the escape of the waters of the tributary. This we ford with difficulty, for the waters come up to our horse's shoulders, and beyond is another causeway across another inlet, with a deeper channel, which we do not care to try, although the tracks in the sand show that a party ahead of us has gone that way. We observed a number of these singular sand-spits, or secondary shores, as we passed along the shore of the lake, and also evidence of their existence at a higher level. For, as we proceeded, we now and then entered upon marshy ground which we found best avoided by keeping close down to the lake shore, where the footing was dry and sandy. In times past, when the lake was at a higher level, similar sand-spits were formed, and in time the space behind them was filled up by the sediment brought down by the tributaries, but the water which continued to run down was prevented from escaping by the solid bars of sand, and bogs were formed into which our horses

sank as we tried to push through them. The only solid ground we could find was along the solid sand barriers of former days, but the trouble was that the whole space had been overgrown with timber, which had been blown down or fallen from old age, until it lay in an intricate mass where the trees were piled on top of each other in every conceivable direction, sometimes so thick and matted together that after wandering for a long time trying to get through it, we would be compelled to turn back and seek another outlet. When we left the solid basis of the old sand barriers we were compelled to encounter both the fallen timber and the boggy ground too, and had a difficult and tedious time of it. Time and time again were we compelled to turn back from some interminable maze of fallen timber and boggy ground to seek an outlet, our poor horses worn out with the constant labor of twisting and turning, and scrambling over fallen timber.

To avoid this fallen timber and boggy ground we attempted the next morning to keep away from the lake shore and travel by the compass through the woods, and to a certain extent we improved the route, but we were glad to catch sight of the lake shore once more, and to follow along it until we reached our camp late in the afternoon, near another group of hot springs on the western shore of the lake.

This group is one of the most interesting we have yet seen, and in it all the magnificent colors of the "Frozen Cascade" are reproduced. Within sight of our pretty bivouac is a formation which attracts attention at once. In a space of not over fifteen or twenty feet in diameter is a group of twelve or fifteen vents, each of which shoots out its pellet of mud, exactly like a Roman candle ejects its star. The vents are close together, and each one has built up around it a sort of cone two or three feet high. Each one throws out every few seconds, with a sound exactly like that of a Roman candle, a pellet of mud, which falls in some cases on its own cone, in others into the face of its neighbor. In this latter case it is again ejected only to fall into the mouth of some other vent, and this goes on indefinitely. We dubbed it our great *political machine*, on account of its facility for throwing mud. But this mud is clean and of a beautiful variety in color. The aim too is a good deal like that used in politics, where the mud is directed against purity of character; for, instead of striking always in the face of a neighbor, it will fall upon the cone and build that higher, as the character of a pure man is built higher, and appears brighter to the rest of mankind by the filth that is thrown at him by political opponents.

The mud thrown up by these puny volcanoes is of endless variety in color, and at a little distance the collection of cones looks like a great mass of parti-colored cream candy. Pink, olive, cherry,

blue, or creamy yellow, shading off almost to pure white, all appear, and intermingling, form an effect delightful to the eye and impossible to describe adequately in words. The activity of the different vents is as varied as the colors of the mud. In some the pellet flies up two or three feet with a report like a pop-gun. In others the explosive force is less and the mud appears to have just force enough to reach the top of the cone, and sometimes falls back again and is ejected over and over again. On the outer edge of the group new phenomena occur, if possible, more interesting than the little volcanoes themselves. Here small pools of the soft, pliable, and variously colored mud are formed, and having been worked to a degree of fineness suitable for the manufacture of the finest kind of delicate porcelain, the stream, as it comes up through, forms the blisters and rings described as existing in the mud tanks near the mud geyser. But here the varied and delicate color of the material, and the state of fineness into which it is worked render the rings more delicate and the sight more beautiful. Fancy one looking all day long at an infinite variety of beautiful rings done in mud, which resembles liquid porcelain of varied colors.

But a more beautiful sight still, meets the eye of the visitor as he continues to walk around the group; for he now approaches a point where the jets of gas are more active than where the rings are found, but not so active as in the little volcanoes, and here the result is a medium between the two actions. The mud is still of various colors, and still thoroughly intermingled and worked up into a sort of pasty-looking mass; but the gas, instead of rising slowly as when forming the rings, comes up with a sudden spurt. This throws the mud up in a little column three or four inches high; the gas breaks its way out at the top dividing that into numerous parts, each one curving gracefully outwards by the force of the explosion, and as the mud sinks slowly down, a most exquisite representation of a tulip is formed. This has scarcely sunk out of sight before another springs up in its place like a "Jack in the Box." Each time the details of the form are varied, and here you can stand all day long, and look at an infinite variety of tulips of varied colors, done in mud, forming and disappearing at every moment. To have pressed for preservation, some of these beautiful flowers would have been the height of our ambition, but their forms were as fleeting as the tints of the rainbow, and nothing short of a brick would have served the purpose.

We returned again and again to enjoy this novel scene, and could not help reflecting how many thousands, perhaps millions, of these beautiful flowers had been born to "blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air," away up here in the great wilderness at the top of the American continent.

We tried to put some of the soft pliable mud to practical use, and one of the party gathering a quantity at the imminent risk of scorching his hands, plastered our deer-head thickly over with it, and placed it in our camp-fire, with the idea of roasting the head in the Indian fashion. Very much to our disappointment, the plan did not work, for in the morning it was found that the plaster after baking hard had cracked, and our deer-head burnt to a crisp was lying in the embers surrounded by bits of baked clay, and we had wasted a deer's head which a day or two afterwards would have furnished us with a feast. The afternoon was occupied in wandering about and discovering new curiosities at every step.

The whole shore of the lake in the vicinity is filled with numerous hot springs which by their deposits have built up a long gentle slope, extending from the springs down to the edge of the water. Over this slope the hot water from the springs flows, and, continuing to make its deposit, the slope is gradually encroaching upon the lake. Small hot springs are bubbling up at different points all the way down the slope, below the main springs, to the very edge of the lake, and even under its surface the presence of springs is shown by the gas, here and there, bubbling up through the water, so that the rocky deposit is now being formed at the bottom of the lake at some distance from its edge. Were there any doubt upon this point, it would be solved by the existence of a very curious structure which stands like an island *in* the waters of the lake, and a few feet from the main land. This is a flat, cone-shaped, and truncated deposit of the usual material, about ten or twelve feet in diameter, which stands near the point where the principal part of the water from some of the largest springs enters the lake. Inside of this is an opening or well, two or three feet across, filled with hot water which is slowly simmering. The water seems to have built up its wall to the highest point, for it now does not run over, and the surrounding conical surface is perfectly dry. Surrounding this little island is the cool water of the lake. A log laid across from the main land enabled us to pass dry shod from the shore to the island. Here seating ourselves, we could have placed a foot in the cool water of the lake, and a hand in the hot waters of the well behind us. From the appearance of this structure, there can, I think, be no question as to the manner of its formation. A vent under the surface of the lake formerly existed, and through this the heated water came to deposit its rocky material. This deposit went on until the surface of the lake was reached, and above that until the flat cone-shaped island was finished as it appears to-day.[1] From

[1] We were advised before starting for the Yellowstone region, by one who had been there, not to open our mouths after we got back about the wonders we had seen there, *for*

the description of this well of boiling water, it will readily be seen that the feasibility of performing the Munchausen-like feat of the early explorers depends simply upon the existence of trout in the lake, and the ability of a hungry man to catch them. I had no desire, however, to leave the question an open one. My rod was soon put together, and one or two casts of the fly ended in the landing of a fine large trout. I was not hungry at the time, nor disposed to reproduce the qualms resulting from the trichina-like investigations of two days before. But a great question was to be solved, and picking up the struggling fish, still upon my hook, I dropped him into a boiling pool a few paces behind me. His death was instantaneous, and with the softening of the muscles he broke loose from the hook, and disappeared from view. I did *not* eat him, but demonstrated the practicability of the feat, for during the half hour that I lingered about the pool, watching for his reappearance, the smell of boiled trout was sufficient to satisfy any skeptic on the question.

We slept soundly to the tune of the constant puff, puff, of the little volcanoes by our side, and woke up to find the sun just rising above the snow-capped peaks to the eastward, and casting his long slanting rays over the broad smooth surface of the lake, where an occasional, great, lazy-looking pelican was gently rocking in the little waves raised by the morning breeze. A horizontal band of white cloud, the product probably of the heat and moisture generated in the vicinity, rested over the lake, but was soon dissipated by the rays of the sun, and the bright morning scene appeared in all its beauty. Near us, the numerous columns of white steam, slowly rising in the cool air, created the impression of the neighborhood of some busy manufacturing mart, whilst in front, the broad beautiful lake stretched out far to the eastward, and away off on the opposite shore "Steamboat Point" loomed up in the distance, and with its puffs of steam reminded us of more civilized regions where half a dozen steamers are blowing off, preparatory to a start. With a very little imagination it was an easy matter to fancy the appearance of a steamer starting out from there to come here and take us off, for a trip around the lake and to the great falls below. Fancy a

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nobody would believe what we said. Mankind is naturally prone to exaggeration, and so wonderful were some of the stories told in regard to the wonderful sights to be seen in the Yellowstone country, that a spirit of incredulity was the result with many whose imagination was not equal to the occasion. Amongst other stories one was told, with various embellishments, to the effect that trout could be caught in one pool, cooked in another without the sportsman moving from the spot, and eaten without being taken from the hook. Of course, such a story of a life-sustaining locality was received with many "grains of salt," winks, and nods of incredulity, which plainly placed it in the same category with the Irishman's account of the blessed country where roasted pigs ran about begging to be eaten.

busy crowd awaiting her arrival on a dock built out, we will say, upon one of the cone-like structures I have described, each one eager to be the first on board, and you can conjure up a picture for this wild and uninabited region, full of the life and turmoil of more civilized lands.

Visiting the Park in all its virgin wildness we were not afflicted with the tribe of professional guides to mar our pleasures with their senseless jargon, but the absence of all guides rendered our movements uncertain and threw us upon our own resources, and we had now reached a point in our travels where we were obliged to strike out into a wilderness of thick timber with nothing but the compass to guide us. We had been told that a direct western course for twenty-five miles would take us to the Great Geyser Basin, to visit which was the main object of our trip.

On the morning of the 10th of August, therefore, after a delicious bath in the waters of the lake, near the mouth of one of the warm-water streams, where any temperature to suit could be had, we plunged into the dense forest to the west of us, and followed, by the compass, as direct a course as the fallen timber would permit. Travelling along blindly in this way for about twenty miles our eyes were at length greeted by an opening, and we descended into a beautiful little grassy valley with a bright, clear stream running to the southward. Before us rose a high, steep, and rugged range of hills, and, looking down the valley to the left, nestling in the hills there was a bright sheet of water, which we concluded must be Lake Madison, put down on the maps as the head of Madison River.

The hills in front of us looked forbidding and impassable, and the lake, as it glistened in the sunlight within its grassy banks, invited a closer inspection, so we concluded to accept the invitation, and moved down in that direction, with the hope of being able to pass down along the shore and get round the end of the range of hills in our front. But the high grass of the shores was filled with fallen timber lying two or three deep, underneath which the ground was not unfrequently boggy, and after struggling along through this for some distance we found ourselves shut in on the one side by the impassable shore of the lake, and on the other by the rugged range of hills, and of the two evils we were finally compelled to choose the lesser and climb the hills, which we did along a sort of trail where I doubt if anything but a mountain sheep had ever been before. After incredible labor, during which one of our pack animals lost his footing and rolled down a steep incline, we reached the top only to find the opposite slope worse than the one we had mounted. It was so late in the day when we succeeded in getting down this that it was concluded to camp here for the night, and to

make an early start for the geyser region the next morning. We were fortunate enough to strike, near our camp, the trail of the engineer party of the preceding year, which was recognized by the little wheel-track of an odometer machine they had with them. The next morning we followed this trail, still in the midst of dense timber, and passing many beautiful falls of the Firehole River finally reached the head of an open valley, which from the description we recognized as the Upper Geyser Basin.

The first view of the valley produces a singular impression. In the midst of hills clothed with a dense growth of deep-green pine is a wide, open space of desolate ashy whiteness, with columns of white steam rising in every direction, some large, some small, so that one feels as if standing in the presence of an immense, old steam-boiler, with jets of steam hissing from every pore.

We select a camp in the edge of the timber, and then sally out, map in hand, to locate and examine the different geysers. Away off to the front, its marble whiteness contrasting with the deep-green of the pine forest beyond, rises the "Castle Geyser," fourteen feet high, looking like the ruins of some old castle, jets of steam and showers of water rising almost constantly from its top. Directly below us is the Beehive, three feet high and seven through at the base, which we recognize from its form, and in every direction the surface rises into an innumerable number of truncated, cone-shaped structures, from each one of which rises a cloud of steam, like smoke from a chimney on a frosty morning, and in the midst of it all the bright, blue waters of the Firehole River tumble along on their rapid descent, receiving numerous streams of hot water as it flows.

The "Giantess" is close by our camp; its crater at the top of a wide, gradually sloping cone, up the sides of which we walk with some trepidation, for there is no knowing when she will "go off." We are not yet much accustomed to geysers, and, when she spouts, it is said she throws water two hundred and fifty feet high. She is quiet enough now, however, and, approaching the edge of her crater, we find it a deep, irregular basin, thirty feet across, filled with hot water, of a beautiful green color. This is usually simmering, but now and then it starts to boil up violently, and, until one becomes accustomed to this feature, a very strong disposition to step hastily back is developed in anticipation of an eruption. Standing on the cone of the Giantess and looking around, lesser cones of almost every size are seen, capped in some cases with the most beautiful forms of marble-white structures, some of which resemble those flower-stands formed in tiers, with a central stem, surrounded, lower down, with a circular basin, which has most beautifully scalloped rims, and is filled with warm water and white pebbles almost

as round as marbles, formed evidently by the conglomeration of the material held in solution by the water, and constantly rolled about by the falling waters during eruptions. These formations are all similar in their nature, but there is such a variety in color, shape, and minor forms, that new beauties arise at every step we take in our explorations. Here a little vent, no bigger than a quill, is sending forth a jet of steam; the edges of the vent being polished as smooth as glass, and colored with the most beautiful tints, sulphur yellow on the inside, growing gradually lighter outward, and merging on the exterior into a delicate straw, now and then tinted red or brown and other shades; there a great basin, with its magnificently scalloped edges of pure flint-like porcelain, more delicate and perfect than any art can imitate. Here a great caldron of boiling hot water, bubbling up every now and then with vigor, as if some power below was heaping on fuel. There an immense basin filled to the brim, on a level with the ground, with water so clear, bright, and still, that it looks almost as pellucid as the air above our heads, and down through which you can look to an unknown depth.

Wandering about amongst these beauties, admiring at every step, I had just waded the stream to explore on the other side, when my attention was attracted by a great shout from the men, who were all running to the high ground on the cone of the Giantess, and looking towards my side of the river. Turning around I caught sight of the cause of all this tumult. "Old Faithful" had "gone off," and was spouting water and steam to a great height in a graceful fountain. Higher and higher rose the column of pure white steam and spray, impelled by successive explosions from below, the steam at times being gently wafted aside by the breeze, and disclosing the column of water gracefully curving outwards at its highest point, and falling in showery spray upon the scalloped basins below. Approaching closer and closer to the beautiful fountain, I stood at length at its very base, just far enough away to avoid the falling waters. Every moment or two explosions far down in the crater, which shook the solid rock around, sent the water fifty or sixty feet into the air, the shock between the ascending and descending waters converting the whole into pure white spray, which, curving gracefully outwards, presented, in falling, a fountain the beauty of which it is impossible to describe in words. After this had continued for five or six minutes the explosions suddenly ceased, the water in the vent receded rapidly, gurgling as it went, and I took a closer view of the crater and its surroundings. The aperture, six feet by two, and irregular in shape, is as smooth as glass and creamy-white in color. This throat of the geyser is surrounded by a formation very irregular in shape, and which rises about two

feet above the *first platform*. It is formed of the material deposited by the water, and presents an incalculable number of beautiful and singular forms, which, in some cases, resemble the massive coral formations of the sea. The first platform consists of a number of tiny basins with curved and scalloped edges similar to those at the "Frozen Cascade," and these are succeeded by other basins, growing larger and larger, and forming successive steps or platforms as you recede from the crater down the conical slope which surrounds it. Immediately after the eruption the water thrown out by the geyser goes trickling down from basin to basin, just as I have described as taking place at the Frozen Cascade. On looking into these basins I found that the water had deposited coloring matter of the most delicate tints. In the smaller basins next to the crater this was of a deep saffron, and, as you receded, it grew lighter and lighter, through cream-yellow and straw, until in the outer basins the color was a pure milk-white. I lingered a long while about "Old Faithful," admiring all these beautiful forms and colors, and, although we found similar ones about all the other geysers, none appeared so fresh and bright as these. We had numerous opportunities during our stay of witnessing the eruptions of this splendid geyser, for it acts with remarkable regularity once in about every hour, and got its name from the first explorers from this fact. All that was necessary to bring everybody to his feet during the day was for some one to say, "There goes Old Faithful;" and, during the night, any one awake could hear him regularly spouting his glories to the silent stars.

We made visits to all the prominent geysers in that portion of the upper basin, and, whilst a certain similarity seemed to exist amongst them all, there was such a variety in shape, color, ornamentation, and formation as to call forth exclamations of delight and wonder at every step. The great tube of the "Giant" stands up ten feet high and twenty-four in diameter, like the stump of some immense tree, which, however, instead of decaying, is growing larger and higher every year. The "Grotto" is a great mass of deposit with smooth water-worn cavities through which the water and steam rush during the eruptions. Many geysers have received names from the peculiar features which they possess, but hundreds and perhaps thousands still remain without names, and probably will remain so until a more thorough investigation develops their respective peculiarities.

The "Castle" geyser is peculiar, and differs from all the rest in possessing an irregular magnificent cone, one hundred and twenty feet in circumference, which rises twelve feet from the platform on which it stands. This cone is pure white in color and made up of an immense number of masses, globular in form on the exterior,

beautifully decorated with beads and ornaments, and at a little distance presents the appearance of an immense pile of cauliflower-heads. The geyser, which has an orifice of some three feet in diameter, is in an almost constant state of eruption, and the falling spray, as it dashes against the exterior of the cone, is constantly adding to the cauliflower-heads, and replacing those which may be broken off. Lying near the base of the cone, I observed what was once the stem of a tree of considerable size. It was now crumbling to pieces, and, on breaking off a portion, the woody fibre was found to be completely replaced by the marble-like deposit from the water of the geyser. Close by the "Castle" is an immense circular pool, twenty feet across, of deep blue, placid water, down which you can look to an immense depth. Around this pool, a rim, about a foot in height, has been built up, with the usual variety of bead-like and beautiful forms. To the very top of this the water now rests with a surface as smooth as glass, an outlet through a break on one side giving escape to the surplus water which, as it runs off, deposits a great variety of beautiful coloring matter.

It would take a volume to describe in detail the beauty and variety of the various geysers, hot springs, and pools, which pour their waters into the Firehole River, rolling along through this valley of wonder, a light cloud of steam always rising from its surface. Every step of the explorer brings forth exclamations of wonder and delight, and the sight-seers rush about from point to point, anxious and prepared to find curiosities more wonderful than any yet seen. From "Old Faithful," which stands near the head of the valley, these formations extend for four or five miles to a point where the stream is joined by another coming from the eastward, and flowing through a valley filled with another group of geysers and springs. This latter is called the "Lower Geyser Basin," the other being named the "Upper Basin." More recent explorations, however, have developed the fact that these are not the only geyser basins in this region. Every year adds to the number of the discoveries, and as yet the country has never been thoroughly explored or mapped. When it is, it is safe to predict that the Great National Park of the United States will be found to contain more great wonders than are known to exist on any other portion of the earth's surface of the same extent. The whole region should be thoroughly explored and accurately mapped, and, in the meantime, observation under a well-devised system should be inaugurated to determine the laws which govern the action of the geysers. So far as observed this action appears to be exceedingly irregular, both as regards the length of the eruptions and the intervals between them. To this remark, "Old Faithful" appears to be a marked exception, though the observations made have not as yet been suf-

ficiently extensive to demonstrate that even he may not have his periods of rest. Observations made during the severe cold of winter would be especially interesting as showing whether or not the action is affected by the season. But little is known of the winter climate of the region, but there is every indication that the fall of snow is very heavy. The immense quantity of hot water and steam thrown out, it is supposed, would materially moderate the temperature of these geyser basins, and would probably prevent the snows from lying very long in these valleys, and there is every indication that they are resorted to by game of all kinds during the winter. The only game seen by the party in the Park was the single deer I killed near Mount Washburne, but in the Firehole Valley we found numerous tracks of deer, elk, and bear made evidently when the ground was soft from snow or rain. In the winter the game would naturally resort to these valleys, in consequence of the modified temperature. In the summer the animals desert them for the highest mountains, to avoid the heat and flies. It was proposed, several years ago, to station a small military party under charge of officers in the Upper Geyser Basin during the winter for purposes of observation, and lovers of the hunt were stimulated with the idea of the probable sport to be had there. Such a party would have to be sent there early in the fall, in order to carry in the necessary stores, and provide the necessary shelter before the approach of winter, and during several months it could have but little intercourse with the outside world, unless in exceptionally mild winters. The results of the observations made by such a party would be exceedingly interesting to science, in investigating the laws governing the eruptions, which are now but little understood. The geysers are supposed to be the expiring action of volcanic forces of a former age, and, as pulsations of the heart of this great world of ours, cannot fail to be regarded with great interest by science.

As we returned from our ramble of sight-seeing my attention was attracted by a novel scene. Near our little camp, pitched in the edge of the timber, were several boiling springs. Around one of these a party of soldiers was gathered, evidently in great good humor, and engaged in thrusting in and pulling out different articles of wearing apparel, attached to sticks, from the waters of the spring, which looked white and frothy. On inquiry I found they had thrown a piece of soap into the spring, and Dame Nature was called upon to act as laundress in cleansing the clothing from the dust and dirt of travel, and she did the work very well.

Our attention was directed every now and then to the eruption of some of the smaller geysers, but, with the exception of the regular action of "Old Faithful," none of the larger ones seemed to be in the humor to act during the afternoon. The "Beehive"

was said to be very handsome but very irregular, and we did not have the pleasure of seeing it act during our stay. The one, however, which all felt the greatest desire to see was the "Giantess," on account of its volume and reported height, but we were obliged to retire for the night without her showing her beauties, and strict orders were given that if, at any time during the night, she was heard to be astir, the alarm should be given. About midnight I was waked out of a sound sleep by a cry, and jumping up looked out upon the night. Everything was dark and a drizzling rain was falling, and satisfied we could see nothing, although the sound of the eruption was very apparent, we crawled back to our blankets, disappointed that the Giantess should cover her beauties with the veil of night. It was supposed, however, that it was not the Giantess which alarmed us during the night, for the next morning, as we were preparing to depart, we were startled with a loud rumbling report, and the immense body of water in her crater sprang fifty feet into the air, in the midst of a great volume of dense white steam with a mushroom-shaped head, which recalled the explosion of the Petersburg mine. The water at its highest point curved gracefully outward and descended as a beautiful water-spout, but before it had reached the earth another explosion came, and then others in rapid succession, each one with the same mushroom-shaped head forcing its predecessor up higher and higher, until there stood in the clear morning air a great column, the form of which I cannot better describe than by supposing a number of immense umbrellas of dense white steam piled one on top of the other, each one with its handle resting on the roof of the preceding one, with heavy showers of rain falling on all sides, as if dripping from the umbrella roofs. This continued until the whole heavens above were filled with clouds of steam, which, in the still morning, rose perhaps for a thousand feet straight up and then gently floated away. How high the water rose it was impossible to tell, for the dense masses of steam prevented the point where it turned from being seen; but I formed the impression that in this eruption it did not rise over seventy or eighty feet. The effect was magnificent in the extreme, and the impression produced on the mind one of awe, due, I think, in a great measure, to the sudden exhibition of great *power* developed in what was, a few moments before, a placid powerless body of water. I approached the crater closely during the eruption and found the water running off in floods down the slope of the immense cone which surrounded the geyser. Much of it, of course, returned to the crater, only however to be again and again thrown up. As I stood on the solid rock and felt it trembling under my feet at each successive explosion, heard far down in the bowels of the earth, an impression was produced of *unlimited* power, and I have no reason

to doubt the statement, that the water rises, in some cases, to the height of two hundred and fifty feet.

After this magnificent spectacle had continued for about fifteen minutes, the explosions suddenly ceased, the masses of steam floated away, the water in the crater rapidly sunk about twenty feet, boiling violently, very gradually rose to the top of the basin, and then settled down into comparative quiet again. About an hour afterwards, just as we were mounting our horses to leave, the Giantess went off in another eruption similar to the first, and all eyes were turned back in admiration at what appeared to be a parting salute from the beauty. As though she had given the signal, the different geysers, as we rode down the valley, broke out in succession as if bidding us farewell, and riding away we probably saw the valley under its most magnificent aspect. As we turned northward and got the erupting geysers between us and the sun, then just rising above the tree tops, the falling spray caught the beams of light and spanned each fountain with a rainbow. Again and again did we halt, and turning back our eyes enjoy the magnificent spectacle, with a feeling of regret at having to leave such beauties behind us.

This remarkable region, which has been opened to the knowledge of the civilized world only a few years, has been known for a long time through rumors and the information derived from mountaineers. In 1860 a party under charge of Captain Raynolds, of the Topographical Engineers, approached this country from the south, guided by probably the most noted guide of the Northwest, James Bridger. The party found the passes of the Wind River Range so blocked up with snow in June that it was unable to get through to the Yellowstone Lake region, but succeeded in passing the mountains farther to the west, struck the Madison River below the geyser basins, and proceeded down that stream to the Three Forks of the Missouri.

James Bridger, or as he is universally called, "Jim" Bridger, I believe is still living, and has the reputation of being the best guide in the western country. He is reported, too, to be in the habit of drawing a very "long bow" in regard to the wonders he has seen during his very extensive travels in the western wilds. It is said he especially delights in "stuffing" unsophisticated eastern visitors with stories of diamond mountains so transparent that horsemen can be seen *through* them miles away, and the like, and that when persons express wonder at the height of the slim spire of Chimney Rock (a celebrated landmark on the Platte), he assures them that when *he* first saw it, it was some thousand feet higher, but had afterwards its dimensions much reduced by a streak of lightning, which struck and shattered it.

Since the discovery of the wonders of the Yellowstone, it is said,

the old man has been heard to say very complacently that people will yet find out he has not been "blowing" quite so much about this country as has been generally supposed, and that now they will probably admit he is not such a "great liar" as they have given him credit for being. Certain it is that even "Jim" Bridger's active imagination is not equal to the task of exaggerating the scenes to be encountered amidst the wonders of the Yellowstone and geyser region.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

II.

1. *Vita Jesu, Dionysii Carthusiani Opus.* Printed at Strasburg in 1473.
2. *Public Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ.* By H. J. Coleridge, S. J. Vols. I and II. London, 1875.

THERE is one marked characteristic of Christianity which cannot be overlooked. Our holy religion is not merely a system of moral and religious opinions proposed to men for discussion, and to be adopted or rejected, wholly or partially, as to men may seem fit. Still less is it a mere school of intellectual thought, vague and varying, as the world advances or as public opinion veers and changes. It is, in truth and above all, as the great Stolberg designated it, a grand fact in the history of humanity,—the grandest, strongest, and farthest-reaching the world has ever seen.

A new element of powerful activity was introduced into the life of man. From the very beginning it manifested, and for eighteen centuries and a half it has continued to manifest, its strength; and to-day it exercises an influence as weighty and as widespreading as in any past age. Christianity has not lived out its day, and then vanished, as schools of human thought have done, leaving its traces in the annals of the past. No historian has arisen to recount its birth, its growth, its life, its decay, and its death; to sum up its whole existence and career, to scrutinize its works, to estimate its full value, and to write its epitaph. It still lives and acts. Its youth still endures undecayed. It came into the world in a visible form as a living organized society, seen and known by all, within and without, and animated by a spirit and power, which the world recognized, but could neither comprehend nor account for. It still lives on, in that same organized society; and men still recognize and wonder at that mysterious spirit and power, which they may

dread, or hate, or strive to destroy, but still cannot account for, nor overcome.

The central point of this grand and ever-enduring fact is CHRIST Himself; Christ as presented to the world by His Evangelists and Apostles. In Him Christianity commenced. Founded by Him, and organized by Him, it could not and it cannot continue to exist without Him. But for His presence it would have perished long ago, perhaps would have ceased to exist within one century. For so all human things perish. And Christianity was sorely pressed in every age. Time and again enemies seemed to be, and flattered themselves that they were, on the very verge of success in their effort to stamp it out. But though Christ no longer walks among men visibly, as He did of yore in Judea, He is still present in the world, in the highest and most effective sense of the word. He still works in His Church for the salvation of men, still teaches, still guides, still gives grace, still leads repentant sinners to the Kingdom of Heaven. Millions have believed in Him and have clung to Him in every past age. Millions still believe in Him, knowing that their lives should be controlled and guided by His example, and His teachings, and His grace, and that all their hopes of happiness hereafter depend on His love and His mercy to those that seek Him. Millions have suffered torture and death rather than swerve from their fealty to Him; and to-day millions would go to martyrdom rather than renounce their faith in Him.

Nothing can be falser in history, or more illogical in philosophic examination, or weaker and more absurd in action, than to separate Christ from Christianity. He it is who still teaches by the mouth of those whom He commissioned and sent to baptize and to teach all nations all things whatsoever He commanded them, and with whom, in accomplishing this their work, He promised to be, all days, even to the consummation of the world (Matt. xxviii. 20). He assured them that "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me" (Luke x. 16). By His presence, and in virtue of His power, that Church which He established must ever be the pillar and ground of truth (1. Tim. iii. 15). The gates of hell cannot prevail against her, whether to terminate her existence on earth, or to lead her into error and so mar her appointed work. In every age she must be the same, and her teaching must be the same as from the beginning—the same originally given by Christ to the Apostles. There must be one Lord, one faith, one baptism.

A continuous unity of teaching, such as is thus promised, presents when recognized, irrefragable evidence of the truth and divine authority of the Church which displays it. It is something which God alone can secure to her. Man of himself cannot attain it;

would not seek it, for he does not prize it. As the world goes and has gone from the beginning, the first act of man, if left in this matter to himself, would unquestionably be to change, under pretext of improving, what those before him had held and taught. He would yield to the pressure and the exigencies of ever varying public opinion, and to the demands that he keep pace with what is called the progress of the age. He would soon soften or change some things, surrender others totally, and be induced to accept still other new things instead. Ere many generations, *yes* and *no* would have changed places. In our own age and country a man does not need gray hairs to have been himself a witness of such changes.

To the philosophic student of history the most wonderful trait of Christianity, as presented in the living Catholic Church, is this continuous unity, this unchangeableness of the doctrine she teaches. Neither menaces of danger, nor prospects of advantage to be attained, however great, have ever bent her faith. She proclaims it to be her fundamental principle and her first duty to guard and keep intact and unchanged the deposit of doctrine originally committed to her charge by her Founder and His Apostles. She knows and avows this to be the vital condition, as it is the divine purpose, of her existence. Her children glorify her for it. Her enemies have, in every age, cast it up as a reproach against her. For it she has been called a laggard and a lover of darkness and of ignorance. She is charged with hating science, with shunning the light of modern civilization and advanced thought, and with being fossil and *obscurantist.* That her doctrines and her teaching now are those of centuries ago is what her enemies charge against her. She admits, she cannot deny, the fact. They condemn her for not hailing the fruits of modern progress, and not incorporating them in her doctrines. She will not yield or change the truth of God to please men. He has established her to teach the truth to all men, not to be taught by the world what to hold or not to hold. She heeds not such words of condemnation. They are not new to her. She has heard them in every age. She heard them from the Eutychians, and Nestorians, and Monothelites, from the Arians and Semi-Arians, and other cognate sectaries. She remembers how, even before these, the Gnostics called on her to yield her teaching to the moulding of their refined and superior philosophic discoveries of truth. To all of them she gave the same answer. The truth had been revealed in the beginning, and could not be changed. For, God cannot lie. His Apostles consigned to her bosom that doctrine of Christ. It is in possession, and may not be ejected. She will test all things, all opinions, all teachings by it. By that test they shall stand or fall. But for none of them will she cast it out.

As ages roll on, the ever active intellects of men raise novel questions, suggest fresh doubts, or advance new opinions.

She, on the other hand, sets forth her ancient doctrine with such full and explicit statement of it on needful points, that inquiries may be answered, that doubts and uncertainties may vanish, and that she may rebut and condemn the errors that arise. In this she guards, and defends, and teaches the more clearly, the original doctrine in her charge. Men may change their languages; her ministers may have had to speak the Copht, or the Sanscrit, or the Celtic; Greek at Athens, or Latin in classic Rome; or may now speak the modern languages of the world of to-day. The languages of her preachers are more numerous than the tongues heard on the Pentecost at Jerusalem. In all of them the same great and wonderful things of God are announced. Even when the language is not changed, men are led to adopt at different times different forms and modes of expression, influenced in this to no small extent by some system of intellectual training in vogue among them, some prevalent school of philosophy of the age, or some other cause that may specially act in such direction. The Church holds fast to the form of sound words (II. Timothy i. 13) and yet makes herself all things to all men. She will hold her one original doctrine, and explain it in the words which in any given age will be best understood by those to whom she immediately speaks. In all this the language, the accent, or the dialect, the forms of expression may vary according to the needs and usages of men. But the doctrines are ever the same.

Few that have not given special attention to the matter are aware of the great changes that are ever taking place in our modes of speech, even within the limits of a single language. They are so great that what was perfectly intelligible when written or uttered, may require a glossary to be understood a few centuries later. We were amused years ago by the title of an old English sermon, perhaps of the time of Charles I., against the doctrine of Predestination. It ran something like this: "On the justice and mercy of God, who having laid His commandments on man, letteth him not, but graciously preventeth him to fulfil them." Nowadays the wording would have to be changed in order to be intelligible. We would say: "On the justice and mercy of God, who having laid His commandments on man, does not hinder him, but stirs him up by grace and aids him to fulfil them." The words *let* and *prevent*, although then perfectly familiar and at once understood, have since become archaic in the senses they then bore, and would now be misunderstood by a hundred hearers, for one that would catch their right sense.

This instance may be extreme; but it exemplifies a sound prin-

ciple. Neither in philosophy, nor in science, nor in law, can we hope to understand the authors of former ages, unless we learn to take their terms in the sense they gave them, and are able to enter into their different, and sometimes very delicate, shades of meaning. This is true also in great measure in the study of theological writers. The difficulty of coming to understand them varies of course for different classes. For our Catholic writers, who wrote in Latin, and who habitually follow the form of sound and accepted words, the difficulty, though always existing, is small compared with what is found in the case of writers not so controlled. But especially in the case of many of the books of Scripture the difficulty is great, written as they were in languages so different in idiom from those of to-day, and when both writers and those addressed lived in a world so entirely different from our modern world. It is no easy thing to transport ourselves back to their day, and to realize their conditions, and circumstances, and environments of time, and place, and condition; not only making, as it were, their language our own, but thinking their thoughts, and looking with their eyes. In proportion as we succeed in doing this, shall we seize the exact meaning and full purport of what they have written. It is what very few can achieve in any fair degree. It requires long and serious study, careful training, and a special quality and power of mind.

Were men left to this as the only mode of ascertaining with certainty the doctrines of Christianity, who could learn them? Who can read the original text of Scripture as if it were the vernacular of his daily life? If we take translations, is it not a fact that the most perfect translation men can make is only approximately correct, always leaving out something of the spirit and meaning of the original, and introducing perforce something due to the use of the second language and its idioms? And even in what the most accurate translation preserves of the original, and presents to the reader, must there not be much which only a scholar, familiar with the idioms of the original tongue, and with the habits, and customs, and circumstances, and, it may be, the peculiar characteristics of the writers, and of those addressed, can adequately seize and understand? Yet this must be done, and perfectly done, else error is introduced. No wonder that the efforts to construct a system of doctrine out of the text of the Bible alone has resulted in so many clashing and contradictory systems. No other result was possible.

What a contrast is seen in the wonderful unity in all time, and in the ever consistent oneness, of the teaching of the Catholic Church. She speaks with no uncertain voice; never takes back a doctrine which she has once declared; never seeks to explain away

or to contradict her own teaching. The historical fact corresponds with and verifies her claim that she has authority to teach, and that her Founder has guaranteed her against error or variation. Hearkening to her voice, her children are not tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine.

This characteristic of the Church cannot fail to be felt by every reasonable and impartial mind that realizes it, as an overwhelming argument in favor of her divine character and authority. It is what we might term an experimental practical proof of it, so forcible, that if it be once admitted, the entire question is closed. Hence all those who claim to call themselves Christians, and yet tax her with erroneous teaching, are forced by their very position to maintain that she has at some time changed her doctrine on the points which they assail, and that, in these instances, for the original true doctrine given her by the Apostles she has substituted new opinions and errors devised by men. This is what they maintain. Those, however, who reject Christianity and revelation *in toto*, have no difficulty in admitting, and in fact many of them after historical investigation feel themselves forced to admit, that on those very points her teachings at the beginning were the same as they are now, and that she cannot be justly charged with having at any time changed her doctrine.

In arguing with the first class, it is the duty of him who would defend the Church, to show that, as a fact, she did hold and teach the doctrine which she holds and teaches now. This is the course we propose to ourselves in this article on the Divinity of Christ. If we show, as a matter of history, that our Catholic doctrine was really held in the very beginning of Christianity, and is not due to a later introduction, we shall have gained our point fully against this class of opponents, and shall have vindicated the authority of the Church against their attacks.

At the same time, this spectacle of the Church grandly marching on through the course of ages, never turning from her path, from the very beginning, and ever unceasingly proclaiming, and by her very course exhibiting and giving practical proof of the divinity of her Founder, is one that even an unbeliever cannot look on without being impressed by its moral grandeur. He must feel that this is something supernatural, and beyond the power of man to produce.

The first matter of fact statement made against the Church on this doctrine, was, that Christ our Lord Himself knew nothing of it, and never taught it. In our first article we showed, by His own words as given in the gospels, that He did teach it, and taught it so clearly and emphatically that His opponents based on it a charge of blasphemy, for which they tried Him, sentenced Him, and put Him to death.

It was said, in the second place, that His Apostles and immediate followers were equally ignorant of it, and never taught it. This is the point to which we address ourselves in the present article. It is the assertion of a fact. We must appeal to witnesses who can speak with knowledge.

We begin with the immediate disciples of our Saviour, those who learned His doctrine directly from His own lips, and whose testimony is of the highest rank. They speak in the various books collected together and forming the New Testament. We take first the four Evangelists, from whose pens we have four brief accounts of His life and work among men. What testimony do they give us concerning their belief of the Divinity of our Lord?

In the first place, it should almost be deemed superfluous to ask this question here. It is from the pages of those very accounts that we gathered all those decisive and emphatic declarations of our Saviour Himself on this point, examined in our former article. The Evangelists present themselves to us as His followers, and as sincere, unquestioning believers in His teaching: "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life" (John vi. 69). In recording His teaching, they consequently profess, in fact, their own belief. When they record those declarations of their Master, and give us an account of the opposition of the Jews and of their stubborn refusal to accept His doctrine, and their rejection of it, on the contrary, as blasphemous, do these Evangelists in any way try to soften His words? Do they intimate that the Jews misunderstood Him, or that they themselves understood Him in some different sense? Quite the reverse. Their whole narrative condemns the Jews as rejecting the truth, and by carrying out their opposition to it to the extreme of crucifying Him for teaching it, as calling down on their race the signal punishments of God. Whatever we saw to be clearly taught by the words of Christ, we must therefore hold to be also held and taught by the Evangelists. The record is not made by an enemy who arraigns our Saviour and His teaching, nor simply by an outsider, an indifferent historian, who impartially narrates events and words, from which, nevertheless, he holds himself aloof. It is made by sincere, earnest followers and disciples, who would hold it a sin before God, and ruin to their own souls, to swerve a tittle or a jot from their Master. We may rely on the sincerity and truthfulness of the record, and on the perfect adhesion of the writers to everything which He taught. If they had done nothing more in relation to this doctrine than give this record of the words of Christ and the opposition of the Jews, this alone would be ample evidence of their own belief in His divinity.

But, in fact, they have done much more. In the four accounts of His life which they give,—accounts unequalled in all the world

of literature, for the natural, simple, direct, and impartial statement of facts, and these the most wonderful facts that ever were recorded, —facts over which other writers would have allowed themselves to be excited into eloquent bursts of enthusiasm—in each and every one of these accounts of our Saviour's life, we have further and full evidence of the belief of the writers in His divinity.

They present Him as the Messiah, the promised one, the Redeemer, the true and only begotten Son of God—pre-existing from eternity, and coming at the appointed time into the world to fulfil His chosen task. His advent had been foretold from the beginning; God had revealed it to patriarchs in visions and through the ministry of angels. A nation had been specially set apart by the providence of God, and miraculously guided and guarded for fifteen centuries, that the knowledge of those promises might never die out among men. Special prophecies indicated the time and the place of His birth, and of what family He should be. In immediate preparation for His advent, a precursor is sent, whose birth is marked by miraculous manifestations, and whose life of wondrous asceticism in the desert, whose startling preaching, and whose death for justice's sake fail not to arrest the attention of all Israel. He was to go before the face of the Lord, to prepare His ways. (Luke i: 76). The advent of Christ himself is such as this preparation would warrant us to look for. An angel from heaven announces to the pure and immaculate Virgin of Nazareth that by the power of God, she, a virgin, shall conceive and bear a son, and that her son shall be called the Most High, the Son of God, Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us (Luke ii., Matth. i. 23). This Isaiah had foretold centuries before. Before the child is born, his virgin mother is saluted by Elizabeth as "The Mother of my Lord" (Luke i. 43). Angels announce His birth to the shepherds near Bethlehem, and a miraculous star summons wise men from the East to seek Him out and adore Him, and guides them to the "house where they find the child with Mary, his mother" (Matth. ii. 11). The venerable Simeon, in the temple, clasps the child to his bosom, and chants his *Nunc dimittis Domine*, and thanks God that his eyes have looked on the Saviour whom God sends; and the saintly Anna "confessed to the Lord, and spoke of Him to all that looked for the redemption of Israel" (Luke ii. 29, 38).

Even in the account of his birth, Christ is the Holy One, the Son of God, the Orient, the Lord, Emmanuel, God with us.

Of His early life, we have but one glimpse. That too is marked. We see Him at the age of twelve, "in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions; and all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and His answers" (Luke ii. 46, 47).

At the age of thirty He is to commence His public ministry. His character and office are at once announced. John the Baptist, the precursor, declares that he himself is not the Messiah; he is but the messenger sent before, the voice of one crying out in the desert, as the prophet had foretold. After him there was to come One mightier than he,—One already standing in the midst of them, though they knew Him not,—One the latchet of whose shoe, he himself was not worthy to loose—One who had power to baptize with the Holy Ghost, to judge men, and to reward the good and punish the wicked in eternity—"Whose fan is in His hand, and He will purge His floor, and gather the wheat into His barn, but the chaff He will burn with unquenchable fire" (Matth. iii. 11, 12; Luke iii. 16, 17). When "John saw Jesus coming to him, he saith: Behold the Lamb of God; behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world" (John i. 29). After the baptism, "The heaven was opened and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape upon Jesus; and a voice came down from heaven, Thou art my beloved Son, in Thee I am well pleased" (Luke iii. 21, 22). Later on, John the Baptist again bore testimony to him: "He that cometh from heaven is above all . . . He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God . . . The Father loveth the Son, and He hath given all things into His hand. He that believeth in the Son hath life everlasting: but he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 31–36).

Thus at the inauguration of His ministry, Christ is declared to be the Son of God, pre-existing in heaven, and coming from heaven into this world, sent by the Father, and into whose hands the Father hath given all things. A voice from heaven declares that He is the beloved Son in whom the Father is well pleased. He it is who takes away the sins of the world, who will judge men, rewarding the good and punishing the wicked forever. These declarations concerning Christ were made to the Jewish people, who held that the forgiveness of sins and the judgment of men after death, belonged to God alone. Do they not indicate and imply His divine power, and that, as the true and beloved Son, He shares the same Divine nature with the Father?

Their accounts of His public ministry, however briefly and summarily written, fully correspond with this inauguration of it. He preaches and teaches of His own authority, not as the scribes and doctors do, who cite and comment on the law of Moses and the traditions of their ancestors. He works miracles by His own power, and He empowers His followers to work miracles in His name. He gives sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb. He banishes diseases, casts out devils, restores the dead to life. The winds and the waves obey His commands. He establishes on

earth His Church, the kingdom of heaven, which is to spread throughout the whole world, and to be preached to every people. For all flesh shall see the Salvation of God. This Church of His, is to be ever one, and is to last to the end of time. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. This is to be the one fold under one Shepherd. Into it are to come together in perfect unity all the true children of Abraham, all those who believe in Him and follow Him, whether Jew or Gentile, whether called by Himself personally as He then preached, or called by the preaching of those He sent, should afterwards and elsewhere believe in Him. (John xvii. 20.)

The character of Christ, as manifested in all His words and actions recorded in these gospels, is infinitely beyond anything that history elsewhere shows. All others, however great in philosophy, in legislation, or in any other sphere of human action, have their parallels. He alone has none. Not even the veriest unbeliever ventures seriously to present one. His character is complete in itself, and is such that no writer, however gifted, much less these obscure evangelists, could have invented it. They especially could not have risen, even in the boldest flight of imagination, so far above the level of their own race and time. They would have been held within the circle of Jewish prejudices. They would never have burst those bonds, and have gone so directly counter to all the ruling and established ideas, and to the fondest national aspirations, and patriotic wishes of their day. They could not have risen to the conception of such a sublime and perfect character; nor would they have devised and originated His sublime plan of a world-wide and perpetual church embracing all nations, any more than of themselves they had the power to carry it into effect. They have written as they did, because the objective truth stood before them. They wrote sincerely and truly what they saw Him do and heard Him say. Hence, though each wrote apart in time and place from the others, and narrated different details of His words and acts, they are in perfect accordance with each other, and it is the same Christ who stands forth through all their pages, in His sublime, superhuman, divine character of power, wisdom, and mercy.

How they looked on Him is shown by their statements already referred to, of His pre-existence in heaven before coming on earth, and their application to Him of the prophetic name *Emmanuel, God with us.* They show it also by declaring prophecies of the Old Testament referring clearly to God, to be really fulfilled in Him. Thus the prophecy of Isaiah (xi. 3) concerning the Lord, is applied to Christ (Matth. iii. 3; Mark i. 3; Luke iii. 4); and that of Malachi (iii. 1), still more clearly (Matth. xi. 10; Mark i. 2; Luke vii. 17). So too, the miracles to be wrought by God (Is. xxxv. 4, 5) are the miracles wrought by Christ (Matth. xi. 5). The same interchange

is shown in the history of the thirty pieces of silver paid to Judas Iscariot (Matth. xxvii. 9, and Zach. xi. 12), and of the piercing of the side of our Lord as He hung on the cross after death (John xix. 37, and Zach. xii. 10). The words of Isaiah when he saw the glory of God (ch. vi.) are quoted as fulfilled in the unwillingness of the Jews to hearken to the teaching of Christ (John xii. 41).

When the Evangelists come to narrate the sad tragedy of his passion, crucifixion, death, and burial, they are careful to point out how in all this, even in such minute particulars as the division of his raiment among the soldiers, and the casting of lots over one piece, the ancient prophecies were fulfilled; and how clearly He himself had foreseen all these events, and had again and again spoken of them in detail to His disciples. He submits to everything voluntarily. Had He willed it, "more than twelve legions of angels" would have surrounded Him. He gave Himself up, that all might be accomplished. For by this sacrifice of Himself, man, whom He loved so tenderly, would be saved. Again, they tell of His Resurrection from the dead on the third day, as the prophets and He himself repeatedly had foretold; of His appearing to His disciples on many occasions during forty days, speaking of the kingdom of God (Acts i. 3) which they were to spread, and of His leading them to the Mount of Olives, again instructing them, then blessing them, and then ascending in their sight into heaven, returning to the Father. Stephen being full of the Holy Ghost, looking up steadfastly to heaven, saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God (Acts viii. 55). They tell of the miraculous coming, ten days later, of the Holy Ghost whom their Lord had promised to send, and of the grand work of establishing His Church, which He had commissioned and enjoined them to inaugurate. That work had commenced, and was being carried on, as they wrote. It was to cooperate in carrying it on that they have written.

Can there be any doubt in view of such a presentation by the Evangelists of the life and ministry of our Lord, as to their belief in His divinity? Is it necessary to cite individual passages where they profess their faith in Him distinctly; as when Martha said, "Yea, Lord, I have believed that Thou art Christ the Son of the living God" (John xi. 27); and when Simon Peter, speaking for all, said, "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God" (Matth. xvi: 16), or on another occasion, "We have believed and have known that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God" (John vi. 70). It is not necessary here to repeat what we said in our former article, on the genuine meaning and force of this title given to our Saviour. To call him the Son of God, was then, in their understanding, equivalent, as the Jews declared, to making Him God. In fact, it was a more definite and exact expression of a doctrinal truth, than to

say vaguely, *Thou art God. Thou art the Son of God*, is equivalent in meaning to, *Thou art God the Son, the second person of the Trinity.*

Still if the general form of expression is desired, it can be found. Did not St. Thomas address our Saviour, "My Lord and my God" (John xx. 28).

There is, however, one other testimony found in the Gospels, to which we must direct our special attention. It has ever been looked on as the palmary and most decisive passage bearing on the Divinity of Christ. We mean, of course, the opening words of the Gospel of St. John, the beloved disciple and faithful Apostle. From the very commencement of Christianity, as often as texts of Scripture were to be cited in order to establish this doctrine, these words of St. John have been quoted. On the other hand, those who impugned the doctrine and labored to weaken the force of the argument drawn from these words, endeavored to do so, not so much by denying the sense in which they are to be taken—for this is too clear to be distorted—as by denying the authenticity and authority of this Gospel itself.

Into this latter question we do not propose to enter in the present article. The genuineness and authority of the Gospel of St. John can be fully established by those who treat that question *ex professo*. We here accept and presuppose their conclusion, and we present the argument, drawn from the words of the Evangelist, taking them as they are read, in the sublime and magnificent exordium of the fourth Gospel.

"In the beginning was THE WORD, and THE WORD was with God, and THE WORD was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was made nothing that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. . . . And THE WORD was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we saw His glory, the glory, as it were, of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. John beareth witness of Him" (John i. 1–15).

That the evangelist here speaks of Jesus of Nazareth, his Master, who dwelt among men, and whose glory he had seen on Thabor and on Mount Olivet, and of whom John the Baptist gave testimony, no one can doubt. The question is, Why, and in what sense, does the evangelist style Him THE WORD, and what does he teach of Him in this passage?

The phrase, *the Word*, applied to our Saviour, is found only in five instances in the New Testament, and always from the pen of St. John; in the first and in the fourteenth verses of this chapter; twice in the First Epistle of St. John (1. John i. 1; v. 7); and once in the Apocalypse (xix. 13). In no instance does he explain or develop the meaning of the phrase. He uses it, in the passage we

are considering, as he does in the others, simply and directly, as if it were a phrase already familiar to his readers, the meaning of which they already understood, at least in a general way, and sufficiently to follow him and catch the exact meaning of his statements.

In fact, this phrase was not altogether unfamiliar to Jewish ears. The ancient Hebrew, in which Moses and the prophets had written their inspired books of Scripture, had become a dead language since the Babylonian captivity. For popular and ordinary use there was a free translation or paraphrase called a Targum, in which this phrase, WORD OF GOD, occurs in quite a number of instances. And if we may judge from the sayings of the early rabbis and doctors of those days, and the extracts of their teachings still to be found in the Talmud, the phrase itself was not unfrequently brought into notice by special comments on it.

How it originated we cannot tell. But we see that for the Jews it was a sacred and quasi-scriptural phrase. The sacred text in Genesis and elsewhere, speaking of the creation and of other works of God, is accustomed to express the divine action by the words: *And God said.* David in the Psalms (xxxii. 16) sang: "By the *Word of the Lord* the heavens were established, and all the power of them by the spirit of his mouth." Holding, as the rabbis did, that every word of the sacred text was full of meaning, this special form of expression was to be well weighed. They tell us that, in ascertaining such recondite meanings, they were guided by the special and ancient traditional teaching handed down orally from generation to generation, and specially guarded among their doctors of the law, as a hidden, sacred teaching, which some of them dignify by the title of a second law. They were guided by this in making their vernacular Chaldee paraphrase. And repeatedly, especially when the Hebrew text speaks of God manifesting Himself by His works of power, or wisdom, or providence, they translate the Hebrew word *God* by the Chaldee phrase *Word of God.* This same phrase their rabbis, moreover, apply to the Messiah. This is in accordance with the teaching of at least a number of them who held the Messiah to be the agent of God in the creation, to have appeared to the patriarchs, to have guided the children of Israel in the desert, and generally to be the one who is designated by the text, on the grander occasions at least, when God is said to have appeared to men. Some of their statements are, as we intimated in our former article, very strong, and seem to go the full length of asserting or implying not only the heavenly pre-existence, but the eternity, and consequently the divine character of the Messiah. Other texts, from perhaps rabbis of another school, fall far short of this. It is not necessary for us to combine or to explain these differences. It

is enough to mark the points, that THE WORD OF GOD was an expression not unfamiliar to the Jews, and that they applied it to the Messiah. The Word of God was not for them a mere figure of speech. It designated an existing being, and particularly the Messiah, whose coming they prayed for and anxiously awaited.

How far back before the coming of Christ this expression or this mode of thought occupied the religious mind of Judea, it is equally needless to inquire here. The personification of Wisdom, in the eighth chapter of the Book of Proverbs, especially that passage (v. 22–31) where the wisdom of God is presented as existing from eternity, and being with God and assisting in the creation of all things, presenting as it does a very similar, if not identically the same train of thought, must carry this form of expression back to the palmy days of the glory of David and Solomon, long before the captivity of Babylon.

To Catholics, who believe and know that God has in the fulness of time revealed to the world through his Son the doctrine of the Holy Trinity and of the divinity of our Saviour Jesus Christ the God incarnate, it is reasonable to see in all those ancient Jewish thoughts and utterances, even though halting and obscure, some traces of those earlier and partial revelations, which God had, in preceding ages, been pleased to make to man in divers ways. They are, as it were, faint auroral beams preceding the coming of the effulgent orb of day—"God having spoken on divers occasions, and many ways, in times past, to the fathers by the prophets; last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by His Son." (Heb. i. 1–2.)

This early thought of Judea seems to have gone forth into other lands. Plato, who lived four centuries before Christ, and who travelled in various lands in search of wisdom, probably gained from learned Jews those higher and truer notions of God and of Religion which made his philosophic teachings so far superior to those of his brother philosophers of Greece. Curiously enough, he has a *Logos Theou*, a *Word of God*, in his system, whatever he really meant thereby. There has been, in fact, a vast deal of discussion among the learned as to the real sense of this Platonic *Logos*, or WORD. Some hold that Plato meant by it only an attribute of God, His wisdom or intelligence, or power of knowing. Others hold that this *Logos* meant the sum of the knowledge which God possesses, while others again maintain that Logos signifies an existing Person, either of the same nature with God, or inferior to and distinct from Him. The question is an intricate one, and is rendered more so by the fact that the strongest passages in favor of the latter views are from works which many now think written, not by Plato, but by some unknown and probably far later, perhaps post-Christian, writers of his school of philosophy. We will leave

the discussion of this point to those who delight in such intricate questions. It is enough for our purpose to note the fact, that from the days of Plato down, the phrase, *Word of God*, had its place in the philosophical language of Greece.

In the fever of philosophic and sophistic discussions which marked the Augustan age, we may be sure that the growing popularity of Platonism would not permit this point to sink into oblivion, especially in the East, where men delighted in refined and abstruse mental speculations. The ever-increasing and closer contact of Jewish scholars with those of heathenism in Asia Minor, in Egypt, and elsewhere, as the Hellenistic Jews, in their pursuit of commerce, mingled with the Gentiles, would obviously tend to bring it forward more frequently. The result of that contact may be seen in the instance of Philo, the Jew, whose works treat of the religious belief, the usages, and the history of his nation, of Oriental traditions, and of the Philosophy of Plato, among whose followers he was proud to be ranked. He is, we might say, expansive on the subject of the *Logos Theios*, the *Word of God*. And yet it must be admitted that those who have pondered long over his pages, differ as much as to his precise meaning in this matter as they do about the meaning of Plato. Some quote passages which would seem to imply that for Philo, the *Logos* was only an attribute or perfection of God. Some understand other passages to teach that the *Logos* is a Person consubstantial with and equal to the true and supreme God; thus presenting Philo as teaching on this point the true Catholic doctrine. Others, however, maintain that while Philo certainly and clearly attributed a personality to the *Logos*, it was a personality springing indeed from God, but by creation, and, therefore, inferior to Him, and of a subordinate rank, something like an Eon of the Eastern systems. Modern writers, influenced chiefly by passages from works of Philo, which were long thought to be lost, but which have been discovered in the present century in ancient Armenian translations of them, and have been retranslated into a European language and published by Cardinal Mai and the Armenian monk Aucher, seem generally to incline to the last-mentioned opinion.

Philo, however, drank in his knowledge at several fountains, and is not always consistent with himself. Sometimes he follows the Platonic school, and his ideas and his language are quite Platonic. Elsewhere he has evidently been poring over authors and questions of the Stoics, and his *Logos* puts on rather a pantheistic garb. At another time his mind is occupied by the popular theology of his own people on Angelology, and you would say the *Logos* was a great Archangel; while again, elsewhere, the Rabbinical traditions of the Cabbala, about the *Sephirah* coming out from God, are before

his mind, and he appears to speak with cautious reserve, using apparently obscure terms and expressions that were possibly perfectly clear to the initiated, but are unintelligible to ordinary readers, (and to us), not privileged to be made partakers in that system of sacred and carefully hidden knowledge.

Philo was contemporary with the Apostles. However vague and uncertain or even shifting his opinions as to the nature of the *Logos* may have been, it cannot be doubted that his works, numerous and popular as they were, and circulating both among the Hellenizing Jews and the Gentiles, contributed their part to direct the attention of men to this point of philosophy. After him the subject of the *Logos*, or WORD, was often treated by subsequent writers. We may have occasion to examine some of them, when we come to treat of the belief of the Christians in the first and second centuries as to the divinity of Christ.

Just now we will only say one word as to the intrinsic meaning of the phrase, *Word of God*, in order to catch the fundamental thought it was intended to convey.

There is a natural and obvious distinction to be made between an intelligent being who thinks and the thought which thus occupies the mind. A man is ever the same; the thought which now occupies his mind is not the same thought which claimed his attention yesterday, or that on which he will think to-morrow. The distinction is obvious, and is necessarily true in the case of every intelligence. The intelligence is ever to be distinguished from the thought. Again, as to the thought itself there is a further distinction. Sometimes the thought rests in the mind that conceives it, and which it occupies, without being uttered or outwardly manifested; or else the thought may go forth outside the mind, whether by expression in the articulate utterance of speech or manifested in some other form of outward action. This thought, as distinguished from the intelligence that thinks, would be technically termed a *Logos*, WORD, in the widest sense of the term.

When we apply these distinctions to God, the infinitely perfect, eternal, and immutable Intelligence, still other truths must be brought in, else we fail to develop the subject fully, or we fall into contradictions.

Before anything created was made, God existed alone in eternity. He thought of Himself, if we may use this human mode of speech, for He must know or be conscious of His own existence. In His divine mind there was a thought, an idea, a representation, or image of Himself, a *Logos*.

This image or representation must of necessity be infinitely perfect. It must not and cannot fail, in any way or in any attribute, to represent the original, that is, God Himself, with perfect exact-

ness. This His own infinite perfection and infinite Intelligence requires.

What is a perfectly exact image or likeness?

A statue is deemed a perfect likeness when it gives correctly and exactly the whole person, and every minute feature and peculiarity in its proper place and natural proportion. But after all, the marble is cold, dead, immovable. A painting from a master's hand may please and satisfy the eye, because beyond what the marble statue can give, there are here expressions of color, of life, and of feelings. But the painting on a flat canvas has not the form of the statue. It too is unchangeable; it may represent a man at one moment of his existence with marvellous accuracy; beyond that moment it does not go. A representation better than any the sculptor's chisel or the painter's brush can achieve, is that wrought by nature herself, when one looks in a perfect mirror. There all that the painting gave for one single moment, is given with greater truthfulness for each succeeding moment. The likeness follows in its variations every change of color, posture, or expression of the original. And yet even this fails in many ways; it is a mere play of light. It has no substance as we have; it cannot think, or speak, or act as the original does.

A more perfect likeness or image, were such a thing possible, would be a repetition of ourselves,—a body, the exact duplicate of our own in everything, and repeating our actions and feelings, and reproducing every change of whatsoever kind coming to us from without or within. Let such a body be inhabited by a soul that shall similarly follow ours in every act of thought, whether of memory, of knowledge, of love, or of hatred. The man might almost be said to live again, in such a duplicate of himself. Yet even such a living copy, or repetition, would not be a perfect image; it would fail in a most important feature. The original has free will, and independence of action. The image, by its very character as an image, is bound by a law of necessity, and must simply repeat what the original may freely originate.

The image or likeness of God, in the mind of God, cannot fail in these or any other modes. It must be infinitely perfect.

It must have a positive personal existence; else it falls short of presenting that first attribute of the Divine Nature. It must have an existence from eternity, for such is the existence which it perfectly represents. It must have every other Divine attribute; for if any one of them were wanting, the likeness would fail in that particular, and would not be absolutely perfect. It must be a Divine personality, distinct in some true sense from God; and yet, from eternity it must be in the mind of God, to use still that expression, united with Him, inseparable from Him, existing in Him, and not apart from

Him; else it would cease to be the image of Him proceeding from His Divine intelligence, and would, on the contrary, be a second and independent God.

Our understanding may seize these points positively and definitely, but we are unable fully to comprehend them, to combine them, or by any power of thought to carry them out. The finite cannot measure the infinite. We grope our way like men in the dark even in many earthly sciences; much more necessarily must there always be mystery, when we speak of the Infinite and Eternal.

This Divine personal image or likeness is the *λόγος θεῖος*, the WORD OF GOD. So far we have considered God existing of Himself, alone in eternity, holding within Himself, or as St. John expresses it (i. 18), "in His own bosom," this Word or Divine likeness. So far, we have the Word unuttered and still abiding in God. In the creation this *Logos*, or THE WORD OF GOD, is uttered, that is, is made manifest in outward action; for He thus becomes known to the creatures of God. Christian writers have also found a second and fuller manifestation or utterance, in the Incarnation. But this is a question which we are not now required to treat. We may have to do so farther on.

Having thus sketched the history of the phrase "THE WORD OF GOD" in the religious literature of the Jewish people and in the philosophy of the world up to the time of St. John, and having given some notion of its intrinsic meaning, we may now proceed to examine carefully the words of the Evangelist himself, and to ascertain the precise meaning which, at the time he wrote, each sentence conveyed to the minds of his readers. His initial words are evidently intended to recall to their minds the opening of the first book of the Sacred Law. No other opening could be more majestic and impressive in their estimation.

"In the beginning was the Word." His first emphatic statement is that THE WORD, concerning which perchance they have heard so many discussions, has in truth a real and positive existence. This WORD is not a mere attribute or quality having no substantial existence of its own, and inhering in God or in some creature. It is not a mere speculative thought never so wise, but still the mere conception of man's intelligence. The WORD is a real being, personally existent and distinct, a person who can act and can be known, who made all things that were made, in whom is life, who became man and dwelt among men, and was known by them, whose glory they saw, and of whom they gave testimony.

"In the beginning was the Word." We might indeed take the words, *In the beginning*, as some have done, in the sense of a Hebraism, equivalent to *In eternity*, or *From eternity;* for this view can be supported by other seemingly parallel expressions of the

Hebrew Scriptures. It would declare at once the eternity of the existence of *the Word*. We prefer, however, to take them in the mildest sense which can be really given to them, that is, as meaning here precisely what they mean in the first verse of Genesis,—the time when God first created heaven and earth, the date before which time is not counted, and only eternity was. At that initial date THE WORD WAS, the WORD already existed. The WORD, therefore, was not a created being, which at some time commenced to be. On the contrary, by the Word all created things were made. He Himself was uncreated, existing in the beginning, from eternity.

"And the WORD was with God." Here the WORD, the image and perfect likeness of God, and GOD, are separately named. For, as we saw, the intelligence which thinks is distinct from the thought. God (that is, God the Father in the language of Catholic theology) is distinct, that is, as to personality, from the WORD, God the Son. But although thus distinct, they are not separate; *the* WORD *was with God*. In eternity the *Logos* is not uttered, is not made manifest outwardly, but abides in God. As the Evangelist again expresses it (v. 18), "the only begotten Son is in the bosom of the Father."

"And the WORD was God." No paraphrase or explanation can make the statement clearer, more precise, or more emphatic. The WORD which exists personally, which exists from eternity, which from eternity was with God, "in the bosom of the Father," is not a creature, however exalted, is not an Eon, or a Daemon, or a Demiurgos, or a Sephirah, but is GOD. This is the WORD by whom all things were made that were made, in whom was life, and the life was the light of men, the true light which, by the Gospel delivered to the world by Christ, and preached by the Evangelists and the Apostles, enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world,—the WORD for whose advent John the Baptist had been sent as a witness; the same WORD, which WAS MADE FLESH, and dwelt among men, and was known as Jesus of Nazareth, whose glory the Evangelist himself saw,—the same whom John the Baptist pointed out.

We here are looking at testimony to prove a fact. We are relying not on the authority of a divinely inspired writer to prove a doctrine by the simple declaration. That is a proper matter for another time. We do not dwell on the unequalled sublimity of the entire passage, which even the classic heathens esteemed worthy of being written in letters of gold, and which they copied with admiration into their own works. We take the words simply as we would take the words of any ordinary uninspired writer of that day. We examine them in the light of the usages of speech then prevailing, and of the questions then agitated, and we seek to

ascertain an historical fact. What did John the Evangelist really hold and teach concerning the Divinity of Christ?

There can be but one answer. He taught that Christ is God. The words of the passage so clearly establish this fact, that those who would deny the doctrine are obliged to fall back and deny, in spite of the most overwhelming testimony, that John the beloved Disciple and Apostle ever wrote this Gospel. To make known this fact he declares to be the very purpose of his writing. "But these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God; and that believing you may have life in His name" (John xx. 31).

Besides the Gospel, St. John is the author of the Book of the Apocalypse, or Revelations, and also of three Epistles all contained in the collection of inspired Christian writings known as the New Testament. We might adduce a score of texts from them in evidence of his belief in the Divinity of Christ. But after what we have already said, they would be superfluous. We pass on.

We have already said that St. John is the only writer of the New Testament who gives to our Saviour the title, *Word of God*, and that only in five instances. The others use the title, *Son of God*, which we explained in our first article. St. John also uses it in numberless instances. Each of those phrases implies both a distinction and a union,—a distinction of personality, and a oneness in nature.

The phrase SON OF GOD gives prominence to the distinction of personality. The first thought is that the Son is a distinct person from the Father, having the same Divine nature with the Father. That they are consubstantial, having the same Divine nature in such way as to be one God, is a second thought following the first, and unavoidable, unless we would absurdly admit the coexistence of two separate Gods. There was little danger that any one of Jewish blood and training would fall into this error. The unity of the one true God was the fundamental and impregnable idea around which revolved all their religious thoughts. They could not fall into Polytheism; hence, in presenting the Christian doctrine to them and in argument with them in the early ages concerning the nature of Christ, the Christians found it appropriate to use this phrase and to insist on and to develop the idea of His real and true Sonship.

The phrase WORD OF GOD, on the other hand, presents as the first thought the Divine unity of the Father and the Son; of God, and of the *Logos* or WORD OF GOD. The distinction of personality between them comes in the second place. This distinction was not a matter of any difficulty for Christian converts who had been Polytheists, or for those who still remained heathens, believing in many

gods. It did not militate in their minds in any way against holding Christ to be God; they would find no difficulty in admitting the Divinity of the God Supreme Lord over all, and at the same time the Divinity of Jesus as a second God distinct and entirely separate from Him. In their case, it was necessary to present prominently and to insist strongly, on the connection between them, and their strict unity of nature, and to exclude the idea of separation or division, which would bring in two Gods. This could appropriately be done by insisting on, and developing in a Christian sense, the doctrine of the *Logos* or WORD OF GOD, especially when considered as unuttered, and abiding or dwelling in the Deity from all eternity. This was the course very generally pursued by the early Christian writers when they defended the Christian doctrine of the Divinity of Christ against the heathens, or against heretics, that were by race or by training or otherwise imbued with the polytheistic ideas and tendencies of the Gentiles around them. The Christian literature of those early centuries is full of the subject, and it subsequently seemed almost to overshadow all other themes, as Arianism, and Semi-Arianism, and the cognate heresies arose to battle against the original doctrine handed down from the Apostles.

We have said enough to establish the truth of the statement which we made as an historical fact, that the Evangelists who have given us accounts of the life of our Lord, all held the doctrine of His Divinity. There are four other writers in the New Testament collection, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. James, and St. Jude. Of these the writings of St. Paul, far exceed in bulk all that we have in the New Testament from the pens of the other three together. He too is frequently dogmatic, teaching and defending doctrine. Their Epistles are for the most part hortatory in character, and treat on moral and religious duties. Yet, for all this, we find from every one of those writers, statements or allusions bearing on the Divine character and the Divine power of Christ.

We begin with St. Peter. It was he, who, as chief of the apostles, inaugurated on Pentecost day the grand work of preaching the Gospel of Christ, and of bringing converts into the fold of the Church. In that sermon he preaches of Christ (Acts ii.) declaring that He is the Lord whom David foresaw (v. 25), the Holy One (v. 27), exalted by the right hand of God (v. 33), the one of whom David said: The Lord said to my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand (v. 34), and who is both Lord and Christ, this same Jesus whom you have crucified (v. 36). In his second sermon (Acts iii.), Christ is the Son of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob (v. 13), the Holy One and the Just (v. 14), the Author of life (v. 15), in the faith of whose name miracles are wrought (v. 16). And on a third occasion: "There is no other name under heaven given

to men whereby we must be saved" than "the name of our Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth" (vv. 10, 12).

Does not every expression here imply His Divine character? This becomes clearer, if we bear in mind the special circumstances of the time, and how they obviously shaped the course of the Apostle's argumentation. He was not addressing men who admitted that Christ really had some authority from God, but denied His Divinity. We are told that it was to meet opponents of this character that St. John wrote the Gospel we have already dwelt on, and in which he states the Divinity of Christ clearly and plainly, "The Word was God." Had such been the case here, St. Peter might, and we may presume would, have followed the same course. But the case was widely different; those whom he addressed, far from admitting any legitimate authority in Christ, held that He had been justly crucified as a blasphemer, but a few weeks before, in that very city of Jerusalem. On the other hand, they believed in a Messiah, and in their strict obligation to yield to Him the fullest obedience in all things. The obvious purpose of the Apostle was to convince them that Jesus of Nazareth was in truth that Messiah. Convinced of this, as thousands were convinced by his words and by the grace of God, they would yield, and ask to be baptized, and would receive without questioning all further instruction which the Apostles would give in His name. Under such circumstances, the words of the Apostle will naturally bear directly on the question as it was presented to their minds. Expressions bearing on His Divine nature may occur, but it may seem almost incidentally. We should scarcely look for a discourse directed to prove the Divinity of Christ, as the first step towards their conversion. In what we have of the discourses, we find what legitimately implies the Divine nature of Christ, and what is absolutely incompatible with its denial. We find moreover the distinct assertions that He is the Lord, and the Son of God, both forms of expression stating His Divinity; and that He is the Author of life, which God alone gives.

St. Peter has written two Epistles, both brief, the one of five, the other of only three chapters, and both moral and hortatory rather than doctrinal. Yet in them we find assertions of and allusions to the divine nature of Christ, sufficient to remove all obscurity or doubt as to the belief of the great apostle.

Christ is termed throughout, the "Lord," the "Lord and Saviour," the "Son of God," the "beloved Son of God the Father." It is the Spirit of Christ that inspired the prophets of the olden law (1. Pet. i. 11), thus necessarily and obviously affirming the pre-existence of Christ before his incarnation and birth and ministry among men. St. Peter quotes or incorporates into his own Epistles, pas-

sages of Isaiah the prophet concerning God, applying them to Christ (I. Pet. ii. 3–8; Is. xxviii. 16). Where the Prophet says, "Sanctify the Lord of hosts Himself" (Is. viii. 13), the Apostle says, "Sanctify the Lord Jesus Christ in your hearts" (I. Pet. iii. 15). And he concludes his second Epistle by applying to Christ the doxology which the children of Israel gave to God, "Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To Him be glory both now and unto the day of eternity, Amen" (II. Peter iii. 18). We find in these Epistles the same spirit and the same faith which filled the soul of this same Apostle, when he declared: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Matth. xvi. 16).

From St. Jude we have only a brief Epistle, contained in a single chapter. Yet, brief as it is, we glean from it evidences of the apostolic doctrine. In the fourth verse, he condemns the ungodly men, "who turn the grace of our Lord God into riotousness, and deny the only Sovereign Ruler and our Lord Jesus Christ." Is not this the attributing to Christ the supreme authority which belongs to God? He goes on to admonish them that it was Jesus who saved the people out of the land of Egypt, who afterwards destroyed them that believed not, who punished "the angels who kept not their principality," as He afterwards punished Sodom and Gomorrha for their crimes. All this had not only a definite sense in the minds of those he addressed, but the theme was familiar to them. As Jews, they had heard all these statements made by their Rabbis and Doctors about the Messiah. The oral teaching handed down among the Rabbis of the people of God, enumerated these and other such deeds among the special acts of the Messiah, who carefully guards His people. According to their teaching (and, as we see, according to St. Jude), the Messiah existed as the *Word of God*, and was manifested as well in the creation, as also, in many ways, appearing to the Patriarchs, and watching over Israel. And at the appointed time He was to be fully manifested when He would appear in the character of the Messiah. All this they had heard while still Jews. Now they knew and believed that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah already come. All these things then were true of Him. These were what He had done, as He dwelt with God, before He came into the world to teach and to die for man. It is clear that St. Jude did not mean to teach, and that they did not, could not understand him to teach that Jesus Christ was a mere man, who had commenced to exist only when He was born among men, in Judea, less than a hundred years before.

The words of the venerable Apostle (v. 21) were full of meaning to them, as he thus exhorted them, "Keep yourselves in the love of God, waiting for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto life everlasting." For they held Him to be in truth the Lord, the Sove-

reign Lord, the fount of grace and mercy, and the giver of everlasting life.

St. James is the author of another Epistle in the New Testament collection. It is brief, and is wholly occupied with the moral duties of a faithful believer. There are one or two passages in it which we might cite as strongly evidencing his belief in the Divinity of Christ, were it not that there are variants of the texts which would have to be examined, before we could use the reading we prefer. Consequently we pass them over. St. James styles the Saviour, Our Lord Jesus Christ, and sometimes *The Lord.* And this is the title by which he in other verses designates *God* Himself. Sometimes it is difficult to determine which he means, God the Father, or Our Saviour. Clearly he brings in no antagonism between them. On the contrary, the mode in which he uses the same terms equally for both, is evidence that as to the divinity of our Lord, St. James stands with the other apostles whose epistles we have examined.

St. Paul is the remaining writer whose teaching is to be examined. We have no less than fourteen Epistles by him, some of them quite lengthy. Though we style him the Apostle of the Gentiles, he appears in these epistles to address, for the most part, converts from Judaism, and he often presents arguments and treats questions in what we may call an intensely Jewish style. His teachings concerning our Lord are found in every part of his writings, and are so abundant, that volumes may be devoted to set forth his Christology. We, however, have only one point to examine here. Does St. Paul teach, or does he so speak, as to show that he believes in the Divinity of Christ? Even on this point alone there are so many passages before us, that to take them all would seem like commencing our article afresh. We shall take up only a few of the principal ones, and these we shall arrange in classes.

St. Paul styles our Saviour the Son of God in the full sense which the Jews gave to that phrase, teaching that it involved a participation of the divine nature of God the Father. "But God is faithful, for our preaching which was to you was not IT IS and IT IS NOT. For the Son of God, JESUS CHRIST, who was preached among you by us . . . . was not IT IS and IT IS NOT, but IT IS was in Him. For all the promises of God are in Him, IT IS; therefore also by Him, amen to God, unto our glory" (II. Cor. xviii. 20). Besides calling Him the Son of God, the Apostle gives to Him the appellation IT IS; for the Greeks the name of the Eternal, self-existent One; for the Jews the incommunicable name, Jehovah, "I AM WHO AM." "He (God) spared not even His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all" (Rom. viii. 32). "I live in the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and delivered Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20).

Christ is "the beloved Son" (Eph. i. 6; Col. i. 13), and throughout, God is His Father. This is true in the highest sense, in a sense which applies to no creature or saint, not even to Moses, the greatest of all in the Jewish estimation. "Every house is built by some man, but He that created all things is God. And Moses, indeed, was faithful in all his house, as a servant. . . . But Christ, as the Son, in His own house" (Heb. iii. 4–6). How can it be His own house, unless because, as Son, he possesses from His Father the divine nature?

St. Paul, in instances too numerous to be quoted, gives to Him, as we have seen others do, and as it has been the marked rule for Christians to give Him, the title of Lord. "If thou confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him up from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 9). But the Apostle calls Him GOD. "Of whom (the Israelites) is Christ, according to the flesh, who is over all things, God blessed forever" (Rom. ix. 5). The full doctrine of the Incarnation is contained in that one short sentence. God, blessed over all, takes human nature to Himself, and is born at Bethlehem, of the race of the Jews. There are other passages in St. Paul's Epistles to match it. Thus, in the opening of the Epistle to the Hebrews, after speaking of the Son as possessing by inheritance, that is, because He is the Son of the Father, a rank above even the angels, and of the command of the Father to the angels to adore Him, and, while teaching that the angels are ministering spirits, he sets forth, by way of marked contrast and as indicating the rank of the Son, the words of the Father addressed to Him: "Thou art My Son, today (*i. e., from eternity*) I have begotten Thee" (Heb. i. 5). "But to the Son (He saith), Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever" (v. 8). And, "Thou in the beginning, O Lord, didst found the earth, and the works of Thy hands are the heavens" (v. 10). In fact, the whole of this chapter is distinct in its enunciation of the character of our Saviour. It declares His existence from eternity; His true sonship from the Father; His exalted dignity by inheritance, *i. e.*, by right of His nature; it attributes the creation to Him; and calls Him, or, putting the statements in the most solemn form, introduces God the Father, as styling Him *Son, Lord, God.* This whole chapter may be placed alongside the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John for the explicitness and directness of the statements imbedded in it bearing on the Divinity of Christ. Nor should the important fact be overlooked that St. Paul wrote this epistle nearly half a century before St. John wrote his gospel. This simple fact, if borne in mind, overturns some darling castles of modern unbelieving criticism on the sacred writings of the New Testament.

In the discourse which St. Paul addressed to the clergy of Ephesus, as given in the Acts of the Apostles, there is another passage of remarkable import. He reminds them that the Holy Ghost has placed them "to rule the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood" (Acts xx. 28). Here it is *God* who, in the human nature which He assumed, died on the cross, purchasing with His own blood His Church. It is Christ, shedding His blood on Calvary, whom St. Paul, addressing the clergy of Ephesus, terms *God*. This expression may well be taken as establishing the true meaning of the phrases we so often meet in the New Testament, *Church of God*, *Servants of God*. It is Christ whom the early Christians designated by the use of the word God in expressions of this form. This point shall be made clear when we come to treat, as we intend doing, of the ordinary conversational language of the Christians in the early centuries.

We may now pass on to other expressions of St. Paul in which he speaks of the pre-existence of Christ before He appeared among men. The expressions may fully imply, or it may plainly and explicitly state, his previous existence. Thus: "A faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners" (1. Tim. i. 15). "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that He might redeem those under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Gal. iv. 4, 5). And again: "He that descended is the same also that ascended above all the heavens, that He might fill all things (Eph. iv. 10); or this: "The first man was from earth, earthy; the second man from heaven, heavenly" (1. Cor. xv. 47). And he states the doctrine of the Incarnation more explicitly: "When therefore He (Christ) cometh into the world, He saith, Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not, but a body Thou hast fitted to Me" (Heb. x. 5).

We have cited the strong statements found in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. There is another equally remarkable passage in the second chapter of that to the Philippians. Christ Jesus "being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but debased Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man. He humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto death; even to the death of the cross. For which cause God also hath exalted Him and hath given Him a name which is above all names; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father" (Phil. ii. 6–11).

This passage, like the others which we have quoted, affirms the

previous existence of Christ when He was "in the form of God," and, without "robbery" or taking what was not His own, was "equal with God," and that, taking the form of a servant, made into the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man, He was crucified. So much is clear to the most cursory reader. But if we take due account of certain forms of philosophic speech current in that age and which are here introduced, the meaning and force of the words of the apostle will come out much more fully and distinctly.

We may be sure that every metaphysical question which has been discussed in later ages, was known and discussed in those earlier times, and, indeed, had been discussed perhaps long before. We moderns have discovered and invented many things. But we can boast of no new questions of abstract mental philosophy. The ancients discussed the question whether we really know that bodies exist, or whether we only think so, having nothing to go on but appearances and impressions within ourselves. In the argument there sprang up distinctive forms of speech. For example, if one would speak of an appearance which was only an appearance, and unaccompanied with a real substance producing it—of a ghost, for instance, appearing as a body while there was no real body, or of an angel appearing in the form of a man—the proper word would be *phantasma*—a word which we still retain not much varied from its original philosophic meaning. Hence came the name of the *Phantasiasts*, an early sect who held that our Lord had only an apparent, not a real true body of flesh and blood.

If, on the contrary, one would speak of an appearance as including and manifesting a real positive existing thing, quite another word must be used. Latin writers used the word *figura;* which, we are of opinion, is not found in any modern language, in a sense similar to, or in any way approaching this old technical sense.

The overlooking or ignoring this technical sense of *figura* and other words, has led to mistakes, serious or comical, as the case might be. Apparently simple Latin words have been as thoroughly misunderstood, as *let* and *prevent* would be now ordinarily in the title of the old English sermon, which we mentioned some pages back. An instance is found in a passage of Tertullian which Protestant controversialists have entirely misunderstood, and never fail to quote against the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist. Tertullian (*Advers. Marcion*, iv. 40), writing against Marcion, who held the error of the Phantasiasts, says: "*Christ*, having taken the bread and given it to His disciples, He made it His own body by saying: 'This is my body;' that is, the figure (*figura*) of my body." Now, leaving out the last phrase, the words are a strong statement of the Catholic doctrine. The last phrase means, as we would now express his idea—*that is, my real substantial body; not an unsubstantial*

and merely apparent body, as Marcion maintains. The controversialists not catching the strict philosophic and technical sense in which Tertullian uses the word *figura*, translate it, "figure," and give it the modern wide English sense of that word, and so they find in those last words something which they love to quote against the Real Presence.

Where Latin writers used *figura*, in this technical sense of implying reality, the Greeks used μορφη. This is precisely the word in our text where St. Paul says that Christ was in the FORM of God. Applying such philosophic, or as we have styled it, such technical meaning to the words of the text, we might express the thought of the passage in a modern paraphrase, running in this form: "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, being truly and substantially God, was of right equal to God the Father, and He humbled Himself by taking the real true nature of man, and by showing Himself subject to all the sufferings of man, and He was obedient, even to the death which He suffered on the Cross." We question if to us, now-a-days, this paraphrase would be a stronger expression of belief in the divinity of our Lord, than were the words of the Apostle to the Philippians, whom he addressed.

We might adduce still other passages from St. Paul, on the same doctrine, as when (Colossians ii. 9) he teaches that in Christ "dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead corporeally," or calls Him (i. 15) the image of the invisible God, or when (Heb. i. 3) he declares that Christ, the Son of God, is "the brightness of *God's* glory and the figure of His substance." The last portion of this phrase should perhaps be understood in accordance with the rule we have just laid down in reference to Phil. ii. The first member of it is akin to the title, WORD OF GOD, which St. John gave to the Saviour. Just as the *Logos*, or thought, is distinct from, and yet inseparably united with, the Intellect that thinks; as the light of the sun is (or would be, according to the ancient idea of the nature of light) distinct from the sun, and yet inseparable from him, so the *Logos* or Word of God is distinct from, and yet ever abiding in the Father, and the Son of God, the brightness of this glory of the Father, is distinct from, yet ever united with Him by whom He is begotten.

We have said enough to establish that point of our argument which we had before us specially in commencing this article. If, in our preceding number, we showed from the words of Christ our Lord Himself, that in his teaching He asserted the doctrine of His Divinity so plainly that His Disciples and his enemies both so understood Him, and the latter met that teaching by charges of blasphemy reiterated again and again, and finally condemned Him therefor to a cruel and ignominious death; we have, in this article, fortified our position by showing, in addition, that His Disciples,

when they became teachers after His death, clearly and positively continued to teach the same doctrine. We have taken them all up without exception, so far as they are accessible by their writings collected in the New Testament. Questioned, one by one, their answers are accordant, each one with the others, and all with their Master.

In face of His own words, then, it cannot be asserted that our Saviour knew nothing of the doctrine of His Divinity. We trust that we have made it equally clear that it cannot be asserted that the Apostles and Evangelists, instructed by Him and His immediate followers, knew nothing of it. We have aimed to show it to be a fact of history that He first, and they afterwards, taught it. Our next step should be to confirm both of these positions by duly establishing, as we propose to do on some future occasion, that the Christians of the first and second centuries, taught by the Apostles and their immediate Disciples, certainly believed and professed it.

The writers we have examined were of the Jewish race, were trained from early life in the world of Jewish religious thought, were familiar with the feelings and ideas then prevailing in the Jewish mind. They addressed their words mostly to an audience Jewish like themselves by race, and equally familiar with all these things. Hence their terminology is of their people and their language. The questions they treat are mostly those which were prominent and important to their fellow-countrymen. In treating them, they urge points on which the Jews required or would accept argument, though we would attach little or no importance to them, and would admit them without demur; and they pass over slightly or in silence points and views on which we now-a-days would call for explanations and proofs. Then such points were understood and admitted by those they addressed almost as matters of course. Hence the mode and style of treating a question, as seen in these Epistles, differs very much from the modes of modern writers with whom we are familiar. It requires study and training to understand their works adequately. But if that be given, it becomes soon clear that for them, and according to their teaching, Jesus of Nazareth was the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the Lord and Saviour, the true Son of God at the right hand of the Father, to whom with the Father was due from all creatures, in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, benediction, and honor, and glory forever and ever (Apoc. vi. 13).

THE CHURCH AND THE INTELLECTUAL WORLD.

Modern Intellectualism and the Catholic Church. Dublin Review, April, 1863.

The Light of the Holy Spirit in the World. Five Lectures, by Rev. Canon Hedley, O. S. B.

IT was stated in a previous paper on the "Actual Situation of the Church" that she has lost a considerable portion of her former control over the intellectual part of mankind. To this most remarkable feature of her present position it is our ungrateful task to devote a few pages. In doing so we may have to unravel the intricacies of a dark plot, as daring as was the one by which she was deprived of her temporal power; a plot at this moment most manifest in many deplorable state measures which become every day more widespread, and would surely prove fatal to her existence if her intellect were not truly "the light of the Holy Spirit in the world," as it is eloquently portrayed in the "Lectures" of Rev. Canon, now Bishop, Hedley.

But to understand more thoroughly the *animus* of Modern Intellectualism—as it has been called appropriately by a contributor to the *Dublin Review*—to judge accurately of its fell purpose and of the success it has so far met with, to revive our hopes at the same time by the sight of the sure remedy always ready at hand when the evil is worse, it is proper first to examine the Church as being essentially an intellectual body, as in fact the most powerful one that has ever appeared on earth. And this may in the end convince the reader that since she cannot change in whatever is to her essential, since the living spring of reason and of faith deposited in her bosom for satiating the thirst of humanity can never dry up, all the attempts of the "men of intellect" of our time, although they seem so firmly banded together against her, must ultimately fail. Can they ever quench the mental light which shines so bright, lit up from heaven, in the souls of thousands of men ardent in their belief, devoted to the Church, and able to hold a pen in their hand, or to speak from the rostrum and the pulpit? If in the previous century these were fewer in number owing to many mournful causes, see how they swarm in our age, and how they are at once able and bold! Man cannot be robbed of his intellect as of his land. After you have taken from the priest all he possessed there is yet a fire burning in his soul, and he still has a tongue as well as you. But of this anon.

The ardent promoters of "Modern Intellectualism" may very

well, therefore, be deceived in their calculations. At this moment, however, they are fully convinced of their power; and their power is certainly as great as was that of "darkness" at the time of our Saviour's passion. They would like evidently to secure themselves in their high situation, and being of a liberal turn of mind they would like, instead of engaging in a perpetual war, to come to a peaceful settlement between themselves and the Church. They have consequently propositions, conditions, terms of agreement to offer, with a view to determining in peace the great question who shall have the intellectual guidance of mankind? For this is the solemn problem now agitated all around us. It has been so to a certain extent in all ages; it is so most pre-eminently at the present moment.

These are the clear terms and conditions of the men of intellect: "Let the priest confine himself to his church, and there explain the dogmas of his catechism and the morality of his gospel. To us belong whatever remains, namely, the forum, the senate chamber, the social atmosphere, and the . . . . . school." They insist that to secure the tranquillity of the world this division of labor is necessary. When it is well understood and accepted on both sides mankind will progress with rapidity in its career of civilization and refinement. The "men of intellect" will be, of course, as it is meet, the chief factors in the mighty problem. And the Church will not be deprived altogether of usefulness, at least with respect to women and children, who form always a numerous class of society. But with this the great object always now kept in view, peace, will be surely obtained, and the millennium so long promised to mankind will finally commence.

Were the Church reduced to accept those terms—she is not quite yet—she might say: "Peace is the result of the perfection of order which I alone can bring; and it will certainly come when I am left perfectly free. War, I see, must continue on earth a little longer. But with what you have the kindness to leave me, gentlemen, I can beat you. The share you pompously assign to me was the only thing I had at first, and with it alone I once conquered your ancestors. Are you so dull of intellect, with all the means you possess of cultivating it, not to perceive that, with the dogmas of the catechism and the morality of the gospel, I am far more able to guide the world than you? What you call the catechism, Proudhon, an intellectualist certainly like you, called *theology;* and he said in substance that 'no social, political, and moral question could be fairly discussed, and ultimately resolved, without the aid of *theology*.' Consequently since you discard from your armory the weapon called catechism, you are perfectly incompetent to discuss, much more to solve, whatever questions belong to the 'social,

political, and moral order.' Proudhon may have advanced and written in his life many paradoxical and false propositions. But this one is among the most profoundly true that a man could utter. Since, therefore, you leave the catechism to me, I have enough to beat you in all that belongs to those great subjects. Sooner or later the world will have to come to me—owing to the fatal blunderings of you, gentlemen, its self-appointed leaders—or else the world must perish."

These few words, which we make bold enough to place on the lips of the Church, portray vividly the positions of the two contending armies in the field of intellect. The first, all of this earth, has contemptuously rejected all that is in the least supernatural, or even spiritual, and pretends to govern the world—a pure machine —by cranks, levers, or weights and wheels. In that system man is an animal, life a span of a few years, the whole of creation *une mécanique céleste*, as it was ingeniously called by Laplace. Very different is the other system, which starts from the principle that there is a supreme intellectual effusion which is "the light of the Holy Spirit," by which the world must be controlled and directed, because man is akin to God by his origin, and destined ultimately to return to God as his last end. This is merely the text of the catechism; but it is also a sublime theology. The war, therefore, must be perpetual between the two systems until the weaker one, which is certainly the first, shall be totally and finally conquered.

But this is only light skirmishing. We must throw ourselves at once *in medias res.*

Is it true that the Church, as has been said, has always been and is still the most intellectual body that has ever existed on earth? Can this be proved historically? We think it can; and, in undertaking it, no restriction whatever is placed on the meaning of the word *intellect.* This may surprise some persons who think seriously that science has been at last *secularized*, and cannot any more belong to the province of *clericalism.* A very strange notion, to say the least, which cannot endure the least discussion, since intellect belongs to mind, and mind is the same for *clericals* as well as for *seculars;* only, the first apply their minds more to the high questions of the spiritual world than to the details of nomenclature in natural history, for instance; for which, however, they are fully competent, if they choose to lower their circle of study. In the historical discussion on which we enter we give therefore to the word *intellect* the most comprehensive meaning it can receive. It is true that, when our Lord sent His Apostles to teach mankind, He invested them chiefly with the great function of directing intellect infallibly in the path of truth and virtue, and did not require they should be *littérateurs* and *savans.* Yet it is historically remarka-

ble that this last lower privilege has always seemed to follow naturally the first and higher one. Let us enter into some details and ponder over them.

Generally the real intellectual power of the Church, in the sense indicated, is supposed to have begun when the barbarians, having destroyed the Roman empire, threw themselves in all their fierce nakedness into the midst of corrupt populations, and began to destroy whatever existed before, riveting their rough feudalism as a yoke of iron over the neck of prostrate Europe. The Christian Church, say unanimously both friends and foes, rendered then an inappreciable service to mankind by taking the first elements of culture to those savage children of the northern forests and moors. She presented herself to them with the Gospel in her hand; she became the instructress of rude tribes, who first were struck with awe at her sight, and soon became convinced that her doctrine was heavenly. She thus began to tame them, to subdue their ferocious natures, and to pave the way for a more tranquil state of society.

Many modern "men of intellect" add, with a half-sneer, "A theocratic and autocratic Church was after all the proper truchman to speak in a rough tongue to rough peoples." If these are not exactly their expressions, it is at least their meaning. We shall, before long, give a very different interpretation of the intellectual work of the Church at that time. It will not be difficult to prove that she did a great deal more; that she completely educated, in fact, the northern barbarians, and raised them to that supreme elevation by which Europe has been able ever since to rule the world, and to obtain the hegemony of all the nations of the globe, which she still possesses. But this was not the first time that the Church gave full proof of her intellectual ability. Long before this, when society was most refined, and had reached the highest point of material as well as artistic and literary eminence, the Church had shown the power of her mind in a way which men seem to have forgotten, since they never speak of it. This was the sudden burst of sublime eloquence, literary perfection, and most polished culture, which gave to the fourth and fifth centuries the well-known name of "Age of Doctors." Still, this glorious designation does not give a sufficient idea of this remarkable intellectual phenomenon, which was the most surprising that ever happened on earth, since it was in fact the almost sudden substitution of a complete, new, and altogether unexpected literature, in lieu of the most brilliant one which had shed such an immortal lustre over Greece and Rome, and which, wonderful to relate, was at the time positively expiring. This deserves some special attention.

The ancient literature of Greece and Rome has certainly been

the most influential that has ever existed on earth. The Sanscrit alone, in old times, might have some claim to a particular consideration; but, although it seems that there are compositions in that language which may be said to surpass in freshness and depth any of the Greek or Latin works we possess, they are so peculiarly Oriental that the more sedate habits of the ruling race on earth, that is, the European, cannot be so powerfully impressed and moulded by them as it has always been by the productions of Hellenic or Roman genius. In these classics, as we call them, besides the mythological element, contemptible for us, yet which may become a promoter of moral corruption for some unformed minds, there is often a depth of wisdom, a clear view of human nature, an appreciation of the beautiful, a precision of thought, and perfection of style, which has secured their immortality, and induced the mediæval monks to spend long hours, days, and years of their lives in transcribing them and handing them over to us. There is no need of expatiating on the subject, and any amount of opposition will not now cause them to disappear.

It just happened that the most brilliant period of the Latin literature was the age of Augustus; the very time when our Divine Saviour was born in Judea. The acme of Greek genius was reached a few centuries earlier, at the time of Pericles; but the decline from that period had scarcely been sensible, except in the perfection of style; and Rome herself, so rich in her own language under the first of her emperors, bowed to Hellenic art, tongue, and wisdom, and invariably imparted to her wealthy classes an artistic, literary, and philosophical education, under *Greek* masters. This was the case when Peter reached Rome, and the religious society which was to be forever glorious under the name of the Roman Church, commenced directly to use both languages, but chiefly the *Greek.* Those of us who have read with delight the productions of the first children of Peter, namely, of Clement of Rome, of Ignatius of Antioch, and of Hermas, the letters of the Church of Smyrna on the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, and of the Church of Vienna and Lyons on that of St. Pothinas, and finally, the few fragments which remain of various authors of the first or second centuries, can never forget the strange but entrancing perfume which exhales here and there from new Greek words and phrases—first lisping sounds of a superhuman language—of a truly heavenly character, never met with in the old Pagan authors.

Soon a new literature begins to appear under the pens of Irenæus, and Justin, and Athenagoras, and Theophilus of Antioch. At the same time the solemn Latin tones of Cyprian and Tertullian are heard. How different from the profane authors of the same age! It is indeed the birth of a new intellectual age. The sensuous

character of the old literary masters has altogether disappeared, and *mind* alone stalks forth rich in fresh heavenly gifts.

But at the same moment a most unaccountable phenomenon is rapidly developed, which must attract our attention. It is the swift disappearance, without any visible cause, of that brilliant literature of Greece and Rome, to make room for the fresh intellectual wonder which is going to replace it. What majesty of expression could picture to the life this grand scene which took place in the comparatively short time comprised between the Antonines and Theodosius? Pity that there is no better means of placing this before the reader than cold statistical tables.

The idea had presented itself to our mind to go through the various histories of literature of that epoch, and note on paper the descending and ascending scales of the old classics on one side, and of the new Fathers on the other, comparing, if possible, at the same time, the literary value of each. It is not a pleasant task, owing to its aridity; and we were greatly gratified to find that it had been splendidly done, in this very country, at least for the Greek branch of the subject. The tables can be seen and duly appreciated in the introduction to the *Greek Lexicon of the Roman and Byzantine Periods* by Professor E. A. Sophocles, of Harvard University. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1870.) This most erudite Greek gentleman prefaces those of his lists dating from the birth of Christ—the previous ones have no interest for us in the present question—by the following remarkable words: "From the first century of the Christian era downwards, the writers are divided into *secular* and *ecclesiastical*. The former are the legitimate successors of those preceding this century; the latter may be regarded as intruders or disturbing forces." This is, indeed, most pointed, and it will be very curious, by and by, to give a few moments' attention to the comparative value of the legitimate successors of the old classics, on one side, and to the *intruders* or *disturbing forces*, which means here the new Christian writers or Fathers, on the other. Since these long lists cannot be given entire in these pages, we have only to count the number of authors on each side. For the *first century* —many simple inscriptions or short fragments are included in the classical list as distinct authors—we have thirty-four legitimate successors of the old classics; and already fifteen *intruders*, among whom are the four Evangelists and four writers of Apostolic Epistles.

The *second century* gives forty-eight names, including inscriptions, in the first list, and thirty-three in the second, in which, it is true, several Gnostic writers are enumerated. The *third century* has eighteen names only in the first list, and the same number in the second. But from the fourth age down, see how the tables are

suddenly reversed: *Fourth century*, thirty-one legitimate successors of the Classics, including, however, ten problematical names accompanied with the sign of doubt (?), and forty-seven authentic names on the second list. The *fifth century* enumerates only nineteen authors on the first side—several of them doubtful—and on the other, forty-nine. Finally, in the *sixth century*, against fourteen names on the first list, we have thirty-eight on the second. It is useless to add that from the seventh century down, the first list disappears entirely.

To compare the value of the writers on both sides would require a much longer space than is at our disposal. Suffice it to say that the whole array of the Greek Fathers, whose names will forever be glorious, is placed in juxtaposition with names perfectly unknown, or those of mere sophists and grammarians. Something, however, will presently be said on this subject. A like result would be reached by an inquiry into the secular and ecclesiastical literature of Rome in the same period. We would find, as stated previously, a complete substitution of the second for the first. But, as it is a question here of intellectual merit, as the object is to show how the intellect of the Church at once took possession of the mind of Greece and Rome, it is proper, for a just appreciation of the subject, to weigh, mark down, and estimate as well as can be done in a most condensed form, the new element that then took possession of mankind.

Order in writing being an essential condition of clearness, we will speak of the intellectual hold the Church assumed, first, in the Grecian, and, secondly, in the Roman, world; in the third place, of the same phenomenon outside of the strict limits of the great European empire. A word only on each is allowed us, whilst a large volume would be scarcely sufficient.

It is in Alexandria that the first of these wonders happened. That great city was then the brain of the whole world. At the moment of its near disappearance, of which a word was just said, the old Hellenic literature had concentrated all its brilliancy at the mouth of the Nile. No need of describing its schools, its libraries, its immense collections of scientific objects, and the crowds of its learned professors and world-renowned philosophers. Eclecticism and Neo-Platonism were professedly the concentration of the whole ancient intellectual universe into a gigantic focus. History, philosophy, theurgy, the scientific archæology of the old polytheism, natural sciences, too, in their largest acceptation as understood at the time, were the subjects of most intense interest taught and studied in its halls. And the ultimate object of all these was to prop the intellectual basis of the ancient world, including its idolatry, which awakening reason threatened to batter down.

But, unfortunately for these mighty hopes, Mark, the disciple of Peter, had, a few years after the ascension of our Lord, rambled, unaccountably in appearance, all the way from Rome, through Cyrenaica, first, to learn Greek, probably, then down into Central Egypt, through Thebais, where he remained twelve years, to learn, no doubt, the Egyptian tongue; and finally he dropped down some fine day in Alexandria, where he took his quarters, we are sure, in the Jewish part of the town, as he was himself a Jew. The city was then divided equally between the Greeks, the Egyptians, and the Jews, and thus Mark was prepared to face the three sections at once. He began directly to teach *catechism*, an occupation mean enough in the opinion of the Intellectualists of our age. Yet he made converts, and he soon opened a church, a very insignificant proceeding, certainly, in the estimation of these same gentlemen. His successors after him followed in the same track, until under one of them, by name Alexander, we think, Pantænus was placed at the head of the Alexandrian catechists, what we would call the Sunday-school teachers of that Church. And, strange to say, a turn was given by Pantænus to the institution, which could not but seem a desperate project without any hope of success. This turn consisted in posting notices through the city, or something of the kind, by which the Greek pupils of the Musæum, that is of the great public schools mentioned above, were invited to come and listen to the catechetical instructions given by Pantænus and his assistants.

What seems incredible, and yet is a positive fact, the students who were every day listening to the learned lectures of the Eclectic and Neo-Platonist philosophers, and of the greatest scientists of the time, who had yet, no doubt, in their immense collections of natural objects some of the specimens sent formerly by Alexander to his teacher Aristotle, entered the modest rooms where the new catechism was taught; and in course of time many of them declared themselves Christians.

Thus the school was not a failure. There were other teachers after Pantænus, even when the persecutions against the new religion were most fierce. It is precisely during that fearful epoch that the great figure of Origen finally looms up. In him we see the champion destined to replace the old literature by the new. What could not be said, if time allowed it, of that gigantic enterprise by which Paganism was to be conquered with all the untold beauties of its poetry, its art, its science, everything which belongs to a really intellectual race of people? For, mark it well, it was merely a contest of mind with mind—of the mind of the old Pagan world at the time of its greatest culture, in the city endowed with its highest power, with the mind of the new spiritual society—the Church—just gathering its strength by a sublime effort, and wrestling, with

no other weapon than that of the intellect. And in this mighty struggle the Church conquered! Alexandria was a Christian city when the Moslem arrived later on. Other champions had followed Origen, the chief one being Clement, the learned author of the *Stromata*, the *Protrepticon*, and the *Pedagogue*. Those immortal works immediately attracted the attention of all; and by placing face to face, as they all do, the new religion and the old, intellectual Pagans were convinced, gave up the old literature and embraced the new.

The contest, meanwhile, had extended all over the Hellenic world. How could we possibly condense in a few paragraphs the recital of that war of giants? The names alone of those who fought for the Church, or rather for mankind, would fill pages, if a word were added to each, to depict briefly his peculiar character. Cyril, of Jerusalem, would appear with the simplicity of his style and the lucidity of his doctrine; Gregory of Neo Cæsarea, might be called the first who carried Christian eloquence to the height of sublimity in his "*Discourse on Thanksgiving to Origen.*" Basil, of Cappadocia, could take his rank among the best Greek writers of antiquity; Gregory, of Nazianzum, his bosom friend, not only might deserve a high position among the best orators of any age and country, but his chief attribute in our eyes would be that of poetry; since he was the first to weave the golden and silken threads of Grecian rhythm around the noble dogmas of the religion of Christ. To him must be assigned the honor of having, in more than one hundred and fifty-eight poems, set in motion the sweet waves of harmony on which the Hellenic world was henceforth to disport itself, and express its enthusiasm and love for the Supreme God, the Eternal Word, the Holy Spirit, and a host of saints, instead of Jove and the other deities and heroes of heathen mythology.

What could not be said of Gregory of Nyssa, the brother of Basil, his equal almost in elevation of thought, purity of style, and strength of reasoning faculties? Of Athanasius, and of Cyril of Alexandria, it might be safely advanced that the Greek mind never went farther in sublimity and depth for the explanation of the mysteries of religion, than in the works of those two great men, in spite of the calumnies that some Protestant and many infidel writers have circulated against the second. With respect to their literary merit, if Cyril does not reach the perfection of many other Fathers, owing probably to his long sojourn among the austere monks of Nitria, the sublime things which he discusses with grandeur and clearness are sufficient to make of him a great writer; and Athanasius is in every respect a master of language, except perhaps in some minor tracts which he wrote in his flight through the wilderness of Upper Egypt.

Finally, for necessity compels us to omit many names of importance, the greatest of them all in point of eloquence, John of Antioch, called Chrysostom, can receive nothing more than a mere general mention. But all thoroughly educated men must have, at least, read some of his immortal productions, since the man cannot be said to be acquainted with Greek literature who does not know, at least, his *Homilies* to the people of Antioch.

These are a few of those intellectual giants who accomplished this mighty literary revolution, the actual object of our inquiries. A word, however, cannot possibly be omitted on the general character of their mind with regard to its expression in the language they used, and to the whole intellectual substratum of their works, taken mainly from the Bible. Their mind had for its organ of expression only the Attic idiom; and the great subject of its splendid development was the text of Holy Scripture. Nothing could give us a higher idea than these two points, of the really intellectual work which the Church thus accomplished in the fourth and fifth centuries.

It is known that just previous to the first spread of Christianity all the old dialects of Greece had disappeared, and were merged everywhere in the universal Attic idiom. Professor Sophocles, in the *Lexicon* previously quoted, gives curious details on the subject. In our opinion it was a part of a great, providential design, on which it is impossible at this moment to enlarge. All the Greek fathers wrote in that limpid, harmonious, rich, and elaborate idiom, the very one best adapted to the expression of the highest, holiest, and sweetest operations of the mind. If such were the noble organ they used, the main substance of all they said was of a still higher character, as it was all derived from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. The Fathers began to spread this heavenly doctrine of Scripture before the world from the very beginning. But it was chiefly after Origen had critically given a safe edition of Holy Writ in his *Hexapla*, and Jerome had published his *Vulgate*, that the Christian writers expatiated at length on so mighty a theme. It is difficult to find even a few Fathers who have not given a literal explanation of the entire Bible, and impossible to meet a single one who has not, at least, done the same for a part of it. It was the first time that humanity heard the real Word of God explained in masterly style by the most intelligent instructors. When this is well considered, is it surprising that the former intellectual food of mankind was despised and finally set aside for a heavenly aliment, alone able to satisfy the cravings of the mind as well as the aspirations of the heart?

But we must hasten on. Nothing has yet been said of the ignominious death of the old Latin literature, and of the sublime effu-

sions of the Christian Latin intellectual life that replaced it. As soon as Cyprian, Tertullian, and, a little while after, Lactantius were heard, there were no more any successors to the brilliant writers of the Augustan age. Had we time to do for Rome what has been done so briefly for Greece, the epithet, *ignominious*, which we just gave to the sudden demise of Roman art, would be thought scarcely strong enough. Tacitus, Juvenal, and Pliny, are the only men of note directly after Nero, and they appear floating alone in a sea of deplorable scribblers, who are the six or eight *worthies*—writers on Latin literature differ as to the number—who employed their rare talent on what is called *Historia Augusta*, and who are more or less known under the name of *Scriptores Augustorum?* Except a few facts which would be altogether ignored had they not taken the trouble of using a pen, they might as well have never existed, so far as the intellectual good of mankind is concerned. They lived from Hadrian to Diocletian. This astonishing collapse of so great and powerful a thing, as was the poetry of Virgil and Horace, the historical ability of Livy and Tacitus, the forensic eloquence of Hortensius and Cicero, is a stupendous fact, which has not yet been explained, and probably cannot be.

But see the array of great writers who, after the Church had fed them with her milk, step at once on the stage of the world, and give to Latin literature a new lease of existence for several centuries! To the names of Cyprian and Tertullian, already mentioned, we have to add Arnobius, Minutius Felix, in early times; a little later, Lactantius, Hilary of Poitiers, Vincentius of Lerins, Maximus of Turin, Claudianus Mamertus, Paulus Orosius, and Salvianus of Marseilles, a simple priest, author of numerous works, two of which only we possess: *Adversus Avaritiam* and *De Gubernatione Dei.* With what vigor he speaks of the abuses already creeping into the Church in his time! With what gloomy colors he pictures the devastation of the empire by the barbarians, foretelling clearly, however, its salvation through the Church, and like a prophet predicting that the world would not perish, but would be recalled to life and renewed by the very scourge. These few names of Christian authors would suffice to show the intellectual wealth of the Church in that degenerate age. Yet nothing has been said of the greatest men then living, who, by themselves, would give lustre to a literature in any age, at least when power of mind alone is considered. These were Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome. How many geniuses has the world ever produced on a par with Augustine? Perhaps two or three. But how few in our days can even understand and fathom his deep philosophy, his incomparable knowledge of the human heart, his sublime conception of the dogmas of religion, and, what seems however much easier, his melting tenderness for every kind

of misfortune. As to Jerome, he can be better understood by the men of our age; for he joins to an immense erudition, a prodigious activity of mind, a wonderful power of influencing all classes of men; the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the austere anchorite and the soft and tender virgin or matron; all of them great qualities which chiefly attract the attention in this age, and seem to be highly appreciated by all in this century of steam-power, of active and quick life, of free expansion, and social mixing up of all shades of humanity.

But unable, through want of space, to develop the proofs of the intellectual superiority of the Church over the Greek and Roman world in the fourth and fifth centuries, we must be satisfied here with quoting a few words of Cesare Cantù on the same subject: "One is struck when comparing the strong life, the perfect accord, the harmonious motion then visible in religious society, whilst in the civil world everything was inert, and ran rapidly toward decomposition. We see among the Pagan men of letters, only cold grammarians, loquacious rhetoricians, meagre chroniclers, sickly poets singing nuptial verses or shepherd's idyls; things which can all coexist with servitude and moral depression. Among Christians, on the other hand, there were philosophers, statesmen, orators, agitating the highest questions; and most of those who wrote, were likewise actively engaged in public life; they were bishops, thinkers, men engaged in the politics of those days, devoted at the same time to meditation and action, intent on convincing men and governing them. On this account their writings sometimes show a kind of haste, are composed for the actual circumstances of the day, and solve questions just coming for the first time before the public. Still they are aglow with a freedom and ease perfectly unknown to the Pagan literature of the epoch." We have translated freely, but we think accurately, this remarkable passage of Cantù (Hist. Univ. Sept. Ep., ch. xxi.), which certainly settles the question.

Before concluding this subject a promise must be redeemed, to which a few sentences only can be devoted. The Church, it was said, then showed her intellect not only in the superiority she so soon acquired in the field of Greek and Latin literature; but the same fact strikes us also in cultivated countries outside of the strict limits of the Roman empire. Eastern Syria and Armenia were included in our meaning when the promise was made.

Of the first, whose central seat of culture was Edessa, a single paragraph must contain what could bear a long development. It is all comprehended in this simple but pithy remark: Syriac literature must have existed before Christianity was first planted at Edessa. There was certainly something of the kind in that country, even from the time of the old Assyrian empire. A part of the library

of those kings, it is known, was transported in our days from the ruins of Nineveh to London and Paris. Still more must this have been the case immediately previous to the Christian era. Every parcel of it, however, has perished; but Christian oratory, poetry, history, in the great Aramæan idiom called Syriac, has left some traces of the perfection which it at once attained, as soon as the Abgar dynasty embraced the Christian religion. This very probably took place directly after the death of Christ, and in Apostolic times. We have yet, at least, the text of the Old and New Testaments in excellent Syriac, published in the East as early at least as Origen gave forth his *Hexapla*, and long before Jerome handed over to the West his precious *Vulgate*. The *Peshito*, as it is called, of the Old and New Testaments, that is the Syriac text of the same, excites at this moment the wonder of learned men, who can scarcely understand this strange phenomenon.

The world has lost the works of Bardesanes, a writer of the second century, which would increase this wonder, had we any considerable portion of them. But the productions of the great Ephrem are yet in existence, some of them at least; and they suffice to give to modern readers some idea of the literary eminence the Church immediately acquired wherever she was solidly established. This much only can be said here.

For Armenia the result is nearly as striking as for Eastern Syria. To be convinced of it the reader has only to consult the first column of the article on "Armenian Literature," contained in Appleton's *American Cyclopedia* (first edition). The writer of it certainly is well acquainted with his subject, and he says with justice, that "the literature of Armenia, until the introduction of Christianity, is contained in a few songs or ballads, which have been collected by Moses of Chorene. . . . . The new faith of the Armenians operated favorably and powerfully on their literature," etc. He might have expressed his idea more clearly and forcibly, had he said that the new faith of the Armenians created for them in full vigor what scarcely existed before, a copious, rich, and immortal literary life, copied from the Greeks at first, but soon putting on the Armenian garb after Mesrole had invented the alphabet of thirty-eight letters, which has been the national one ever since. We regret we can say no more on the subject, but it would be only a repetition of the paragraph on Edessa.

This short sketch of the primitive intellectual superiority of the Church would authorize the assertion that, had it not been for the invasion of the barbarians in the West, and of the Saracens in the East, the mental activity of the Christian Church would have immediately given rise in the world to the richest artistic and literary development that has ever since taken place—a development per-

haps superior to what the modern nations have produced in Italy, Spain, France, England, and Germany, during the three or four last centuries. But it would be of little profit to expatiate on the subject; as it is, at best, a well-founded conjecture only, and because the barbarians really destroyed at first everything in the West. Our next step, therefore, must be to consider how the Church repaired the evil, and showed her great mind still more powerfully than on the first occasion. This promise has been made; it must be redeemed. Unfortunately, condensation necessitates the lopping off of the legitimate developments which such a mighty subject seems to require.

Many "modern men of intellect"—this was said previously—have thought they rendered a full acknowledgment to the Church for her services to society during the German invasions, from the fifth to the tenth centuries, by admitting, "with a half sneer," that it was the proper thing at the time for Christianity to "speak in a rough tongue to rough peoples;" and this is all she did, as they aver. Have they really studied at all that long process of education which all the nations of Europe had to undergo, in order to reach that summit of high intellect, perfect culture, and encyclopedic knowledge, by which they are now able to rule the world? Or do they imagine that the Church, after having hurriedly baptized them, left them to their own guidance? Guizot has said, we think, that "in France the bishops made the nation." This is an idea as true as grand, but it is not comprehensive enough; for France is not Europe, and the bishops are not the whole Church, although they form, when they have the Pope at their head, the chief and only ruling part of it.

Any one who reads with care a few of the excellent books of history which have been recently written on the origin, first ebullitions of temper, gradual cooling down, settling at last in comparative repose and dignity, of the various European peoples, cannot contemplate without wonder the entrancing spectacle offered to his view and meditation. What prolonged efforts to break and shake off the heavy yoke of feudalism! What energy in spreading more and more the reign of right over that of might! What ardor in bringing out from the former barbarous codes the eternal axioms of law and justice contained in them, no doubt, but buried under the thick envelop of old Pagan cruelty! It took centuries to go through these various steps. But who was all the time guiding the various states of Europe in this painful but glorious career of improvement and well-being?—The Popes, the bishops, and the priests. Take any nation you choose—France, Spain, England, Germany, or Italy—Italy chiefly, which was the first to emerge fully from barbarism, only because she was nearer to the centre of intel-

lectual life. It was so for all of those nations. Thus we enlarge the ideas of Guizot, and we better express the truth. It is strange that all those modern writers who speak of mediæval times, attribute to the Church whatever was dark in them, whilst she was really, all along, diffusing light and doing away with what was barbarous. This truth is coming out now more prominently from all recent researches, and we intend to din it into the ears of unwilling listeners until they finally bow their heads to the great fact.

It is proper on this subject to consider a few of the most important lines of action followed by the Church for educating fully the Western races of the Old World. In some places, as in France, and perhaps England, it was chiefly the work of the bishops; in some others, as in Italy, and possibly in Spain, it was principally that of the Popes and the monks; in other countries, as in Germany and the North, it was the combined action of the three, without scarcely the pre-eminence of any single class of them. Everywhere, in fact, Popes, bishops, monks, and priests, were busy in the great operation which was to issue in the raising of all those races to the pinnacle of culture and a display of wholesome energy.

Let us see, *firstly*, what amount of influence the Popes and bishops had in shaping the elaborate forms of government which their long-prolonged action educed from the primitive rough feudalism. The Popes as the great moral arbitrators and rulers, the bishops in all European countries as the leaders of the nobility, either in the limitation of the royal power, or in parliamentary discussions, or often in the administration of public affairs as ministers of state, took certainly the lead everywhere. In mediæval history they appear always prominently in the various capacities just enumerated. In a previous article a short allusion was made to the noble part the bishops and monks took in bringing forth into existence the Third Estate, and in raising the peasantry out of serfdom. A reference to it is required, but a very brief one must be sufficient. Nothing was then said of the great influence they had in the abolition of slavery; and this simple reminding word about it must suffice here, since, after the demonstration of the fact by so many eminent writers, no one would now dare to express even a doubt on the subject.

And be it remembered that, in speaking of the shape churchmen gave to the various European governments, we do not intend to allude to those political institutions within the last two or three hundred years. It is well known that, with the rising of Protestantism, absolute rule was gradually substituted in all European states, instead of the really free constitutions which the action of the Church had previously established everywhere. The fact is now too well proved to be even a subject of discussion. From the tenth century down to the sixteenth, Europe, with her parliamen-

tary debates, her Third Estate rising constantly in consideration, the municipal and altogether self-conducted administration of her cities, her trade-guilds and corporations, was far more free than she has ever been since, even including the present time. If the hateful relics of former feudalism gave rise occasionally to arbitrary power and many abuses, these would have gradually disappeared and become extinct with the total disappearance of the barbarous institution. But it is certain that the free governments alluded to were the work of the Church; feudalism was not. This must suffice on this first point.

The *second bearing* of the Church's action over mediæval Europe regards the manners of the people, who from Burgundian savages, Vandal robbers, Gothic brutes, etc., etc., were to be shaped into the comparatively refined entity known under the name of the Christian people—*populus Christianus*. Take an Italian burgher of the fourteenth century; the most humble subject of Louis IX. in the thirteenth; a Castilian of the lower class, or better still a Navarrese peasant at the foot of the Pyrenees, in the fifteenth; finally, choose well—for the good there was not so promiscuous as in the countries just enumerated—choose well the numerous specimens you can find among the British boors or the German roughs of any of the centuries mentioned a moment ago, and say what amount of care, what unremitting attention, what loving zeal, had been required to produce the change. But in truth, and without the least exaggeration, this care, attention, and zeal had been bestowed by the Church *alone* for the good of the people. To the Church alone, we repeat again, was due the remarkable alteration noticeable in Europe in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

She had used for producing that transformation all the means her heavenly ingenuity could suggest: the beauties of her liturgy, the grandeur of her rites, the sweetness of her songs, the vastness of her holy edifices, the innumerable institutions erected for the alleviation of all possible human miseries. She had done more: she had spoken to the heart of those forlorn beings, and deserved to be called by them their mother, the Holy Church! She had instructed their children; opened schools for them—we do not speak yet of her high institutions of learning;—she had formed their minds, and developed their emotional faculties; and under her tuition all knew, at least, that they had been created to the image of God, and were destined to be happy with him forever in heaven. Those Europeans of our days are most ungrateful who revile the Church after all she has done for their ancestors. Let them remember, even for one single moment, what would have become of them had she been, what they odiously attribute to her, a proud, cunning, calculating, insidious foe of the human race.

Let them reflect also a little on the kind of language they would now speak had not the Church polished their utterance, and given them the flowing tongues they use. This single item is not without its importance, and alone it would deserve the gratitude of mankind. In the *third place*, the formation of all the rich, melodious, highly philosophical, and sweetly persuasive idioms of modern Europe is certainly owing to the Church's action. This may not, at first sight, appear so certain as what was just shown to have taken place in the formation of the European governments, and in the shaping of the manners of the people. Yet it is certainly true, and the reader will soon be convinced of it. A great fact, much to the honor of the Church in another line, seems to militate against this actual assertion. Was she not mainly instrumental, they say, in spreading everywhere her Latin, and thus opposing the energy of those young races in forming each its own idiom? We answer *yes* to the first part of the proposition, but decidedly *no* to the second.

Christendom was to be a true commonwealth; a universal language was therefore necessary for its unity, and the Latin was the best for such a purpose. And in this the intellectual function of the Church in the forming of Europe—to show which is all along the object of these pages—could not find a better means for the diffusion of knowledge through her universities than the old language of Rome. This will be more clearly seen by and by. But that this militated in the least against the birth of new idioms adapted to the idiosyncrasy of each people is most untrue, as a few words only may show.

How could those new idioms be formed but from some former ones? Men had not yet imagined that languages, constitutions, religions, etc., could be built and fashioned philosophically, as that ridiculous Abbé Sièyes thought he had logically elaborated his own constitution for France, which the first consul, Napoleon, dispatched so handsomely in a few words. New languages are formed gradually from old ones; and unless the young European races preferred to continue to use the barbarous idioms they had brought from the North, it was necessary they should follow the natural process. Just opportunely for this mighty operation the Latin tongue was at hand, out of which every beginner in philology knows that all modern European languages were mainly derived. The best, most appropriate, most noble, and energetic expressions used originally in the German, Scandinavian, or Celtic dialects were carefully preserved, and interwoven with a superabundance of Latin terms to add majesty to the whole. These last generally form the bulk of modern languages, whilst the strong, lucid words of the dialects, just referred to, have also been retained.

These few words exhibit, we think, satisfactorily the genesis of all our idioms; but it took many centuries to elaborate, complete, and perfect them. Who were the men that did it? They must have been masters of Latin, since this language formed so large an element in the result. They must have been used to write, to compose, to speak, for which objects alone a refined language is required. They must have attached a great importance to whatever bore a literary character. They could, therefore, have been no others than churchmen, because churchmen alone then knew Latin; they alone gave their time to writing, composing, and speaking; they finally were the only persons who attached any importance whatever to literary effort. None of these assertions need proof; and therefore the action of the Church in the formation of modern languages may be looked upon as solidly established.

But there are men who do not easily give way to what is so clear and convincing. They will tell you: "Did not Dante and Petrarca, two laymen, form the Italian language? Did not the writers of the *chansons degeste* form that of France? Did not the *cancioneros* give birth to that of Spain? Did not the early chroniclers do the same for the English?" We might answer that these various men or bodies of men had all been made and instructed and fostered by the Church, to which the honor of the result at last is due. Many of the writers of the *chansons degeste* in France, of the *cancioneros* in Spain, of the early chroniclers in England, must have been churchmen or monks. But we prefer to say succinctly, for there is no room for discussing the question at length, that without the previous slow, persistent, nay, secular action of the Church on society, Dante would not have written his great poem, nor Petrarca his often insipid *rime*. Thus also the epic poets of France, the writers of the romances in Spain, and of the chronicles in England, were merely the natural offspring of the protracted action of the Church. They thus prove precisely our thesis, since they are the special developments of a universal cause at the time, which was nothing else than the laborious and constant efforts of the Christian Church prolonged with diligence during so many centuries. We never intended to say that laymen did not join in the cause. On the contrary, as they also partook of the benefit which was intended for all, it was proper they should show that they had profited by it. What good would the Church have done in laboring so assiduously to form the tongue of Europeans, if Europeans had not finally spoken the tongue which was made for them?

Enough of this. We come finally to the grandest feature of the intellectual action of the Church on mediæval Europe, that is her universities; for no one can deny that the universities were hers, were the work of the Christian Church. They were first planned,

devised afterwards in all their details, carried out elaborately in all their scientific parts, and fostered forever after by Popes, bishops, and monks. Pity that we have not the space to describe them as they loomed up when they came to be in full operation. All the universities now in existence cannot give the least idea of them. Oxford in England, Tübingen, Halle, etc., in Germany, have been emasculated by Protestantism. For nearly a hundred years they have disappeared entirely from the soil of France; Spain possesses only a shadow of them under her actual bastard institutions; Victor Emmanuel is just now engaged in the very praiseworthy business of destroying them in Italy. A long description would be required to bring them forth to life again on the paper on which we write, with their staffs of professors by hundreds; with their armies of students by twenty or thirty thousands; with their learned discussions of the most important social, moral, and religious questions that can engage the attention of mankind; with their grand days of debate under the direction and in the presence of men who had often published stupendous works which printing has not yet entirely reproduced.

Those were the days when mind ruled, and they have been called Dark Ages! In our time it is really a superhuman work to establish one of those universities. The Church, left to-day somewhat more free than yesterday, is now trying to restore them to life in France, in Belgium, in England, in Ireland. She will succeed, if left perfectly free; but she alone can do it; and modern *Intellectualism* must necessarily fail, because its very principles deny *intellect*, and reduce everything to *matter*. Read from a recent cyclopedia the pithy statistics of Catholic universities before the year of grace 1500. "Before the year 1500 there were in Europe 64 universities, viz., 15 in France, of which after that of Paris, those of Montpellier, Toulouse, and Orleans were the most celebrated . . .; 19 in Italy, one of them, at Salerno, was probably the earliest in Europe, dating from the tenth century . . .; 15 in Germany, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, including those of Vienna, Prague, Heidelberg, Cologne, Erfurt, Leipsic, Louvain, Basil, Ingolstadt, and Tübingen; 9 in Spain and Portugal, including Salamanca, Coimbra, Valladolid, Saragossa, and Alcalà; 2 in England, Oxford and Cambridge; 1 in Poland, at Cracow; 1 in Hungary, at Buda; 1 in Denmark, at Copenhagen, and 1 in Sweden, at Upsal."

By this simple list, it is seen at a glance how completely the Church had taken intellectually possession of Europe. In those eloquent figures we read the fruitful source of the modern power Europe enjoys over the whole world. For in those sixty-four centres of thought there were constantly at work two mighty principles, by which the world must necessarily be governed, namely, Faith and

Reason. Both must be conjoined together; to separate them is fatal to either; and by the very constitution of those universities, Faith and Reason were more solemnly consecrated as the intellectual queens of the universe.

It is a pity that we can say so little upon so vast a theme. Yet enough after all will be said, if we merely point our finger at the splendid results, in Europe itself, of the fruitful scheme. See at a glance those refined nations that, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, just after the invention of printing, and the discovery of India and America, were starting on a career of universal dominion, which might have been such a blessing, had it been confined to the spread of religion and of virtue. Look at Italy, then so brilliant with her innumerable works of art, her magnificent temples, her literature already so rich and noble. Look at Spain, so young and fresh after her struggle of seven hundred years with the Moors, ready to circumnavigate the globe, and plant her flag on all continents and the largest lands. Look at France, recovering from the struggle required to expel the English from her soil, fixing her longing eyes on Italy and Spain, bent only on rivalling them in art, poetry, and enterprise, before Huguenotism came to bring on civil strife. Look on Germany, with the secular prestige of the empire, and proud at the thought that three of her sons had invented a new art for spreading thought. Look on England, finally, still free, before the Tudors had completed their plans for enslaving her, full of energy certainly, even after her sons had been compelled to leave their possessions on the continent and return to their native island home. Look wherever you choose, you find genius, activity, freshness, an overflowing life. And the greatest causes of it all were those centres of intellect, that is, of Faith and Reason, which have been called the Universities; all of them the offspring of the Church, and nourished not only with her milk, but with her highest wisdom which is, in substance, "the light of the Holy Spirit in the world."

But a contradicting voice is heard, and its utterances are plain enough: "This may have been so in the past; at present it is so no longer. Intellectualism is ahead of Theology. The Church has lost most of her control over the men of mind, who spurn her thunders and walk steadily to the spiritual conquest of the world."

It would be strange, indeed, if, after having shown such a complete mastery of mind during so many ages, the Church had really reached the period of dotage, and was obliged to resign the rule of mankind into the hands of her enemies. There has been, it is true, a grand conspiracy against her intellectual power; and at this moment the plot is scarcely kept secret. Everybody knows it by this time; and the day has come to speak plainly on the subject. After we are done, the reader may say, whether the Church is really

doting in a second childhood, whether the light of the Holy Spirit has departed from her, and left her in darkness; and whether she must give up in despair the hope of defeating the plans of her enemies.

Those plans were at first of the most patent and glaring character. Wherever Protestantism was firmly established, existence itself was denied the Church; much more was all intellectual life refused her with the means of reviving it and keeping it up. This branch of our subject need not detain us long, as the most minute details of the open persecution are known to all. In England and Ireland, in all the Scandinavian States, in a great part of Germany, all the Catholic schools were closed; no Catholic voice could be heard any more in any university; the poorest schoolmaster was not allowed to teach the first elements of knowledge even to children; no book could be written and published by a Catholic on any subject connected in any way with religion; the penal laws by which no Catholic could leave England or Ireland to be educated in any school on the continent are well known. There is no doubt that the Church in those countries lost almost totally her intellectual character. If Intellectualists find in this a fit subject for deriding the Church, they are welcome to it, and we shall not envy the feeling by which they are animated.

But those times are gone, thank God, and another system, worse, perhaps, was set on foot, which must now receive our attention. To give, however, a right understanding of it, a brief sketch of the various downward steps from the birth of the Reformation to our days, is absolutely required; it shall be short, and every word of it can be made good by volumes of documents.

Luther had opened the floodgates of unbelief, which he tried vainly to keep closed, except for the insipid waters of his heresy. Before he died he saw innumerable sects tearing Germany to atoms, and all and each of the former dogmas of Christians attacked. The Germany of our days is the result of it; and a single fact must suffice: in a population of five hundred thousand souls Berlin sees only thirty thousand people going to church on Sundays, and the great majority of these are Catholics, or women.

In England the result was almost the same, but much more gradual. Owing to the coercion which the government employed to keep the Anglican Church alive by parliamentary decrees—owing likewise to the fanaticism of the Puritans, who had a code of belief, to be sure—it was only towards the end of the seventeenth century that open infidelity stalked abroad. But it did so mightily in the works of Bolingbroke, Tyndal, Collins, etc. It was much later on that Wesley stopped up the current of the stream for a time.

Voltaire went to London to receive the doctrine at the beginning

of the eighteenth century, and returning to France published his *Lettres sur les Anglaise*, the first of his openly anti-religious pamphlets. Then he began to surround himself with disciples, and the sect of philosophers, so well known in our days, began its career of religious devastation. As Catholicism, however, was yet strong in France, hypocrisy was required, and thus the mighty effort *to spread light* became a *dark plot.* The patriarch of the sect being a literary man, devoted to the beauties of the classics, being surrounded moreover by refined classicists, all his policy consisted in making the Church appear vulgar, ridiculous, and *infamous. Ecrasez l'infâme* became his war cry. To think that twelve fishermen of Galilee, with their absurd successors, had led the world intellectually during so many ages, made his blood absolutely curdle in his veins. He wanted to show that he and his band of philosophers had more intellect than the Church ever had. That project of his is well known. It was the first time that a word was uttered, outside of the sloughs of Protestantism, against the brilliancy of mind that had always glowed in the Church; and this word was uttered just the day after the burial of Bossuet and Fénélon in France, and when the rather too refined Massillon was yet alive.

The reader knows what floods of obloquy, falsehood, outrageous calumny, began to be poured out, under the name of wit, all over France and Europe. This was the first war of modern Intellectualism against Christianity. The name of Europe has just been added to that of France. Why so? Because it unfortunately happened that the French language was then understood and even spoken all over Europe; in Russia, where it was the only polished tongue; in Germany, where Frederic II. surrounded himself with all the stray French philosophers he could catch—not even spurning the low materialist, Le Mettrie, who died *gloriously* of an indigestion, after having eaten at supper an entire *pâté de faisan aux truffles;* in Italy, where the French language has always been universally known; in Spain, and all the Spanish-American States, where it began then to furnish the fashionable reading-matter for the higher class of society. In nearly all those countries it began to be taken for granted that the Old and New Testaments were absurd tales; the rule of the Church at all times a degrading despotism; Christian literature a low and grovelling attempt at prose and verse; Christian art even not worthy to be looked at in comparison with the beauties of Boucher, the lewd painter, and David, the Pagan artist. In criticism, history, archæology, the philosophers were *grand.* When they spoke on these subjects in their *Encyclopédie* of more than one hundred large quarto volumes, they showed how everything was false in Scripture—Tom Paine has told us something of it—ridiculous in the chronicles of the mediæval monks, and fabulous in the old

traditions, which they asserted modern archæology had demonstrated to be false. This was the first sublime explosion of the glorious Intellectualism arrayed against the heaven-directed mind of the Church.

Unfortunately for the philosophical system, recent researches are proving every day more and more clearly that Scripture is true in all its details; that the annals chronicled by the mediæval monks are much more safe to follow than the romances of the historians of the eighteenth century; and the most critical archæology of our days revindicates all the ancient traditions of mankind.

As this was beginning to appear, the modern intellectualists changed their tactics. They suddenly discarded philological criticism, the noble recitals of ancient history, and the hoary ruins studied by archæologists, and they turned all their attention to natural science—geology, zoology, embryology, hybridism, etc., etc.—in fact all the great physical branches of knowledge studied in the light of evolutionism; and they boldly declared that these sciences alone could form the real appanage of the human intellect and rule the world. At the same time they proclaimed the most radical antagonism between their high intellectualism and the commonrate mind of the Christian Church. This antiquated, discrowned queen must clearly abdicate her former proud position, and leave her throne to her yet prouder enemy. At the same moment the beautiful conditions for peace, mentioned at the beginning of this paper, are presented to her with solemnity: "Let the Christian priest teach his catechism in his church, and leave the rest, chiefly the schools, to me!"

Our promised sketch is nearly done. But, unaccountably, one of the most important features of it was left out, which must still be briefly portrayed. It happened that, just when Voltaire brought over from England his philosophy, Lord Derwentwater and Ramsay fetched also from the same country the first system of Freemasons' lodges, invented originally in the interest of Jacobitism. The new philosophers saw directly the immense advantages they would derive from such a machinery as this. France was soon covered with associations of this kind, and, although laws were enacted by the State against them, they continued to flourish with the connivance of the magistrates, who soon began to be, in great number, both philosophers and Freemasons. This is well ascertained in our day.

We would not attempt to write a history of this dark conspiracy against religion and the state, which culminated in the first French Revolution, nor give the positive programme of its aspirations. Many things, no doubt, have been ascribed to it which may have been the aim of individual Freemasons, not of the whole sect. But

one thing is certain, namely, that it would require an overdose of simplicity to refuse to believe that a powerful party was organized more than a hundred years ago, one of whose chief objects was directed against the power of the Church in the intellectual as well as in the social and political line. The intention of the conspirators was certainly to substitute their own powerful organization as a guide of society to that of the Church. They wanted absolutely to be the head, the mind, the directing agent of the intellectual world; so that the new being which they wished to bring forth would henceforth be created after their own image, certainly not after that of God. The man would surely be a simpleton who would deny that most of the results achieved so far against the Church as the ruler of mankind, were due to that party, and that at this moment it is more powerful than ever.

This being well understood, it is proper to dismiss from our view all its other past and recent achievements, and concentrate our attention on the actual phase of modern intellectualism as one of its pet measures and chief concerns. The party having undoubtedly immense ramifications in all modern governments, finds docile under its hand the machinery of law-making, as well as that of the execution of the laws. To this must be added the control of the press, which, in many countries, is almost altogether under the control of Freemasonry. Outside of the government circle there is in our days the great scientific circle, which, as stated above, has replaced the philosophical sectarian system of the last century in point of intellectualism. It is not our intention to do Freemasonry the honor of ascribing to it any of the modern discoveries due to the scientists of our time. But as, unfortunately, there cannot be any doubt that many of these learned men have openly declared themselves against Revelation, and pronounced for a complete antagonism between their doctrines and those of the Church, Freemasons are not slow in making the best of it for their own party, and in clamoring aloud for science against religion.

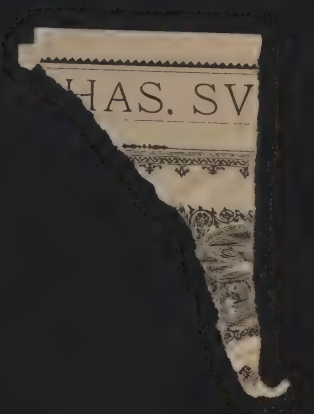
Look, therefore, calmly at the position of the Church, alone and almost defenceless, with such odds as these against her. Often the ordinary newspapers announce to us that in this country or in that the legislature is elaborating such and such laws directed against "clericalism." This is now the word. Another telegram acquaints us with the fact that the cabinet of ministers in such and such countries is busy taking measures against "Vaticanism"—another word of the same import. We learn, without any surprise, that here or there bishops are imprisoned, or exiled from their sees; or, oftener yet, some quiet house of Brothers, or of nuns, is closed and the inmates sent adrift. All this is evidently done with the intention of spreading light and circumscribing the kingdom of darkness. In

a very different, but as brilliant a sphere, the same daily news report at full length the Belfast addresses, or scientific congress debates; or, better still, pungent lectures on astronomy, besides new books on the great *Doctrine of the Descent of Man*, etc., etc. (see London *Tablet*, April 8th and 15th, 1876). Indeed, we are swimming in the full tide of Intellectualism!

To render the aspect of things more interesting still, see the mighty means of diffusion, rapid communication, and universal sway, possessed by this new god of the modern world. Count, if you can, the daily papers, the weekly and monthly magazines, the quarterly reviews, the pictorial folios, and the innumerable volumes that issue from the press in every country under the sun, so that you could scarcely read every week the catalogue merely of them all. After having tried such a calculation, enumerate on your fingers the means of enlightenment of the same kind which the Church enjoys, and tremble for the dread result! See, moreover, that if a brave word is uttered for her, if a speech comes out from the mouth of some of her eloquent children, if a book breathing the spirit of faith, and able to convince some vacillating soul, is finally published after a world of difficulties, see, we repeat, what reception this brave word, this eloquent speech, this sprightly book, receives in the *world of letters*, as they used formerly to call it. Who can even know that such word, speech, or book, has received the gift of existence? What publisher will consent to give the book a place on his catalogue? Unless you go yourself to post the notice of it down along the curbstones of the streets and avenues of cities, who will ever become acquainted with such a paltry fact?

But these are merely straws which show how the wind blows. It is time to come to a design more striking yet, and give to the great policy of the age a tittle, at least, of the development it deserves. The plot, of which a word only has been said, concentrates all its strength on *one* measure, which at this moment all the governments of the world, and the great scientific and teaching bodies existing in all nations, try to carry out, fully this time and radically, so as to have finally done with it. It is the wresting from the grasp of the Church the power, and even the possibility, of teaching men, and transferring it in its entirety to the State alone and forever. They want to kill outright the last spark of intellect in the great organization which has in truth created the European mind. Will they ever succeed? Certainly not, as it will soon be easy to show; but it is time to unveil the conspiracy in all its nakedness, that all Catholics, at least, knowing it, may conceive for it the contempt it deserves.

In Catholic countries—the Protestant States are for the moment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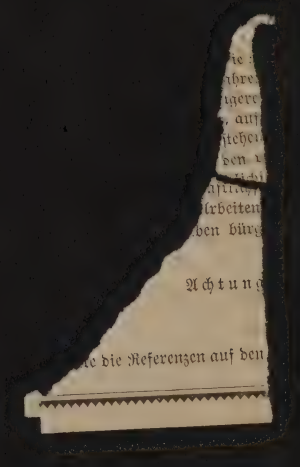

out of the question—the Church enjoyed her inherent right of teaching until the last century. It may be said that one hundred years ago all the schools were directed by her, as she had established them all. But Gallicanism in France, Jansenism in Italy, where it was openly favored by all the secular princes, which never took place in France; above all, Febronianism in Germany, adopted openly by Austria; by giving to civil governments in church affairs an undue preponderance, began to transfer to statesmen a part at least of the influence enjoyed exclusively by the Church in teaching. But the origin of the radical state control which is now aimed at in all countries, dates from the dark days of the Convention in France, which prepared the absolute state monopoly introduced without any opposition by Napoleon I. This requires some details, which cannot but throw a flood of light on what is now called the School question.

The astonishing result of the expansion of light brought out by the French philosophers, when their intellectual efforts culminated in the Revolution, was the sudden and total abolition of all the establishments of education in France. Wonderful indeed! But it is a fact which cannot be gainsaid. From the French Academy, from all the great academies of sciences, of inscriptions and belles-lettres, etc.; from the fifteen universities then in full sway over the whole extent of the country; from the numerous colleges open to all—for they were all free of expense—in the chief cities of the kingdom, down to the innumerable schools supported by municipal corporations, and village or township committees; all went down at a crash. There remained only a few sickly private pay-schools, whose *instituteurs* had to live, and could not find any other means of support. This was the great final result of what was called previously the first war of modern Intellectualism against the supreme mind of the Church; the pure and simple extinction of all light.

The Convention promised, of course, to replace education on a much nobler and more rational basis than formerly; but during all its terrible reign of three years nothing was done except the spasmodic effort of hearing a few reports on the subject by such men as the Abbé Grégoire, calling himself Bishop of Loir-et-cher. The Pentarchy, called the *Directoire*, attempted to do something in that line. We will not take the trouble of going through its scheme, which deserved nothing but contempt. It is certain that if Napoleon had not stepped on the great stage of France, education in that country would have been a nonentity, and the people would have speedily returned to barbarism. But, after ten long years of total darkness succeeding to the bright realm of light, whose rule the Church had established and fostered for so many centuries, the

First Consul, as he was then called, saw the necessity of *borrowing* something of the former splendor, that France might not remain in the frightful obscurity of a "Dark Age" indeed. Napoleon, therefore, re-established the former great *académies*, mostly under different names—the whole system was called *l'Institut de France*. He created the great Polytechnic school, due entirely to his particular views. It may be said that in doing this he gave birth to *scientism*. (They say "scientists," why not "scientism?") From that great central establishment in Paris radiated certainly the cultivation of sciences, as they are called, all over the world. Instead of the fifteen former universities created by the Church, the new ruler of France launched into existence a huge body called *l'Université de France*, composed of two vast establishments for higher instruction in Paris, and of all the colleges which he opened, or which were to be afterwards opened all over the country. The schools of law and medicine formed a distinct branch, which in course of time became inadequate to the needs of the country.

But all these creations, or *restaurations* under a new name, were altogether creatures of the state, and no individual could open a college, no corporation could set on foot any academic institution of whatsoever character, because the government monopolized in reality all the branches of education, except the primary schools, which Napoleon had not time to bring under the full control of the state. He was so jealous of this state teaching, that, having restored religion, and being obliged consequently to allow the bishops to have theological seminaries of their own, he did not let them have in their establishments teachers of classics, belles-lettres, and rhetoric; but all the pupils of the ecclesiastical seminaries who pursued these preparatory studies, had to go twice a day to the *Lycée* of the place, there to receive from state teachers lessons in Latin, Greek, and oratory. No one dared to utter a word against such a monstrous organization of the most complete intellectual despotism, because he was the master, and every one else had to submit. He had, moreover, rendered such a service by restoring order and bringing back to life the education of youth, completely dead before, that any one raising his voice against his plans would have been thought to be an enemy of France.

But, unfortunately, the system appeared too favorable to government in general to be abandoned by those who succeeded Napoleon after his downfall. The Bourbons kept jealously the same plan, with some very slight modifications; and, when the revolution of 1830 took place, the government of Louis Philippe was very careful to preserve in all its prerogatives the precious body called *l'Université de France*. It is known that, the new charter of rights having promised freedom of education, as soon as Montalembert,

Lacordaire, Gerbet, and their friends, clubbed together to open, as a test in Paris, a small primary school, the new Chamber of Peers, sitting as a court, because Montalembert belonged to that body, closed the school, and fined the teachers.

This long digression was necessary, because the same system which has begun to break down in France spreads now all over Europe. In the new empire of Germany it exists in all its rigidity; in Austria the case is not very different; in Italy the government of Victor Emanuel is gradually introducing it; Spain, of course, could not fail to follow so many bright examples; and the States of South and Central America, not excluding the delightful republic of Hayti, are the most ardent in the race towards this brilliant goal of enlightenment and culture. In England, where there is yet a vigorous and sturdy feeling of the former liberty, it cannot be denied that lately national schools, and queen's colleges, and many new schemes of the kind, smell strongly of the modern universal plot. In this country alone—God be blessed for it—superior education at least has not been touched by the State, and the former freedom can yet be enjoyed in full. The reader knows that the same cannot be said altogether of the common education of the people in what is called public schools; to which, however, the objection against the modern European system does not apply, as no one is deprived of the faculty of opening rival establishments of any kind. The only question that has ever been raised regards purely and simply their support, which we are not called upon to treat of in these pages.

We can, therefore, openly proclaim that these United States have not joined in the universal conspiracy which it is our purpose to unveil and discuss. Individuals certainly have embraced the cause of *secularism*, as it is called; but not the State thus far. God be praised for it; and with joy we absolve this country of participating in the guilt.

But see "modern intellectualism" everywhere else triumphant; and consider for a moment what the conspirators aim at doing, but how in fact they are limited in their power. A consoling word must follow on the probability of the final success of the Church in grasping again the intellectual reins of the world, to guide it, as formerly, in the road of true progress and culture.

Suppose that education, instruction, culture, enlightenment—whatever name you choose to give to the development of mind in the world—has been entirely secularized. That is, suppose that the State alone, and the scientists as the instruments of the State, monopolize entirely the right of forming the mind of mankind. The clericals, that is, the Church, is entirely in the background. She yet can teach the catechism, but only in her churches, not in a

school; she can in fact have no schools. The system is generalized which was attempted once in the west of France, to the writer's personal knowledge—and the thing is too good not to say at least a word on it. A law had just been passed forbidding any one not authorized by the State giving any instruction whatever, excepting only, as to religion, clergymen in their churches. A poor peasant woman in Brittany, either not hearing of the law or not caring for it, continued to do what she was doing before, namely, teaching in her peasant's hut a few children to learn their prayers, something of their catechism, and perhaps their a, b, c. A schoolmaster of the neighborhood, a great intellectualist, an ardent supporter of the laws of the State, actually denounced her, had her fined, and the door of her cottage closed against the coming of the children!

Suppose, we say, this beautiful system to be legalized and enforced in the whole Christian world. It is certainly towards the realization of such a plan as this that the whole bent of legislation is tending everywhere, under the inspiration, no doubt, of Freemasons' lodges. Let the question be fairly put: What kind of people will you have in three or four centuries hence? We reply without hesitation: either idiotic herds, or frightful hordes of savages. Yes, we dare maintain that the portion of the people born with a mild or phlegmatic temper will be reduced to idiocy; and those naturally of a fiery and passionate disposition will become ferocious beasts. It is not difficult to prove it. By a settled purpose, well understood by all, and not denied by the designers of the project, religion is to be excluded from having any control over mankind. If religion preserved any of her former control the plan would completely fail; no one, consequently, can be surprised at the pertinacity with which the priest is to be locked up in his church with the insignificant flock foolish enough to go to him. How many will consent to belong to that despised category of men anathematized by science, and cut off from the great Church of the intellect? The greatest part of mankind, therefore, will not care for religion, and will be publicly encouraged to despise it. What kind of people can you have in such a godless society, not in two centuries hence, as we said a moment ago, but in fifty years from this time?

There are, thank God, for the peace of mankind, a great number of people born under a happy star, whose nervous system is very inactive, their muscular structure flaccid or stunted, their imagination torpid, their temperament, in fine, more or less lymphatic. When built up by religion, which develops, they say, the emotional faculties—we are bound to use the language of the Intellectualists, which is not here absolutely absurd—there arises in them gradually a curious activity, giving them, in fact, nerve and life, under the

influence of the sense of *duty*, a strange word, to which they then pay a great deal of attention. Their muscular structure from flaccid becomes gently rounded and pleasant to be looked at by good people; for religion secures fast their chastity, which is always the mother, not of beauty alone, but chiefly of strength. So, likewise, their imagination, step by step, rises towards heaven, because religion *foolishly* teaches them to believe in angels and saints, chiefly in a bright Being transcending all terrestrial and celestial beauties, except God. So, finally, their temper, from lymphatic, which it was, warms up, and is enriched by the blending of all amiable qualities. In a Christian commonwealth, the great number of nuns in convents, of good mothers of families surrounded habitually by many cheerful children, the great mass, even of those of the sterner sex who are numbered among useful citizens, is certainly composed of this first class of mankind. But our actual purpose is not to see in detail what religion does for them; it is rather to examine what would be the effect of the contrary system upon them. Is it an exaggeration to say that idiocy would be their lot?

If you suppose religion absent from the education of such people, what must be the natural, inevitable result? *First*, morality is nonsense for them, or at least is very loose, and without fixed principles; the sense of *duty* remains undeveloped, since its necessary sanction—the judgment of God—is removed out of sight. *Duty* is an empty word, which they invariably suppose to be synonymous with *task*. It is very wrong to confound the two. They think of duty, consequently, as little as they can, and thus their whole moral soul remains inactive. It is very unwise to think that the education of the common school and the ubiquitous daily journal can supply the place of the ten commandments. These may create an interest of unwholesome curiosity or appetite, not foster, in the least, moral feelings. *Secondly*, their muscles being fed only by bread and beef, and not receiving any shape from the soul itself, which must be, however, the *forma corporis*, remain gross, flaccid, as previously stated, bloated, if not stunted; and, since chastity is out of the question in the present case, how could there be beauty and strength? You will have there a mass of matter perfectly fit to lodge the soul of an idiot; especially since, in the *third* place, imagination must necessarily remain uncreated or unborn in such a being. There may be in those forlorn animals a kind of *imagining*, like that of a dog when he sees a bone; but you will never see on their faces the upward look towards heaven which is natural to the Christian, even of the lowest class; you will never see their eyes bathed with tears, when looking toward the west at sunset, or toward the morning star before sunrise. How could you, since for them there is no heaven, with its angels, and saints, and glorious Queen?

Still, not a word has been said of the unspeakable degradation which is too often the lot of that miserable class. Read something at least of what has been said in many books, of the wretched condition of Pagan savages. Are they not idiots, when not ferocious beasts? And it is precisely by the exclusion of the true religious and moral element that the "uncivilized races," as they are called, have been reduced to that unfortunate state. If you think that in a nation comprising a notable number of refined individuals, such a condition of humanity cannot exist, go to London, go to Berlin, go even to Paris with its *communards*, and tell me the result of your observation!

But we must hasten on, and turn to the *second* class, of which not a word has yet been said. It was stated, that in refusing to religion the guidance of mankind, in sending her ignominiously to the background and placing the reins of the world in the hands of modern Intellectualism, that portion of the population which is naturally of a fiery and ungovernable temper would be turned into a troop of wild beasts. There is no need of a long demonstration to make this evident. Every sane man admits that religion alone can tame such animals; and that if her holy rule is totally discarded, society must return to the state of that *refined* Paganism when Aristotle declared that slavery was absolutely necessary. And, mind you, the slavery he spoke of was that of the greatest part of the white race prostrate at the feet of the few. The reason the mighty philosopher could give was convincing: the majority of mankind left to itself cannot be governed except in the most strict servitude. There is no space to say more; yet the field, which must be left here unexplored, is immense.

But how can the modern Intellectualists boast of their ability to rule mankind intellectually? Do they imagine that they can form a new and happy society by the means at their command? What are those means? "Instruction," they say, "spread by the thousand channels which science and art now supply." We understand. They will multiply indefinitely their colleges, great and small, all under the rule of the State, and teaching merely *scientism*, that is, physics and sociology. They will print by the million their "Popular Science Monthlies," their "Atlantic Magazines," their "Westminster Reviews," etc. Let it be well understood: it is a question of giving a new shape to mankind by such means as these. But they can thus at best reach only the lettered class. Without inquiring what sort of "lettered class" they can form, we merely say that this is not mankind. Have they ever reflected on the task they undertake? They must evidently be told what they must undertake and accomplish, if they wish to be successful. They must establish everywhere normal-apostolic-seminaries of Intellectualism. All

the members of those establishments, without any interest of their own, but only for the common good, must devote themselves to a life of hardship, followed often by an ignominious death. The messengers of the new Gospel must then place themselves individually in contact with every possible class of humanity, chiefly with the lowest and most forlorn, which is always the most numerous. They must win the hearts of all by the purest charity, and cover the world with establishments of every kind, in which speculation will never enter, but which will be entirely devoted to the universal good. They must form, consequently, armies of monks and nuns of "Intellectualism." This is the only means of embracing mankind in its entirety. This is what the Catholic Church has always done, and is now doing. They know it well, but they CANNOT do it, because they have NOT the required disinterestedness. None can have it but those who have drunk of it from the side of Christ on the cross. The idea could be developed indefinitely. The reader must take upon himself the task of going through this work in his thoughts. But the result of it all is that the success of the new way of guiding mankind will be a total failure, and as the Catholic Church is the only body that has always known the secret of it, and submitted cheerfully to all the most painful conditions of it, her success at this moment is as certain as the fact that the sun will rise to-morrow.

See, if you please, on which side are true intellectual ventures and intellectual profits, to use a phrase well known to merchants. The ventures of the Church are not assorted cargoes of silks, teas, or dry goods; they are not rural villages built in lovely spots for the benefit of the humble classes, but also for that of the contriver; they are not "Northern Pacific Railroads" whose profits *must be* commensurate with their length. They are far more precious than all the costly machinery by which are set on foot the gigantic enterprises which in our days astonish the world, and are expected to enrich it with an untold wealth.

The ventures of the Church are merely composed of the souls of numerous devoted servants, but not to be despised in the "intellectual line." Here are some of them:

1st. A hierarchy of noble men, having no other object in view but "the Church"—that is, regenerated mankind; anointed by God Himself to rule spiritually and govern the world; each of them having a portion of the globe as his special department, and deputed in the place of Christ to see that every individual of it, even the most degraded and despised, is truly *redeemed* and prepared for heaven. When one of these noble men dies, another is found to replace him, so that the number is always full; it increases even as the waste places previously left fallow are cultivated and

made capable of bearing fruit. This is the first venture of the Church, for it is a real *venture*—that is, an expense of intellectual capital, which must be profitable or not, according as it is well or badly managed. In the hands of the Church it is always immensely profitable, because always well managed, being directed by the Spirit of God.

2d. Under the hierarchy you have a large army of powerful workmen, who are at this moment more active than ever. These are the men who know how to speak or write so as to attract the attention of mankind, and in the end win their cause. Some of them belong to the hierarchy, some to the priesthood, some, and occasionally the best, are simple laymen; but all have received a gift far superior to that of mere science of the physical order chiefly, since that gift has always been the very one which the world itself praises and admires above all others. St. Paul had it eminently. An infinite number of men in the Church have attracted by it the plaudits even of the world. Does any one imagine that we are deprived of it in this age? Then he does not know what is going on all around him in the whole universe. Let him listen to the voices coming from France, from Germany, from Spain, from Italy, even now from England, Ireland, and this country. They cannot be named individually in these pages; the list would be too long. But they are well known, because they are public men indeed. They may be incarcerated or exiled in Germany and Switzerland; fined for their boldness in Italy, according to law; misrepresented and ridiculed in other countries by scribblers of the opposite camp; they continue unflinchingly their noble work, and show much more real intellect than all modern Intellectualism can boast of. Do you think, for instance, that Count de Mun, in France, will sit down and keep his peace if his case, pending now in *committee*, is decided against him, as it is very likely it will be? He will find many other rostrums to speak from besides that of the republican assembly in Versailles. Do you suppose that, because Mallinkrodt, in Germany, is dead, nobody will succeed to his place and his *rôle* in the Berlin Reichsrath? Gentlemen of the intellectual order, be persuaded at last that the Catholics of this age have a tongue like you, lungs as powerful as yours, more mind perhaps, and certainly more belief in heaven, which last thing must necessarily win the day.

But there is a third venture of the Church, not so indispensable perhaps as the first two are, but extremely powerful in its way, and to which the world must bend, and in fact does bend the knee. It is that immense army of virgins which have always formed the most precious crown of the Church, and which at this moment is more numerous certainly, and whose blossoms exhale a sweeter perfume

perhaps than they ever did. Did the Intellectualists ever reflect on the strange fact, that, in this very year of our Lord 1876, the number of Nuns and Sisters of all Orders in France alone is more than double what it was when the convents were closed in 1790? What hope can the "men of intellect" entertain of seeing that innumerable covey of multi-colored birds disappear from our fields and our sky, when they at this moment swarm in France at such rate, so soon after having been all caught in the legislative net of 1790 and throttled? And yet, unless the Intellectualists destroy the brood—as they call it—they cannot expect to rule mankind, which will always prefer "the gentle rule of the Sisters" to theirs. Did not Thaddeus Stevens, a hoary sinner and a most influential leader of the Republican party in the United States, ask and receive on his death-bed, from a simple-minded Sister of Charity, the words of faith and the waters of Baptism? Did not Sister Rosalie, in Paris, dispose as she wished of the whole cabinet of ministers, including that of the police, and this under the reign of Louis Philippe, in France? Who could refuse to bow to that holy influence when such miracles of grace as these are performed in this cold age? Yes, our power to rule will always be greater than that of science, because it reaches the heart, which science cannot do.

We could go on indefinitely on the subject, but we must refrain. After having seen, however, a few of the *ventures* of the Church, a word must be said of her *profits*, that unreflecting people may not imagine that all these are for her on the wrong side of the *ledger*. The profits in a clever and attentive merchant's books are either certain and well defined in the balance-sheet, or, when the commercial operations are not yet completed, they are regarded only as probable.

Let us look at both as they stand on the Church's books. Those that are certain and well defined are succinctly and clearly in black and white: 1st. A constant increase of the children of the Church going on uninterruptedly, so that even her adversaries are obliged to confess that she has lost nothing, or rather that she has gained in numbers, in spite of their plots, attacks, and blows. How much higher we stand than two hundred millions, no one can say. 2d. A very sensible addition, in our age, of men of real intellect to her ranks in all countries; in England certainly, in France to a very remarkable extent, in Germany wonderfully, in Italy and Spain undoubtedly, in this country and the rest of the world increasing by slow, it is true, yet gradual steps. In fact, the point mainly insisted upon in these pages, namely, the diminution of her control over men of intellect, referred mostly to the former time of her universal sway as described in a previous article. But to-day we have certainly gained over yesterday; and the progression seems to be steady.

3d. The hierarchy of the Church, enumerated among the *ventures*, can be classed likewise among the *profits* by the important change which has certainly happened in this age. Look at its actual unity under the Supreme Pastor; consider its efficiency, tenacity, and oneness of purpose. The long history of the Church has never before witnessed anything of the kind. See what the Church was, in that regard, at the time of Arianism, in the feudal ages, even under the late monarchies of Europe one and two hundred years ago; and compare with it her present state. With this alone, adding a numerous and devoted clergy working under their rulers, you have an imperishable Church independently of any other cause. What a gain and profit over former times! 4th, and last. The ground is clear, a most important circumstance, and a great source of advantage for the Church. The side-issues are dead; the questions are well defined: God, or no God; soul in man, or mere matter, Christianity, or Nihilism, etc. The State, it is true, is breaking loose from the Church, but the Church is at least very near being free from any entanglements with the State. It is an immense loss to the State, but a much less one for the Church. She can say openly: "I do not put my trust in princes;" and by this time she knows that they are not trustworthy; an immense profit in our opinion.

After speaking of the certain gains, the enumeration of the probable ones, which are not yet clearly defined because the transactions are not yet ended, would carry us too far just now. The reader may count them on his ten fingers, and examine them well in his mind. Meanwhile, although the prospect is really not so dark as it appeared at first, none of us ought to fall into apathy, thinking that the sky is becoming clearer of its own accord, and will go on becoming brighter and brighter without any exertion of ours. What good there is, is the result of immense, of gigantic efforts; and without the continuance of the same under the grace of God, the guidance of the world might fall into the hands of those who are now so eager to grasp it. Woe to the world if this should ever happen! But we Christians cannot fear it; we can rely entirely on the promises which the God-man made to His Church: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

HOMERIC TROY: ITS SITE AND REMAINS.

The Site of Homeric Troy. By Dr. Henry Schliemann. 4to. London: 1875.

Troy and its Remains. By the same Author (edited by Philip Smith, B. A.). 8vo. London: 1875.

Homeric Synchronism. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: 1876.

THE interest which must ever attach to the great epic poems of the Iliad and the Odyssey, partly from their own intrinsic and unsurpassed excellence, partly from the impenetrable mystery in which both their date and their authorship are involved, has been greatly enhanced by the late discoveries of Dr. Henry Schliemann in exploring the site of Hissarlik in the plain of Troy —a site which he very confidently identifies with the Ilium of the Homeric poems. "The hill, Hissarlik," he contends, "in the plain of Troy, answers exactly to the site which both Homer and Plato assign to Ilium."[1] It was close to, and seems to have formed the Pergamus or Acropolis of the Greek town of Ilium, said to have been founded by the Lydians; and Dr. Schliemann confidently asserts that "in all antiquity it was considered as a certainty that the Ilium of the Greek colony occupied the very site of the Homeric Ilium, and until the second century B. C. nobody ever doubted the identity of the two cities."[2] He appeals to the rather vague account of Herodotus (vii. 43) of the visit of Xerxes to the site of "Priam's Pergamus,"[3] and to the obscure statement in Iliad xx. 215, that "Sacred Troy had not yet been built in the plain" when the Dardanians—we must suppose the poet meant at some period of purely traditional and very remote antiquity—"as yet dwelt on the lower slopes of watery Ida." He adds, that the distance of Hissarlik from the sea, two and a half miles, is about the measure required by the general action of the Homeric poems.

There is, however, still another site, much further from the sea

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[1] The site of the Homeric Troy, by Dr. H. Schliemann, 4to., p. 9.

[2] Strabo, xiii. 1, § 35, appears to be an advocate of the opinion of Demetrius of Scepsis, who thought the site of the Homeric Troy was to be sought for in a village some three miles southwards of Hissarlik, called Ἰλιέων κώμη.

[3] Mr. Blakesley in his note on the passage suggests that this phrase is used in contradistinction to the hill-fort which was afterwards made the acropolis to the town of Lysimachus. It is more likely that Herodotus did not know where "Priam's Pergamus" really was; or, indeed, that the story about the visit of Xerxes and the sacrifice of one thousand oxen is a mere fable. How little the statements of the historian can be trusted has been shown by Mr. Cox in his History of Greece *passim*.

(the Hellespont), *i. e.*, not less than ten miles, and much nearer to Ida, viz., the small town on a height near the modern Bunarbashi, which has been considered on many grounds to have the strongest claims to be the true site of the Homeric Pergamus and Ilium. Dr. Schliemann, however, after others, explored this site, and found nothing but some small "Cyclopean" walls, which he says "cannot be older than the fifth century B. C.;" and he adds,[1] "An inscription I found in 1873 shows that this little town was Gergis."

Nevertheless, the claims of this locality to be the "true site" (the expression, of course, assumes a much controverted position that there really was such a city as the "Ilium" of Homer) are not dismissed quite so easily as Dr. Schliemann would wish. He does not appear to have read a most important and elaborate work, illustrated by numerous plans and engravings, "The Geography of the Troad," by Sir William Gell. In that work it is shown that the locality, with its proximity to Ida and its numerous adjacent burrows, sufficiently well accords with the Homeric scenery, and that the hot and cold springs mentioned in Iliad xxii. 147–155, still exist not far from it, and are even still used as πλυνοὶ, washing-troughs, by the inhabitants. Now Dr. Schliemann says there are only "forty cold springs at the foot of the heights of Bunarbashi;"[2] and he adds that the Scamander "rises from a cold and a hot spring in a valley near the summit of Ida, and, after a course of thirty-six miles, issues into the Hellespont." He casually mentions, what is by no means an unimportant fact, that "before it (Gergis) are three conical tombs, one of which was excavated by Sir John Lubbock." The Homeric tumuli (of Achilles, Ilus, Aesyetes, Myrina), he admits, are not to be seen in his site of Hissarlik, and, of course, he concludes (p. 6) that "they have altogether disappeared," with the exception of one, now known as "Pacha-Tépé," still standing about a mile due south of Hissarlik, which he identifies as the tumulus of Batiea or the Amazon Myrina.[3]

Without wishing in any way to disparage or undervalue the really important discoveries of Dr. Schliemann, which have an antiquarian interest and value of the very highest kind, we feel bound to say, that he conducted his researches with a preconceived conviction that Hissarlik, and that alone, could be and must be the

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[1] On the Site of Troy, p. 10.

[2] The Site, etc., pp. 2, 9.

[3] Troy and its Remains, p. 198. See Iliad, ii. 813. The "vexed question" of the true site of Troy has been discussed by Mr. Gladstone in chap. i. of his Homeric Synchronism so fully that it is the less needful to enlarge upon it in the present paper. In this, as in most of the points which we have ventured to controvert, *e. g.*, in the early date and historical character of the Homeric poems, Mr. Gladstone supports the views of Dr. Schliemann, except that he is willing to place the date at a period even considerably earlier, and only "half a century after the Trojan war" (p. 10).

Homeric Troy. "After having obtained on the heights of Bunarbashi many negative proofs, I minutely examined the whole plain of Troy, and became convinced that the site of the Homeric Ilium could not possibly be anywhere else than on the Ilium of the Greek colony, and this in accordance with the common opinion in all antiquity. To my mind Priam's Pergamus was hidden in the depths of Mount Hissarlik."[1] From that moment everything was converted into an argument favoring his view. He never seems to doubt that Homer described a real town, or to reflect that if *any* ancient city existed in the Troad, to which a tradition attached of a siege and a fight, a poet, who had visited the Troad, or who knew something of the plain of Troy even from others who had, would be morally certain to dress it up with a living reality in accordance with the general facts. The city, or succession of cities, unearthed from the soil of Hissarlik, may have been even wholly obliterated in his day, and yet the poet of the Iliad may have described in the most graphic and plausible manner its towers and walls and Scæan gates, and given detailed accounts[2] of royal palaces that never existed but in his own imagination. That the legends should agree that Troy was taken and burned, and that the city of ancient date from which Dr. Schliemann recovered so much treasure should have exhibited marks of fire, is a coincidence of very commonplace kind. Old cities were, as far as the houses were concerned, mostly built of wood, and their destruction by fire was almost a matter of certainty in the event of capture. The excavations of Mr. Layard at Nineveh showed that fire had been the agent of destruction. If then Hissarlik was the site—and we can no longer doubt it—of a very ancient, if not very populous or important city or series of cities in the Troad, it does not in the least follow that the account in the Iliad is anything but the reflection of a tradition, or that it contains even a particle of historic truth or reality.

The question is mainly, whether the poet made up his (perhaps visionary) Ilium from seeing or knowing of the site—in ruins, it may be—of Hissarlik, or of the town near Bunarbashi; or, indeed, whether he did not freely put together all that he knew about both? Those, indeed, who call in question the great antiquity of the Homeric poems in their present form, will find good reasons for thinking that he may after all have seen even the Greek Ilium. In respect of the distance from the sea of the town near Bunarbashi, much has to be said not only on the geological phenomena (often very rapid) of silting up, but on the traditions not alluded to by Dr. Schliemann,[3] that such silting up did actually take place after the

[1] The Site, etc., p. 11.

[2] *E.g.*, in Il. vi. 242 seq.

[3] The possibility of a large part of the Trojan plain being alluvial since the time of the siege, is discussed by Strabo, lib. xiii. § 36.

siege of Troy. The poet might, therefore, easily have conceived that in the time of the war, which he described, the town was as much nearer the sea as it has become further from it since the Iliad was composed. Dr. Schliemann is "ready to admit that even the whole plain of Troy has once been a deep gulf,"[1] and he marks in his map of the Troad successive channels or river-mouths, and even an ancient bed of some miles, more to the east than the present course of the Scamander.

Now, some such traditional silting up of the plain may be described by Homer as the levelling and obliterating by the influence of water the lines and embankments of the Grecian camp. Finding no vestiges of such works in his time (albeit in point of fact camp-lines are among the most lasting of constructions), he had recourse to a theory of the supernatural to account for their disappearance. Thus in Il. vii. 460, Zeus says to Poseidon, "When hereafter the Greeks have set off for their fatherland, break down the rampart and spread it about in the sea, and then cover again with sand the wide beach, that no vestige may remain of the mighty work of the Achæans." Again, in Il. xii. 13–33, we read that, after Troy was taken and the heroes had returned, Poseidon and Apollo laid a plan to obliterate (ἀμαλδῦναι) the rampart by turning against it the united waters of the rivers (the poet enumerates *eight*, and, in doing so, shows his ignorance of the real geography of the Troad) that flow from the heights of Ida into the sea. All these streams, says the poet, Apollo made to flow in one common estuary for nine days, while Zeus kept on raining (ὗε). Then Poseidon with his trident moved away the stones and the fascines which the Greeks had laid for a foundation, and made the shore all smooth along the strongly running Hellespont. This passage, which, as in anticipation of the course of events (ἔμελλον ὄπισθε Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀπόλλων θησέμεναι), has apparently been introduced into the Iliad from other narratives of the action following the capture of the city, is confirmed by Quintus Smyrnæus, xiv. 631–53. This poet, whose poem, entitled the "Posthomerica," contains much of the non-Homeric narratives of which the tragic poets made so liberal a use, gives nearly the same account, though in different words. But he adds a rather curious statement, that Poseidon broke through the crust of the earth in that part, and caused water to bubble up mixed with sand and mud, and that the whole camp of the Greeks was swallowed up by a wide chink in the shore, which reads like some traditional effect of an earthquake.[2]

[1] The Site, etc., p. 5.

[2] Some of the very large hewn stones found by the author, at a depth of from twenty to thirty feet, appeared to him to have been separated by a violent earthquake (Troy, etc., p. 96). It is well known that Asia Minor has always been liable to great volcanic disturbances.

Now, if tradition agrees with geological observation and with the well-ascertained laws of silting from river deposits, we must conclude that since the time of Homer (even placing it at a much more recent date than most scholars are willing to allow) the coast line may have very greatly changed—as, indeed, Dr. Schliemann admits that the course and effluence of the Scamander for miles has been changed. How, then, shall we conclude that Hissarlik is the true Homeric Ilium, if it is now at the same distance (2½ miles) from the sea—that it is proved to have been in the Homeric poems?[1]

Another and a very considerable difficulty arises from the smallness of the site or area of the city excavated on Hissarlik. Of course, poets may take any license in exaggerating; but what is the historical value of any account if no reliance whatever can be placed on details? "The twenty shafts which I have sunk," says our author, "on the plateau around Hissarlik show that the Homeric Ilium was limited to that very mount. But this area was very small, inclosed, as all ancient acropolis cities seem to have been, with a massive wall."[2] The number of the Trojan soldiers in Iliad viii. 560, is placed at 50,000, though, of course, the statement is historically worthless. Dr. Schliemann admits[3] that "Homer cannot possibly have seen a trace of Troy, because at his epoch the ruins of the Trojan houses, the great circuit-wall and the tower were covered by a layer of rubbish twenty to twenty-seven feet thick." He adds, and very properly, "Thus his description of Ilium is vague and obscure. He knew all the events of the city's tragic fate solely from tradition, for those events had been sung before his time by numerous rhapsodists."

If he had carried out the argument consistently, he would have come to the conclusion that no certain identification of the site of any town with the Ilium as described by Homer is possible. We cannot go a step further than to say, that *possibly* the very city has now been explored, the traditional existence of which gave rise to a wholly imaginary account and description of a siege and a fight around it. But Dr. Schliemann persists in making everything historical. His reasoning has far too much of the *petitio principii* to be sound. "Inasmuch," he says,[4] "as I discovered the city on the very site which the tradition of all antiquity identifies with the site

[1] On the Site, etc., p. 10: "In many towns on the east coast of England the sea retires; or, in other words, the shore increases so rapidly that hundreds of yards have been added within less than a century."

[2] It has been suggested in Troy and its Remains, Preface, p. xvii., that the mean dwellings clustering round the Pergamus may have been poetically exaggerated into a "well-built city," and its "wide streets." Taken, however, for what the fact is worth, Hissarlik certainly does not in this respect coincide with the Troy conceived by Homer, which was that of a large and populous city.

[3] On the Site, etc., p. 19.

[4] On the Site, etc., p. 19.

of Troy; inasmuch as the city was evidently rich, and destroyed in a fearful catastrophe by the hands of the enemy; since, moreover, I find in it the great circuit-wall, and the great tower with the double gate, whose situation answers the position of the Homeric Scæan gates; there can remain *no doubt whatever*" (the Italics are ours) "that this is the very city sung by Homer, that this is the very city destroyed by the Greeks, that this is the Ilium of eternal glory."

Another yet more serious difficulty arises from the style of art of the numerous objects found in the course of the excavations being not only quite different from, but much more primitive and archaic in character, than anything described in Homer. Dr. Schliemann thinks, indeed, that a two-handled goblet which he found, and of which he gives an engraving,[1] was the veritable Homeric δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον. Two diadems of gold, with pendant ornaments, he identifies, after Mr. Gladstone, with the πλεκτῇ ἀναδέσμῃ. Il. xxii. 469. But this is the merest conjecture. It is worth remarking, that in the India Museum, in London, there are very similar, indeed almost identical, designs represented as *necklaces* of Burmah workmanship. The very numerous and ugly owl-headed terra-cotta figures, and quaint representations of animals, not at all unlike those exhumed from American tumuli in Ohio, and said to have been used by the natives as smoking-pipes,[2] with an immense assortment of handmade clay pottery, disks, and whorls, are all of a type very far removed from the artistic descriptions so common in the Homeric poems.

Speaking generally, and from a due consideration of the numerous engravings in Dr. Schliemann's large volume, we cannot give any other opinion than that the identification of any of them with Homeric descriptions is dangerous, if not visionary, and a task altogether hopeless. It is probable that the poet of the Iliad knew something of the Troad; it is self-evident that he sang of themes long before celebrated by other bards; it is probable that the dim traditions of an event, and the agents of it, which, however mixed with myth, was regarded by these poets as historically true, had a substratum of truth; that there was a city captured and burnt, and that it may have occupied the site of Hissarlik. But to assert that Hissarlik is the Homeric Ilium, that the treasures found belonged

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[1] On the Site, etc., p. 15. This cup is so formed with a round or boat-like bottom that it cannot be made to stand unless by inverting it, *i. e.*, so as to show that all the liquor was drained, ἀνατετραμμένος χοῦς. To our mind the form or design of this cup is of a very primitive and barbarous character, though one of the same kind was discovered in "Priam's treasure" made of fine gold. Troy, etc., p. 326.

[2] Many of these are engraved in the interesting volume, Flint Chips, etc., by Edward T. Stevens. London, 1870.

to King Priam, that the gateway is the veritable "Scæan gate" of the Iliad,—all this is going a great deal too far.[1] The poet may well have visited the site of some old city in the Troad, and without the least knowledge of its real history, have resolved to localize the traditional siege by describing its scenery and surroundings with more or less correctness. The statement that Hissarlik and no other is the primitive Homeric city, is not only an assumption in itself, but is opposed to strong internal evidence of the Iliad itself.

In Book xxii. 146, Hector, hotly pursued by Achilles, runs along a high road further and further from the wall, τείχεος αἰὲν ὑπεκ, till he comes to a hot and a cold spring, from which two (or, perhaps, *the* two, though the article is wanting) sources of eddying Scamander arise. If, with Dr. Schliemann, we place these springs far up in Ida, we make Hector run about thirty miles, the greater part of his course being up hill! If there is a hot spring near Bunarbashi, as Sir William Gell says there is, but Dr. Schliemann says there is not, then the "two springs of Scamander" may be interpreted of the sources of a small tributary, Bunarbashi-Su, though Dr. Schliemann says there are forty springs, and the springs are cold.[2]

But under no possible conditions can this description, as it seems to us, be made to suit the site of Hissarlik.

The editor, however, of Dr. Schliemann's work, *Troy and its Remains*, Mr. Philip Smith, is as resolute as the author himself in asserting the contrary.[3] "That the real city of Troy could not have stood at Bunarbashi, is one of the most certain results of Schliemann's researches." Again: "That Homer, or—if you please—the so-called Homeric bards, familiar with the Troad, and avowedly following tradition, should have imagined a different site" (*i. e.*, than the hill of Hissarlik), "would be, at the least, very surprising."[4]

On the contrary, it is quite conceivable that the "real," *i. e.*, the traditional city, wholly unknown to Homer, may have been at Hissarlik, and yet that he should have wrongly supposed it was the old town near Bunarbashi. The legend, familiar to Pindar and the tragic poets, and more than once alluded to by Homer himself, that Troy was twice captured, the first time by Hercules and Telamon,

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[1] So possessed was the author's mind with this idea that it influences all his reasonings. To say (Troy, etc., p. 216) that "the situation of this town" (Hissarlik) "corresponds perfectly with all the statements of the Iliad," is certainly a very loose way of writing, which no careful or accurate scholar will accept. It is a fact, and a very curious one, that parts of the Homeric description, *e. g.*, the Temple of Athena in the Acropolis, better suits the city of the time of Lysimachus! Certainly, it is more like the Greek Ilium.

[2] On the Site, etc., p. 4. [3] Preface, p. xiv. [4] Ibid., p. xv.

and afterwards by the arrows of the same Hercules in the hands of Philoctetes,

"Troja bis Œtæi numine capta Dei,"[1]

is consistent enough, as Mr. Philip Smith remarks,[2] with the successive strata of human habitations found by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik. The oldest of the cities explored by him may of course, go back to almost any conceivable antiquity. At the same time, very extended and careful researches are required for establishing some general law or rate of increase in the accumulation of soil in both ancient and modern cities. In London, York, and very many other well-known sites of Roman towns, the remains of mosaic pavements, baths, foundations of buildings, coins, etc., are still often found very many feet, even twenty and thirty, below the present level; indeed, there is hardly a church or a cathedral of any antiquity in which the basement is not, or has not been, buried in soil or rubbish to a considerable height.[3] Taken alone, the fact of one city overlying another is extremely deceptive. If a town, especially a hill-town, were destroyed by fire, a new city might arise a year or two afterwards, the inhabitants of which would walk on the ruins of that which was the home of their own fathers, while their grandchildren in their turn might walk upon theirs. Sites have been found in England where successive interments of Saxon, Roman, and British have been clearly made out. If we mistake not, the ancient town of Cumæ exhibits the same certain indications of several settlements founded in turn each upon the remains of an older one.

Further than this, in a population little advanced beyond the rude arts of working clay or stone implements, or even bronze, such forms as appear to us to indicate the remotest barbarism may possibly have no very great antiquity. Ornaments in the precious metals, such as were found in considerable abundance by Dr. Schliemann in the stratum next above the oldest city, probably point to an era of commerce, and, therefore, of civilization considerably in advance of such barbaric artists; but they furnish very uncertain evidence of relative date. We know that numerous tribes at the present day have not advanced beyond flint implements and shell or bone ornaments, little if at all superior to those monuments of

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[1] Propert., iv. 1, 32.

[2] Preface, p. xxi. Of course, this may also be used as an argument for the wholly imaginary existence of the Homeric Troy.

[3] In p. 227 of Troy and its Remains, the author tells us that the hill of Hissarlik must have been extended eastward by *débris* not less than 262 feet. He adds: "I do not believe that there is a second hill in the world whose increase in size, during thousands of years, can in the remotest degree be compared with this enormous growth." This, it must be confessed, comes under the category of "tall talk."

"cave man" or the dweller in the lake habitations, or of the races whose handicraft is buried many feet deep in what we have every reason to believe is glacial drift. On the other hand, Assyria and Egypt were highly civilized two or even three thousand years before the Christian era.[1]

In the introduction to *Troy and its Remains*, which evidently contains more matured conclusions of the author than those which he has expressed in his Diary, he appears quite conscious of the truth of the above view. "It is just because we can form no idea of the way in which these nations lived, and what calamities they had to endure, that it is impossible to calculate the duration of their existence, *even approximately*,[2] from the thickness of their ruins. It is extremely remarkable, but perfectly intelligible from the continual calamities which befell the town, that the civilization of all the four nations constantly declined; the terra cottas, which show continuous *décadence*, leave no doubt of this."[3]

The greater part, at least the whole of the upper part, of the mound or hill of Hissarlik is *débris*, and formed of the ruin and destruction by fire or otherwise of previous settlements.[4] This is precisely what Mr. Layard found to be the case in the vast mounds at Nimroud, Khorsabad, and Kouyunjik, not to mention many other sites.[5] The Pergamus or citadel of the Iliad, which, if it ever existed at all, should have been a commanding acropolis, could not possibly have been the hill of Hissarlik; for not only was it of insignificant height,[6] but the plateau which it presented for the site of the whole city was only about 77,400 square yards.[7] But Dr. Schliemann "asserts most positively that Troy *was* limited to the small surface of this hill; that the city had no acropolis; and consequently that the Pergamus is a pure invention of Homer."[8]

In saying this he formally resigned an opinion he had long entertained, that the area of ancient Troy extended over the whole

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[1] Lepsius, Discoveries in Egypt, p. 38, assigns to Egypt a "cultivated epoch" as early as 4000 B. C. The treasures found by Dr. Schliemann in what he calls "the Trojan stratum," *i. e.*, that lying second above the native rock, "reveal great wealth, great civilization, and a great taste for art," and he adds (what by no means follows): "This treasure leaves no doubt that Homer must have actually seen gold and silver articles such as he continually describes." (Troy, etc., p. 22.)

[2] Troy and its Remains, p. 14. (The Italics are ours.)

[3] Greek vases of the period of Alexander the Great and later, are very inferior in drawing and general *contour* to those of the age of Pericles, and even before it. In fact primitive arts follow a general law in declining and dying out to be superseded by others.

[4] Troy, etc., p. 117. [5] Layard's Nineveh, Introduction, p. vii., etc.

[6] "The primary soil of Hissarlik is, indeed, less than sixty-five and a half feet above the plain" (Troy, etc., p. 124).

[7] Troy, etc., p. 117. Mr. Gladstone (Homeric Synchronism, p. 39) compares the smallness of Rome when limited to the Palatine hill. [8] Ib., p. 18.

space afterwards occupied by the Greek settlement, and that Hissarlik was the Pergamus of the city.[1]

Another difficulty, in itself almost fatal to the Troy of the Iliad being anything but a city erected by the poet's fancy, is the description of Hector descending from the palace in the Pergamus and hurrying through the town, in order to arrive at the Scæan gate; "whereas that gate and Ilium's great tower, in which it stands, are in reality directly in front of the royal house."[2]

Dr. Schliemann's work appears to us to evince a general confusion between an acknowledgment of Homer's ignorance of the actual city he describes, and the endeavor to identify that description with the actual discoveries. In common with Mr. Gladstone, he seems to regard the pedigree of Æneas and Priam, from Dardanus, as actual history. But what are we to think of the legends which made Apollo and Poseidon the builders, and Hercules the captor of Troy? And what personality can Priam possibly have had, when he was brother to Tithonus, who married Aurora, or the Dawn?[3]

Dr. Schliemann tacitly ignores all that has been said and written tending to throw doubt on the alleged great antiquity of the Homeric poems, in the form in which we now have them, and all the researches that go far to show that the Achilles of the Iliad is only a "solar legend" representing the sun in his glory. With Mr. Gladstone, he will not allow himself to doubt that Homer really lived "two hundred years after the destruction of Troy."[4] Hence all his calculations seem founded on assumptions. He will not concede that Bunarbashi can possibly have been the site of Troy, *i. e.*, of what the poet conceived as the locality and scenery of his poem—allowance being made for great silting in the Trojan plain—because he has unearthed the "real Troy" in another place,

[1] Troy, etc., p. 17.

[2] Ib., p. 20. Sir Charles Fellows (Travels in Lycia, p. 322) has given a representation of an ancient city cut in relief in a tomb at Pinara, in Lycia. It exhibits walls, battlements, towers, and gateways, and may undoubtedly be taken as an average type of a fortified city such as commonly existed at the time when the Iliad was put together in its present form. It is, therefore, vain to insist on identifying "Scæan Gates" and "Priam's Tower." The whole theory of Dr. Schliemann seems to break down in everything but this, that the Trojan war may have been founded on some true or partly true traditions.

[3] This word "dawn" is the same as the Sanscrit *ahana*, and *athena* as *daughter* is identical with θυγάτηρ, *door* with θύρα, *deer* with θήρ, etc. The ægis of the goddess, represented in early art as a fringed goat-skin, symbolizes the clouds in which the sunrise is, as it were, vested. The great number of rude owl-faced images found by Dr. Schliemann were probably little *penates*, symbolizing the bird of dawn, the γλαῦκῶπις Ἀθήνη. Some such symbols may be alluded to in the lenged of Æneas carrying the Trojan Penates into Italy. (See the opinion of Prof. Max Müller in p. 54 of Troy, etc.)

[4] Troy, etc., p. 91. Mr. Gladstone thinks it may have been much nearer still.

and because his great object and desire is "to prove that the Iliad is founded on facts, and that the great Greek nation must not be deprived of this crown of her glory."[1] Again, he confidently interprets a few abnormal scratches (such at least they may be) or pieces of clay as inscriptions, because "he is firmly convinced that an alphabetical language was known in ancient Troy,"[2] a conclusion opposed to all we know of the sites of prehistoric human habitations, whether "Cyclopean" walls, megalithic pillars, or tumuli. In none of them, we believe, has a single scrap of writing ever been found;[3] and marvellous as is the early date at which the art of writing existed in Egypt and Assyria, it is well known that very scant remains of either Greek or Phœnician writing can safely be placed earlier than about B. C. 500. Neither in the shell-mounds (kitchen-middens) nor in the Lake habitations have any indications of writing been discovered, so far as we have ever heard. And that some of the later settlers on Hissarlik were allied to the former mode of life might be inferred from the "immense quantities of mussel-shells," with occasional oyster-shells, that were found at the moderate depth of about ten feet from the surface.

Among the most singular objects found by Dr. Schliemann was a prodigious number of balls or top-shaped whorls of baked clay, representations of which are given in plates xxi. to lii., in his larger work on the site of Troy. Most of them are more or less ornamented with rude devices scratched upon them. Two of these have been identified[4] as Aryan symbols of the production of fire, that is, probably, of the origin of life. On two or three some very rude attempts at drawing animals occur. All, or nearly all, seemed to be pierced through; the aperture on one side having a cuplike shape, which reminded Dr. Schliemann of a volcanic crater. He believed

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[1] Troy, etc., p. 97. With an almost amusing simplicity he says in his diary (Ib., 147) "that he hardly hopes to discover the old Trojan temple in which Hecuba caused the princess Theano to lay her costly robes on the knees of Athena" (Il., vi. 302).

[2] Ib., p. 91. In page 51 he tells us that his friend, Emil Bournouf, is of opinion that one of these bits of scratched pot contains "a real inscription in Chinese letters." Are we then to understand that Hissarlik was once the site of a Turanian settlement, as the Etrurians have recently been shown to be? Yet Dr. Schliemann is always insisting that the "emblems" on the pottery are Aryan.

[3] The author admits at a later period of his explorations (Troy, etc., p. 223) that he "is no longer sanguine in regard to this" (the finding of inscriptions), as he has "hitherto found no trace of writing in the colossal strata of the four tribes which preceded the Greek colony." The subject is, however, very curious, and it is as rash to *assert* that these marks are mere scratches as to assume that they are letters. It is certainly remarkable that the *same* marks occur on *two* of the clay whorls. See the engraving in page 367 of Troy and its Remains. Mr. Gladstone (Homeric Synchronism, p. 64) says it "appears to be held morally certain by competent judges that the inscriptions of Hissarlik are not mere ornaments or symbols, but have a meaning, and are true signs."

[4] See the interesting remarks in pp. 101–6 of Troy, etc.

them to be *ex-voto* offerings, and many of the marks or scratches upon them he supposes to be astronomical symbols. In our opinion none of them go beyond the efforts of a rude artist to make some kind of fanciful pattern on his ball of yet unbaked clay. The probability is that they were weights used for giving both regularity and momentum to spindles turned by hand. We know, from numerous passages in Homer and other writers, that the one great employment of women was to sit at home engaged in spinning and weaving. How could it be otherwise where a large population was to be clothed, and no machinery existed to facilitate the handwork required? Even now in Asia Minor the same practice is to be seen. The Greeks at Sansoon (the ancient Priene, in Lydia) were, as Sir Charles Fellows tells us,[1] at the time of his visit, "all employed in spinning, winding, or working in some way; and their industry seemed, from the appearance of the houses and everything around, to have met with its reward." He gives us a sketch of a spindle, on the axis of which is a conical roundel, extremely similar to those found at Hissarlik.

Now, nothing could possibly be cheaper, commoner, or easier to make than these balls of clay. The little boys and girls in every family could make them and bake them as easily as clay marbles. This fact will account for their extraordinary abundance. They seem to have been flung away by hundreds as so much useless rubbish. These balls seem to be the *σφόνδυλοι χοῖλοι καὶ ἐξεγλυμμένοι διαμπερὲς* in the Republic of Plato, lib. x. p. 616 D, where he is comparing the spindle of Necessity—*i. e.*, by which the thread of human fate is spun—to the round weight which turns and balances the spindle. Had this passage in Plato, which is really decisive of the question,[2] occurred either to the author or his editor, he would hardly have filled more than thirty pages of 8vo. size, with engravings of objects of so little intrinsic interest. But, being convinced that the scratches on them were either letters or mystical symbols, he not unnaturally greatly overrated their antiquarian importance. His etymological speculations[3] on the identity of *Ἴλιος* with *Ἥλιος* appear to us of no value, and to be founded on the assumption that these clay whorls symbolized the sun, and that the sun-god was therefore worshipped in the Homeric Ilium.[4] Nor is his wonder at

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[1] Travels in Lycia, chap. x. p. 200.

[2] The crater-like depression round the central hole is exactly described by the participle used by Plato, "scooped out," the piercing of the balls being expressed by *διαμπερές*. In the Blackmore Museum, at Salisbury, among objects "of no great antiquity" from Peru, is "a spindle with the stone whorl attached to it, and having some of the spun alpaca wool around the stick" (Flint Chips, p. 269). See, also, p. 94, where the author adds, "Spindles and whorls of stone are still used in parts of France and Italy."

[3] Troy, etc., p. 126.

[4] Ib., p. 146.

the occurrence of these objects through so long a period of time much more reasonable. "How these exceedingly remarkable objects, which are adorned with the most ancient religious symbols of the Aryan race, can have continued to be used for more than one thousand years by the four tribes which successively held possession of Ilium, and even by the civilized Greek colony, is to me a problem as inexplicable as the purpose for which they were used. If, as I now conjecture, they represent the wheel, which, in the Rigvêda, is the symbol of the sun's chariot, they were probably used as *ex-votos*, or they were worshipped as idols of the sun-god, Phœbus Apollo. But why are there such enormous numbers of them?"[1] On Dr. Schliemann's theory, we can only repeat, "Why, indeed?" The Doctor's confidence, however, in the correctness of his interpretation, seems even to increase, for he says, in p. 187, "It is certain that this symbol is here also intended to glorify the sun-god."

This persistent view of the symbolism of the "thousands and thousands" of round terra-cottas found by the author is the more remarkable, because he himself seems only just to have missed that which, in our judgment, is alone the true and reasonable view. He says (p. 189), "Among those which have no decorations, I find a few, the upper surfaces of which show distinct traces of rubbing, as if from having been used on the spinning-wheel or loom."

The amount of ornamentation bestowed on these whorls is easily explained. An occupation on which the female mind is almost exclusively devoted is pretty sure to carry with it those decorations and pretty finishings in which the taste of women naturally disports itself. Spinning-wheels yet existing, and used by our own grandmothers, are often highly ornamented with carving and inlaid ivory patterns. Theocritus has a very elegant poem on a distaff of ivory presented to Theogenis, the wife of the physician Nicias. But Dr. Schliemann says the marks of rubbing are found only on a few (very few) of the plain whorls, never on those with the "symbolical signs." Now, the plain, as well as the ornamented specimens, must surely have served the same purpose. But such marks of rubbing would hardly occur on "ex-voto" offerings. And he rejects as "impossible" (p. 189) the suggestion of M. Burnouf, that these clay balls were used by the Trojans and their successors either as amulets or as coins. They are too heavy and clumsy for the first, and show too slight marks of wear and tear for the second purpose.

A rather curious instance, as it seems to us, of forcing facts to suit the Homeric narrative, in order to establish the identity of Hissarlik with the Homeric Troy, occurs at page 194. The author

[1] Troy, etc., p. 175.

finds two springs, respectively about 400 and 840 yards from his excavations, and of a temperature 60 and 62 degrees of Fahrenheit, which is not even lukewarm to the touch. Homer's two springs (Il., xxii. 150) are "sources of Scamander" (which these assuredly are not), one of them "cold as hail," the other throwing off steam "like smoke from a fire burning." Yet, and in spite of the fact already mentioned, that the sources of the Scamander, miles away in the mountains of Ida, really do come from a hot and a cold spring, our author thinks it is "extremely probable (!) that these" (viz., at Hissarlik), "are the two springs beside which Hector was killed." And the words of Homer, he suggests,[1] are to be understood in a "metaphorical sense."

Not more convincing is the author's conclusion[2] that the foundations of a great tower, laid bare at the depth of 46½ feet from the surface of the hill, were those of the veritable *πύργος μέγας Ἰλίου* (Il., vi. 386) which Adromache ascended because she had heard that the Trojans were hard pressed. If he had attended to the fact, that the initial digamma in *Ἰλίος* is inconsistent with the metre of the verse, he would justly have felt grave doubts as to its genuine antiquity.

A little more close scholarship, too, would have made him doubt the correctness of his interpretation of a late Greek inscription (p. 205) found on the site of the temple. What he reads without sense, *καικινᾶ Γάϊον κυζικηνὸν ἄρχοντα λογιστὴν ὑπὸ τοῦ θειοτάτου αὐτοκράτορος*, etc., should be (if we mistake not), *καικίναν τὸν κυζικηνὸν καταλογιστὴν ὑπὸ τοῦ σεμνοτάτου αὐτοκράτορος*, viz., "Aulus Claudius Cæcina of Cyzicus, accountant" (or auditor, of the privy purse, or *fiscus*, probably), "in the service of the most august Emperor."

A very interesting, not to say important discovery, was the skeleton of a woman, with the skull especially in a good state of preservation,[3] at a depth of 42½ feet from the surface. The remains showed marks of death by fire. A more scientific description of this skull was much to be desired. All we are told is that "the mouth was somewhat protruding, and showed good but astonish-

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[1] Troy, etc., p. 196. The common-sense view of the matter is, that the poet had heard of the hot spring at the river-head, but had no idea of, or cared nothing about, its distance from the plain.

[2] Ib., p. 203. In a similar style of undoubting confidence he "now ventures positively to assert that the great double gate which he has brought to light must necessarily be the Scæan Gate" (Ib., p. 303). He is obliged, however, to admit (p. 305) that in this case Homer's description must be wrong, and that the names were only known from tradition, while the actual sites of Pergamus and the Scæan Gates were unknown o the poet. The term *σκαιαὶ πύλαι ought* to mean the gates on the left hand to one looking northwards, *i. e.*, the western gates; whereas the aspect of this gate is more nearly southward. It may be granted, however, that their *site* is on the southwest of the city.

[3] Troy, etc., p. 209.

ingly small teeth." It appears, therefore, to have been of that "prognathous" type so often found in tumuli, though this form of the lower jaw is usually associated with large mouth and long, often irregular teeth. The engraving of the skull seems a very poor one. Its interest is greatly enhanced by the fact that it was (with the exception of the bones of an embryo infant before described),[1] so far, the only human skeleton the author ever met with in any of the pre-hellenic strata on this hill. Others, however, he found at a later period.[2]

Our author is confessedly a good deal perplexed,[3] in spite of his firm belief that he has discovered the true site of Troy, by the fact that Homer makes no allusion to the stone axes, hammers, knives, flint saws, querns, or hand-mills, terra-cotta vases, etc., which occur in such remarkable abundance in all the strata of the hill. He seems to have hardly been aware that in all prehistoric settlements in all parts of the world stone and flint weapons are met with of precisely the same form; and that the very same implements are manufactured by savage tribes even at the present day. There is good reason to believe that implements of greenstone, diorite, obsidian, basalt, or other hard and heavy kinds of stone, were described by the ancients under the general and vague term "adamant." But the rude state of art found everywhere on the Hissarlik mount is wholly inconsistent with the frequent descriptions of works of high design and finish which we read of in Homer. So long as the popular opinions about the remote antiquity of the Iliad and the Odyssey continue to prevail, there will be confusion of thought and inconsistencies of reasoning on the subject of these primitive monuments. It is impossible to conceive that the Hissarlik remains can be synchronous, or even belong to the same era of civilization, or to the same advanced family of mankind. The rude little idols of pottery or stone cannot be compared with the Athena in the Acropolis, on whose knees embroidered garments were placed as offerings (Il., vi. 303). This is a style of art and a religious ceremony familiar to the Athenians in the time of Pericles. If Homer's descriptions are not altogether imaginary, they cannot refer to the races who made pots and manufactured stone weapons on the hill of Hissarlik, whether we call it Ilium or not. If any one will carefully examine the pages of that interesting and trustworthy work already alluded to, *Flint Chips*, he will see that nearly everything found at Hissarlik has its counterpart in collections from all parts of the Old World, and in specimens already stored and catalogued in museums.[4]

[1] Troy, etc., p. 154. [2] See Ib., p. 279. [3] Ib., p. 270.

[4] Especially the flint saws or jagged knives, many specimens of which are preserved in the Blackmore Museum, at Salisbury, partly from the collections made by Messrs. Squier and Davis from the mounds of the Mississippi and Ohio.

But, in truth, the descriptions of Homer are so utterly inconsistent, that we can but in fairness conclude that they are either wholly imaginary or the pseudo-archaic creations of a comparatively late age. It is impossible that a fighting age, when heroes hurled great stones at each other, should have also been the age of works so elaborately artistic as the shields, breastplates, war-cars, embroidered vestments, etc., described in the Homeric poems. It is not too much to say that the only work of art at all representing the Homeric description of arms, is the copper helmet found on the skull of a warrior, at a depth of about 25 feet, and figured in p. 280. It still retains the copper ridge with the groove in which the crest or plume appears to have been inserted. And this, we may fairly grant, has some pretensions to advanced design and workmanship.

The articles figured in pp. 261 and 285, although rude, may possibly be the κρατευταὶ, or spit-supporters, described in Il., ix. 214.

The row of wine-jars (πίθοι), nine in number, found in the room of a house below the temple of Athena, remind one strongly of the jars of wine placed along the wall in Od., ii. 341, πίθοι—ἐξείης ποτὶ τοῖχον ἀρηρότες. As for the form of cup which Homer calls ἀμφικύπελλον, which etymologically should mean "having a cavity on both sides," and is, therefore, commonly explained as a goblet having the shape of a dice-box, Dr. Schliemann rather dogmatically says such an interpretation is "entirely erroneous." Now let the reader hear his proof for so sweeping an assertion: "In the Homeric Troy there were no such cups, otherwise I should have found them."[1] The author further ventures "positively to assert" that certain two-handled cups he has found, of ingenious but very barbaric shape, "must necessarily be the Homeric δέπα ἀμφικύπελλα."[2] Why, then, we may ask, did he not discover such a goblet as that described in Iliad, xi. 632, which was covered with golden studs, had four handles with two golden doves to each, and was so large that ordinary mortals could with difficulty lift it from the table when full? The assumption, that the building in which he found his two-handled goblet was "Priam's Palace,"[3] or any palace at all, is quite on a par with the general tone of assertion without proof which characterizes the author's whole work, and which is, in the eyes of careful scholars, its chief defect. The circumstance of a treasure being found in or near it, if it had been of ten times the intrinsic value of that so marvellously found by Dr. Schliemann, in itself proves

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[1] Troy, etc., p. 313. From the analogy of ἀμφορὰ and ἀμφιφορεὺς, "carried by two handles," he wrongly contends that ἀμφικύπελλον must mean a cup with two handles!

[2] Ib., p. 313. We should be inclined to say that the terra-cotta cup engraved on p. 317, with a cup above and a cuplike, though pierced, base, is far more appropriately called ἀμφικύπελλον.

[3] Ib., p. 314.

nothing. At the very utmost, a "probable conjecture" or a "reasonable inference" might be put forward with modest diffidence. But we object, in the cause of archæology, to these treasures being everywhere advertised and spoken of as King Priam's veritable box of family plate![1] We object, in the cause of both logic and scholarship, to such hasty conclusions as the following (p. 332): "As I found all these articles together forming a rectangular mass, or packed into one another, it seems to be certain (!) that they were placed on the city wall in a wooden chest (φωριαμὸς), such as those mentioned by Homer as being in the palace of King Priam." (Il., xxiv. 228.) Again (p. 344): "I rejoice that my three years' excavations have laid open the Homeric Troy, even though on a diminished scale, and that I have proved the Iliad to be based upon real facts." (!)

In truth, Dr. Schliemann has proved nothing beyond the existence of a succession of very old settlements on the hill of Hissarlik. We are no nearer to the solution of the problems, where Homer conceived Troy to be, and whether his account is poetical and imaginary in the main, with an imperfect recognition of general local features derived from memory or oral accounts. It is only by concessions in themselves fatal to his own theory that the author can maintain his position with any show of consistency. Thus, he gives up the hot and the cold springs, the size of the city,[2] and many other principal features in the Homeric account, thus leaving, after all his efforts to prove that he has discovered the true site of Troy, but the shadow of a shade.

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[1] The editor, Mr. Philip Smith, in a note on p. 328, speaks of the "cumulative analogies between Hissarlik and Homer." But on the most careful examination, these supposed analogies seem to us far-fetched, and based on very faint and few resemblances. The truth is, that the articles even of precious metal found in the treasure, are exceedingly barbaric and rude, hardly, if at all, better than the golden ornaments brought from Coomassie in the late Ashantee war. The copper lance-heads and the chisel-like tools he calls "battle-axes," found with the treasure and depicted on pp. 330–331, are about on a par with the rude Saxon and Danish implements of precisely the same kind, but made of bronze, which abound in the English museums. Dr. Schliemann's natural enthusiasm inclines him to hyperbolical description. One does not see why the poor ugly cups and vases of silver in plate xvii. should be called "beautiful," or "most exquisite workmanship" (p. 329). The remark on p. 345 provokes a smile—that the Trojan treasure trove was "such as is now scarcely to be found in an emperor's palace."

[2] In p. 344 he allows that his Ilium is "scarcely a twentieth part as large as was to be expected from the statements of the Iliad," and that "even if we assume the houses to have been of three stories"—a very bold assumption, we may remark—"and standing close by the side of one another, the town can, nevertheless, not have contained more than 5000 inhabitants, and cannot have mustered more than 500 soldiers." He gives up, as wholly imaginary, the Pergamus (Introduct., p. 18), the temple of Athene, as described in Iliad, vi. (p. 346), and the "well-built streets" through which Hector ran to the Scæan Gates (Il., vi. 392) διερχόμενος μέγα ἄστυ.

Had the critical knowledge of the author extended to a careful consideration of the many grave doubts that have been raised as to the alleged antiquity of the Iliad and the Odyssey as we now possess them, he might have felt how much better suited to the Homeric account is the old Greek city lying a little to the south of Hissarlik. It was founded before the time of Xerxes, whose visit to it is described in Herod., vii. 43. A plan of it is given in p. 374 of the present work; and in p. 17 of his introduction the author admits that he at first regarded this as the site of old Troy, and Hissarlik as its Pergamus, till he found, by sinking shafts in several places, "only walls of houses and fragments of Greek pottery belonging to the Greek period." It did not occur to him that a Greek town, which he himself thinks was founded (*Site of the Homeric Troy*, p. 8) seven hundred years B. C., may have been that personally known to the bard we have learnt to call Homer. In page 198 he remarks, "We may form an idea of what a large population Ilium possessed at the time of Lysimachus, among other signs, from the enormous dimensions of the theatre which he built; it is beside the Pergamus, where I am digging, and its stage is one hundred and ninety-seven feet in breadth."

Now, a careful and extended study of painted Greek vases of the Periclean age, proves that all the descriptions of armor, not to say of walls, ramparts, naval operations, etc., in the Homeric poems, are absolutely *Greek* in character, and, like the advanced works of art which he describes, are uniformly the same as those of this more advanced period. So true is this that it has been remarked that, if Homer really lived and wrote 800 B. C., then no material change or improvement was made in the fashion of armor for the long space of four centuries. The attempts to identify Homeric art with the barbarous pottery and idols of the deep excavations have, as we have endeavored in the present paper to show, signally failed.

The question, then, is still open for discussion, whether the Ionic bard, who was the real author of the Iliad, had not visited the *Greek* Ilium, and exercised an unfettered and uncritical imagination in describing it as he fancied it might have been when Priam and his wives had a palace on the neighboring hill. Our author's main objection to this view is the same as that to the site of Bunarbashi, viz., that excavations show no proofs of a settlement as ancient as Troy is supposed to have been. But the question, we repeat, is, not where Troy really was, but where the author of the Iliad rightly or wrongly supposed it to have been. In the Greek city mentioned by Herodotus there was a temple of Athena of sufficient size and dignity to receive a sacrifice (if the account of Herodotus be true) of a thousand oxen, though Strabo calls it εὐτελῆ ναὸν (xiii. 1), "a

poorly built temple," in contrast perhaps with that built by Lysimachus after the death of Alexander. It must, however, be admitted that the very close resemblance of the description in Iliad vi. to the known worship of Athena in the Acropolis at Athens, tends to throw doubts on the whole story of the Trojan temple, ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ, at Troy.

Mr. Gladstone, who avows himself, in the main, a supporter of the conclusions arrived at by Dr. Schliemann, uses many ingenious arguments to diminish the apparent incongruity of Homer's account of the city with the facts revealed by the recent discoveries. Allowing for poetic exaggerations and imperfect knowledge, and granting that the hesitation of objectors is wise and reasonable, he contends that there still remains a general proposition not less important, and, in his opinion, invulnerable.[1] "On the site of Hissarlik, at a depth of some thirty feet, with three layers of successive settlements or cities over it, in conjunction with notes of conflagration which can hardly be mistaken, we found the remains of massive walls and other structures such as indicate connection with the great building race of primitive history in their works on the shores of the Mediterranean, and such as are thus placed in remarkable agreement with the statement of Homer concerning the intervention of Poseidon; or, in other words, the Phœnician or foreign origin of the walls of Troy."

But even supposing we could show by inscriptions or the style of art that the early city was really Phœnician in its origin, we are no nearer to its being the Ilium of Homer. This interpretation of the Homeric legend, that Poseidon and Apollo built the walls of Troy, rests on an arbitrary assumption, and is therefore very far from making the argument "invulnerable." We might as well plead, on our side of the question, that because iron was nowhere found in the early city, but was found in the Greek Ilium,[2] and is mentioned several times in Homer, therefore the form known to Homer must have been the Greek city, as we have shown reasons for thinking probable enough. But this extraction of history from legend, especially from legends of elemental gods, like Poseidon and Apollo, is something like the extraction of sunbeams out of cucumbers, by no means hopeful in its results. The absence in general of any allusion to the number of stone weapons and implements found in the excavations, is explained away by Mr. Gladstone by the supposition that the life described in Homer is generally of the highest class, while stone implements would be more

[1] Homeric Synchronism, p. 44.

[2] Troy, etc., p. 31.

in use with the mass of the community.[1] The "stone age" was one in which chiefs as well as people in all parts of the known world used this material in default of anything better. But this is not the age, as every one knows, of the Homeric poems. Mr. Gladstone says it was truly the "copper" age; and he points to the articles of pure or nearly pure copper found, in confirmation of the Homeric use of *χαλκός*. This he regards as "one of the most striking of all the correspondences between the poems and the discoveries at Hissarlik."[2]

The recognition of the golden head-ornament (necklace?) found in the treasure with the Homeric *πλεκτὴ ἀναδέσμη* (Il., xxii. 470) seems to us as fanciful as the assumption that the blade-like laminæ of silver[3] were the "talents" or the oval-shaped cup the *δέπας ἀμφικυπελλον* of Homer. Mr. Gladstone thinks these blades or plates may have been "roughly and approximately divided." In this case, we think, they would have borne incised marks at the points of division. If we remember aright, however, M. Huc in his *Travels in Thibet* mentions the same custom of cutting off portions of silver for the purposes of traffic.

One way of explaining the acknowledged inferiority of Hissarlik art to Homeric, is to conjecture that all works of *fine* art mentioned in Homer have foreign associations.[4] Ingenious as the suggestion may be, it is hardly adequate to the removal of the difficulty. We should prefer the view, that all the Homeric accounts either refer to works of Greek art much later than has been supposed, and very much later than any that have been found at Hissarlik, or are pure creations of the poet's fancy. The latter is admitted to be not incredible. "Even if he had never seen any representations of life, his imagination might have conceived them."[5]

The absence of all statues from the Hissarlik site, except the small rude idols of stone or pottery, is accounted for on the ground that the early statues were generally of wood, *ξόανα*.[6] It is, however, not very probable that large statues of wood should coexist with such rude art and such scanty and poor implements. In this respect, however, Mr. Gladstone finds evidence that the poet lived nearer to the time of the Trojan war than has been commonly supposed. And with this growing conviction—so opposed to the critical inquiries that have been made into certain apparent modernisms and pseudo-archaic forms in the Homeric language—he is prepared to deal with the "synchronism" of Homer with some of the earliest events known to history, a subject to which the second

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[1] Troy. etc., p. 47. [2] Ib., p. 48.
[3] Engraved in plate xvii. of Troy and its Remains.
[4] Homeric Synchronism, p. 56. [5] Ib., p. 59. [6] Ib., p. 66.

part of his work is devoted, but into a consideration of which our limited space forbids us now to enter.

Mr. Gladstone's general conclusion is, that on the whole "there appears to arise from this comparison strong probable evidence of a nearly corresponding and contemporaneous condition of arts and manners, between the descriptions of the poems and the disclosures of the hill."[1] Against this view we have contended, that although the arguments from superposition and depth from the surface are deceptive, and the antiquity of a buried city may be overrated, yet the small town which Dr. Schliemann and Mr. Gladstone identify with the Troy or Ilium of Homer, was a settlement of a people low in the scale of civilization, and incapable of performing any such deeds of martial valor as the poems describe. We cannot see that the historic character of the Iliad has gained anything by these interesting excavations, conducted by Dr. Schliemann with such spirit and self-devotion, and with so large a gain to archæological knowledge. The question is one that must be looked at from a very large and wide field of view. The periods of human art, and its general resemblance at certain states of advance, must be taken into account, rather than the descriptions of poems, the date of which is wholly uncertain, and the fidelity of which to the realities of life is a mere assumption.

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[1] Page 71.

IN MEMORIAM.

ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

SINCE the publication of our last number, Orestes A. Brownson, one of our most distinguished contributors, has been called to reap the fruit of his labors in a better world. He was from its beginning a warm friend of the *Quarterly*, and an article for its pages was the very last literary work on which his pen was engaged.

Living in a remote part of the country, which Dr. Brownson never visited but once, and then only for a few days, it was not our privilege to become intimately acquainted with him, and thus have an opportunity of appreciating those qualities which are so highly spoken of by his friends and those who enjoyed his daily intercourse. It is, therefore, out of our power, even did it lie within our scope, to eulogize the merits of his private life and character. It will be enough for our present purpose to call attention to one predominant trait of his character, as it stands before the world, which constitutes his highest praise before God and man, and makes of him no unworthy model for the imitation of our Catholic men of letters and the Catholic laity in general. We mean his inherent love of religious truth, as evinced by his earnestness in seeking it, and his sincere, manly, bold profession of it when found. And let no one imagine that this rises little or in no way above the level of commonplace praise. According to Holy Writ,[1] it is one among the properties of the Divine Nature to love the truth. And man is elevated and perfected in proportion as he approaches nearer to this Divine model. Of Brownson it may be said that this love of truth was one of the most distinguished features in his mental character. It gave shape and form, where it did not give actual origin to many of his other good qualities; it even furnishes a clew to understand and explain what some consider his defects and shortcomings.

Born in one of the strongholds of American Puritanism, and educated in the straitest doctrines of that form of religion, his natural good sense, as his mind was developed, turned away in disgust from the teachings that surrounded him. He could not fail to see, that they were alike in contradiction with whatever there is of good and true in man's nature, and with Divine Revelation on which they impiously pretend to be founded; and he rejected them

[1] Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti. "For, behold, Thou hast loved truth."—Ps. l. 7.

accordingly. Another in his place might have been satisfied, like so many of our youth educated in the Calvinistic doctrines, to please the world and himself, by combining inward skepticism with outward profession of belief, or to betake himself to the creed and practice of Libertinism. But young Brownson found a safeguard, in what even then showed itself as his leading characteristic, and served to mould his whole subsequent course of life. He earnestly loved the truth; and he had the firm conviction that God, who had given him this restless longing after truth, would not withhold from him the means of finding it. His search was long and painful; but his trust in the Author of truth was, as it deserved to be, crowned with success. How toilsome and desolate was the road over which he travelled, none can adequately feel but he who has trod the same dreary path, and can judge from his own experience. Those born to the inheritance, and brought up in the household of Faith, can form no just conception of it. He that stands safely on the shore watching the struggles of the mariner, who is a prey to the fury of winds and waves, and in imminent danger of being swallowed up, far from enjoying the sight like the heartless worldling of Lucretian philosophy, may pity the sufferer and pray for his rescue; but he never can realize the mental agony of him who is battling for life against such fearful odds. His own sense of security is a barrier to *sympathy* in the full, original sense of the word, which implies fellowship in suffering. Thus it is with the Catholic who dwells in the house built upon a rock by no human hand, and from under its shelter looks out upon the unhappy crowd, with no guiding star but private judgment, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, and in hourly danger of spiritual shipwreck.

Our inquirer in his search after religious truth wandered through all the mazes of religious error, from the rigid tenets of Knox to the depths of rationalism. And in these he might have been hopelessly submerged, had it not been for a happy, providential circumstance. His studies, at this period of his life, became political as well as religious. It was, perhaps, the fruitlessness of his attempts to construct from the materials at his disposal a satisfactory scheme of religion, that led him insensibly to turn from God to humanity.

The phantom of world reform, social and political, which haunts so many aspiring, unsettled intellects outside of the Church, became his ideal. He undertook yet more diligently the study of history, to find in it, no doubt, what might support and confirm his own crude theories. But the effect was wholesome, for it tended to undeceive him. His politics from ultra-democratic, wild and utopian, became by degrees rational and conservative. He was compelled to recognize, especially in the Church of mediæval Europe, what not only realized but fully completed his own imperfect ideal.

He saw in her the only element able, not only to preserve, but to control, guide, and develop civilized society. In the logical course of thought the question soon presented itself to him: was not that mediæval Church the same that on the day of Pentecost came forth from the supper-room with Peter and the other Apostles? Was it not the same, which even now under the rule of Peter's successors, does battle with error and infidelity in Europe and throughout the world? Was not this the same Church, to which Christ promised His perpetual presence and protection, the Church which the apostles preached as the only pillar and ground of truth, and which the early Christians were taught by them to look upon as the ark out of which there is no salvation? His own reflections, aided by God's grace, gave answer in the affirmative, and obedient to the voice of conscience and duty, he entered the one fold of Christ. Some thought it a mere passing whim, a new phase of religious change. He had taken up as heretofore, they said, a new creed, to discard it whenever its charm of novelty should have passed away. We know an able lawyer and statesman, who at the time offered to wager any amount that Brownson would not remain three years a Catholic. Others imagined that, out of mere weariness and disgust, he had surrendered to authority an intellect, which had proved powerless to discover positive truth, and, in its place, was willing to accept whatever in any way would satisfy man's natural craving for something to believe. Little did such men know the depth of his convictions and the sincerity of his belief. He had for years been searching for religious truth; he found it at last in its genuine source, the Church of Christ. And if he crossed its threshold, it was only with the view of enjoying undisturbed possession of what he had so anxiously and lovingly sought. It was no voluntary caging of himself, because his wings were wearied with flight; no cowardly surrendering of his intellectual powers, because they had hopelessly failed in the search after truth. He found in the Church not a prison and bondage, but repose and liberty. He submitted to her his great restless intellect, because it is only at her feet, or rather in her loving motherly embrace that submission has the power to set free, to purify, to ennoble and perfect man's understanding. He showed the sincerity of his conversion not only by his perseverance, but by the sacrifices that he made. He did not give his allegiance to a Church that possessed wealth and worldly prosperity, that could wield a controlling influence in literature, that could dispense at her will fame and reputation. We were then comparatively few in numbers, and like St. Paul and his fellow-Christians, poor, despised, and persecuted, in some places given over to the fury of the populace, in others marked out as fit subjects for legislative coercion. Only a few months before, in the

very centres of our boasted American civilization, our people had been murdered, and our temples given to the flames by the boldness of riotous mobs and the connivance of cowardly magistrates. But none of these things moved him. The possession of Divine truth, so long and ardently sought, so happily found at last, repaid him for every sacrifice, if indeed he ever stooped to call it by such name.

After his conversion he devoted his energies, and indeed his whole life, to the defence of the truth to which his eyes had been opened. His *Review*, and other works, which will live as his monument *ære perennius*, attest with what loyal constancy and fond affection he consecrated to the service of the Church the varied talents with which God had endowed him. His *Review* is a rich mine, which will never lose its value for the student of controversial theology, of Christian philosophy, and Christian politics. His style, based on the best English models, gives an additional charm to all he wrote. He stands out certainly unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, by any of our countrymen in his masterly handling of the mother tongue. But the beautiful workmanship is as nothing compared to the glorious material which it adorns. It is like the mantle of gold which enwrapped the matchless Olympian Jove of Phidias. His logical power is simply wonderful; no sophistry, no specious reasoning of error or unbelief can stand before it. And coupled with this is the gift, so rare amongst profound thinkers and subtle dialecticians, of bringing home his triumphant process of reasoning to the minds even of ordinary readers with clearness and precision. One need not subscribe to his philosophical system, to recognize the power and skill that characterize his grappling with the most abstruse and intricate problems of metaphysics. And even those who do not assent to all his philosophical and political views, must allow that they were as conscientiously held as they were ably defended. Here, too, his great love of truth was manifest; for he retracted without shame or hesitation whatever he afterwards discovered to be false or unsound. Even when he laid down certain doctrines or opinions that gave offence and exposed him to obloquy, and in some degree to persecution, from his brethren in the faith, his fault, if such it must be called, arose both from his own brightness of intellect and his inherent love of truth. What he said he had to utter, because he saw it in the clearest light of evidence; and because it was unpopular, he feared that to give it anything short of the boldest expression might seem like paltering with the truth. Hence, doctrines, maxims, facts, and perhaps at times individual views, in proportion to what he considered their evidence and importance, were enunciated by him in a direct, blunt, stern, and occasionally harsh manner, that pleased some but offended

others. It was merely the storm-wind proclaiming in clear, loud, defiant blast what might have been conveyed as well and with undimmed, undiminished truth, in gentler tones. Some may question his prudence; none can doubt that he was prompted solely by his strong convictions and zeal for the truth.

Had Dr. Brownson confined himself to the *rôle* of a merely political writer, in the service of a party, he would have attained not preferment—for his honesty made *that* impossible—but wealth and reputation. But he would not; he had made up his mind to serve a nobler Master than party, and his soul aspired to higher rewards than worldly fame or riches. It had cost him much to come into possession of the truth. He determined to become its champion and defender, to spread it abroad amongst his countrymen, that they, too, might have a share in "all the good things and innumerable riches" (Wisdom vii. 11) that had come to him through its acquisition. And yet, to this man of noble nature and lofty disinterestedness, at the very end of his glorious career, within the last few years, some parties it seems—gauging the hearts of others by the meanness and corruption of their own—had the face to make an offer of wealth and popularity, if he would only apostatize and do his best to build up and Americanize a despicable little sect that cannot thrive in its own home, though backed by the gigantic power of the German Empire! And they thought that, for this paltry bribe, he would barter away the Church of his affection, the merits of many years, and his hopes of eternity! One might well exclaim with the Pagan poet:

"O stultas hominum mentes, O pectora cœca!"

It is hard to say which was greater, the insolence or the absurdity of such a proposal.

If Dr. Brownson, like the holiest of his predecessors in conversion, was not ashamed of the Gospel (Rom. i. 16), if he ever had its fearless profession on his lips, we should be led to expect, from his characteristic earnestness and love of truth, that in his case deeds kept pace with words, and that his religious faith was realized in his daily life and actions. And that such was the fact we have from the testimony of all who knew him.

He is gone, but his memory lives not only in the work he has done, but also in the example he has left behind him. And it is precisely this example that should commend itself to the educated portion of our Catholic laity. Most of them have had no laborious struggle to acquire the treasure of religious truth. Grown up from infancy in the house of their Father, they succeed to its possession as to their birthright. Let them prize and love it, as Brownson did; let them seek to extend its domain, so that all within their

reach may be conquered, of their own good-will, by its gentle power. The sphere in which the educated layman can co-operate with the Church is daily widening, and the value of his co-operation is daily growing in importance. The number of distinguished laymen who are rendering incalculable service to the Church is increasing every day in Germany, France, and Great Britain. Can we say the same of our own country? How is it that, of the many who graduate at our colleges and academies, only a few seem conscious of their duty in this respect? Fewer still have the courage to discharge it. Yet it is not inconsistent with the pursuit of any learned profession which may be adopted as a means of living. There is only one calling incompatible with it; it is that of the professional politician. Oh, for a warning voice, loud and powerful enough to deter our young men from entering on this career! In our day it is simply the road to corruption and moral death. Let them learn a lesson from those of their non-Catholic fellow-citizens, who have not parted with self-respect, and retain a nice sense of honor. None of them, that prides himself on his good name, but would scorn to expose it in the political atmosphere. We are not speaking now of those, some of them honorable men, whom their position, or the exigencies of the hour, may call into public life. We speak only of the *professional* politician, whose more or less plainly avowed standard of right and wrong is not that of Christianity nor even of decent Heathenism. All may not be called on to write or speak publicly in praise or defence of their religion. But there is a sphere open to them all, in which they may show their zeal for the advancement of God's kingdom. If they love Catholic truth not only with their lips, but with all the earnestness of their hearts, "Non verbo neque lingua sed opere et veritate," as St. John says (I. John iii. 18), let them do their best to exemplify it in their daily life and intercourse with the world. "Nos non magna eloquimur sed VIVIMUS," exclaimed triumphantly one of the Fathers, speaking of the early Christians. "We do not speak great things; we LIVE them in everyday life." It was this silent but forcible speech of living example that, with God's grace, conquered the Pagan world, as widely as the preaching and miracles of the Apostles and their successors. And if our laity will only act up to this high standard, the gentle persuasion of their example will do more to root out error and unbelief, and spread the saving doctrines of true Christianity, than long and eloquent debate or innumerable tomes of controversy. Further, in their intercourse with those outside of the Church, whether it be for the purpose of simple explanation or friendly discussion, let them never conceal, never disguise the doctrines of the Church; never strive to temper them so as to suit the prejudices of heresy or of the world. The

Church has nothing to be ashamed of. We held these doctrines long before heresy came into the world, and unless they were wholesome for the hearing and the souls of men God would not have revealed them.

In the death of Dr. Brownson the Catholic laity, as well as the clergy, has sustained a great loss; and we know not when it may be given us to look upon his like again. He had his faults; we speak not of his private life, which was above reproach and most edifying, but of those blemishes, which, like spots upon the sun, are visible occasionally in his long public career of writer and Reviewer. But our purpose does not call for any discussion of them. None could differ more radically from some of his opinions than the writer; but in the presence of the mighty dead, he thrusts aside all these petty remembrances. Let Brownson's faults, such as they were, sleep undisturbed with him in his honored grave. Far more welcome than praise or blame to his departed spirit is the soothing prayer of Mother Church, in which we invite all our readers to join: "ETERNAL REST GIVE UNTO HIM, O LORD, AND MAY PERPETUAL LIGHT SHINE UPON HIM!"

BOOK NOTICES.

THE FORMATION OF CHRISTENDOM. Part III. By *T. W. Allies.* London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer. 1875.

Part III. of Mr. Allies's truly grand work is, we will not say more valuable than Parts I. and II., but certainly is of equal interest and value. In saying this we will be readily understood by those who have read the parts previously published, as according the highest praise. The work, throughout, evinces extensive reading and laborious research, careful analysis and digestion of sources of history and ancient systems of philosophy, and profound and accurate knowledge of the subjects discussed.

To those who are unacquainted with the general design of Mr. Allies's work it may be well to say that the object of the author is to bring out the philosophy of Christian history. His fundamental idea can be given in a few sentences taken from the first chapter of Part I. of the work: "No one can be a true and great historian if his history be not written with a full conviction that three great powers move through the whole course of human events. There is a Divine Providence which shapes things to its own ends, 'rough-hew them how we will,' and never leaves the mastery of results to the blind or iron force of chance or fate. There is a free will of man, left sacred in every human breast by that Divine Providence, not the slave of outward circumstances nor of inward pleasure, but the very basis of our moral being, and its inviolable citadel. And there is, by the permission of that same Providence, an ever-active power of evil, universal in its operation, and tempting every human free will to a false pleasure and an unreal good. If the human mind could not discern and recognize these three powers for itself from the mere contemplation of the outward facts of history, yet, at least, when they are disclosed by revelation it sees infallible proof of their presence in those facts; nor has either of these ever been denied or ignored by the historian without manifest injury to the truth and the completeness of the view which he takes of human affairs."

In the following sentences the author finely sketches his idea of the manner in which Providence rules and directs to his own ultimate ends the free actions of men. "Who has not gazed with admiration on a swarm of insects unconfusedly engaged, with ceaseless industry and unity of purpose, in the work of their hives? Who has not felt arrested at the spectacle of the Divine mind which planted this instinct within them, and reveals itself in such effects? But look on the hive of men, where every one possesses not instinct, but the diviner gifts of memory, understanding, and will—where every one has an origin of action and choice in himself, which is essentially free, which he is ever exercising. And yet no less the whole hive conspire to a work beyond the thought and aim of the individual, beyond that of the mass; every one goes his own way, but all go together a way they wot not of, and man's free will works out God's intention. Gazing on such a scene, we realize the poet's thought, and admire him:

> 'La Providenza che governa il mondo
> Con quel consiglio nel quale ogni aspetto
> Creato e visto pria che vada al fondo.'[1]

"Such is human history in its highest aspect; a most wonderful and entrancing sight."

[1] Dante, Parad., xi. 28.

Of the manner in which the author develops his idea in the first and second parts of *The Formation of Christendom*, we do not propose to speak. Those volumes have now been before the public for some time, and the space at our command allows us only to notice Part III.

The first chapter of this part contains a masterly sketch of "The Foundation of the Roman Church," and a proof of the fact that it was and is the type and form of every particular Church. By way of preparation for this sketch, a brief but powerful description is given of the extraordinary temporal prosperity, the wonderfully comprehensive, everywhere reaching, irresistible system of civil polity, the "immense majesty of the Roman peace," then prevailing, along with the "profound corruption of manners which made the domestic lives of even the greatest men, such as Augustus, sinks of pollution, not adequately to be described without contamination—a corruption of manners, both represented and authorized by the idolatrous polytheism, which was in full possession as well of public as of private life."

In the very heart of this civilization, more perfect as to its own kind and character than the world has ever seen before or since, and more thoroughly, and to human sight and judgment more hopelessly corrupt, the kingdom of heaven was planted by St. Peter "like to a grain of mustard seed."

To show how Christianity, thus planted, did a work which all the systems of Grecian and Roman philosophy could not do; how it contrasted with those systems, wherein its superiority consisted; how Christianity overcame and conquered them, and made subservient to itself whatever in them was essentially true, and which yet in the false connections and relations in which it was held was powerless for good—is mainly the scope and design of Part III. of the author's work.

Mr. Allies first proves the powerlessness of Pagan philosophy, in all its various forms and schools, to form a society after its own tenets, and its utter worthlessness when judged by its own professed end. He shows this by testing it as regards (1) doctrine, (2) morals, and (3) worship, "in the intimate connection of which the perfection of society consists." As regards the first, heathen philosophy did not even lay claim to any such gift as the Jew recognized in Moses and the prophets, and the Christian found in the Apostolic teaching. Abstracting "that portion of its teaching which was the continuation of the original tradition descending to the Greeks, as to all other men, from the patriarchal religion, philosophy could teach men nothing, but left them to depend on what of truth natural reason could reach." "As to its morality, that, likewise, was the product of human reason," "and so the ground of its morality was the intrinsic dignity of man as a rational being, not the acknowledgment that he was a creature," dependent on God. Of worship, philosophy was entirely destitute. "It had none of its own, and it fell throughout its course, and in all its sects, into the fatal weakness of consenting to take at least an external part in an ancestral worship to which its inmost belief was opposed. Thus, in the most important act of human life, the philosopher was a hypocrite. This is true of Plato and of Aristotle, as well as of Zeno and Epicurus, of Cicero and of Cato, of Seneca, too, and of Marcus Antoninus." After thus pointing out how philosophy universally failed in its proposed aims and ends, Mr. Allies shows, with great power and clearness of thought, and beauty of language, how Christianity fulfilled those ends.

The main portion of Part III. is then taken up, in further development of the argument, with an exhaustive discussion of the following topics: Neo-Stoicism and the Christian Church, the First Resurrection

of Cultured Heathenism in the Neo-Pythagorean School, the Standing-Ground of Philosophy from the Accession of Nerva to that of Severus, the Gospel of Philosophic Heathenism, the Neo-Platonic Philosophy and Epoch (following which is a valuable note on the Connection of Ancient and Modern Pantheism), the Respective Power of the Greek Philosophy and the Christian Church to Construct Society, the Church Reconstructing Natural Order by the Supernatural.

In the last chapter of Part III. Mr. Allies sums up the results arrived at by his exhaustive discussion as follows:

I. As regards philosophy—"which means the utmost effort of human intelligence, the flower and fruit of Hellenic civilization,"—that it entirely failed (1) to construct a society, or furnish a ground on which society could rest, and (2) that it, likewise, utterly failed to implant the belief of one God in the minds of men, and consequently could not furnish any basis of morality.

II. As regards the Church, he shows (1) how the Church re-established the belief in one God, which is the foundation of human society and of morality; (2) how the Church re-established belief in the continuance of the human personality after death, "from which sprung the correction of a grave philosophic error, and an intense moral corruption; (3) how the Church re-established the doctrine of man's creatureship; (4) how the Church re-established the basis of morality in the relation of man to his fellow-man; (5) how the Church re-established the proper relation between the individual and the commonwealth; (6) how the Church carried in her bosom a law of nations."

Mr. Allies then closes with a masterly sketch of what the Church accomplished as regards the points just stated, and a magnificent picture of the Christian commonwealth which she established, the result of which was, "that when the time had come when the imperial unity of Rome had been broken, the spiritual unity of Rome shone out clearly to the eyes of men and the sovereigns of great nations, indifferent whether they be of Teutonic or Latin blood, acknowledged in the common Father the voice of a living law of nations, the voice of a common Christian duty, the voice of a glorious Christian confederacy; the rule not of blood and iron, but of Christian charity, upon which alone a law of nations can be based."

We wish Mr. Allies's work were in the hands of every priest and educated lay Catholic, because, apart from other considerations, it shows clearly that the prevailing skeptical philosophy of to-day, in all its phases and sects, is nothing more than a revamping of ancient Pagan philosophic ideas, which, ages ago, were weighed in the balance and found utterly wanting, even when tested by their own professed aims, and whose last word and final result, as a distinguished writer has well said, was despair.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CHRISTIAN STATE. A Series of Essays on the Relation of the Church to the Civil Power. Translated, with the permission of the author, from the German of *Dr. Joseph Hergenröther*, Professor of Canon Law and Church History in the University of Würzburg. In two volumes. London: Burns & Oates.

This book has received great praise from the Catholic press in Europe, but no more than it deserves. It presents the subject of which it treats in all its bearings, ethical, theological, and historical, and does so with a brevity, a clearness, and a learned criticism to be found only in works of the highest order of merit. It was not intended to be exhaustive of the topics it discusses, but it is a complete, methodical, and lucid compendium of all that has been written and, indeed, of all that can be said

on the relation of the Church to the civil power. Each essay gives a short statement of the question under consideration, one or more proofs of the point to be maintained, answers to the more important objections, and principles of solution for other objections not mentioned, but which have been, or may be urged, against it. In a word, every question is discussed in scholastic order, with scholastic precision, though not in scholastic form. The essays are divided into paragraphs, and copious notes and references to standard authors are given after each paragraph, which will enable the student to investigate to his entire satisfaction, every position and statement of the author. The value of such a work at the present time can hardly be overestimated. Very able essays have appeared, within the last couple of years, on some of the points included in Dr. Hergenröther's theme, but a brief, clear, and critical treatise covering the whole subject, was much needed. This want is amply supplied by the work before us. The first volume contains essays on the Holy See and Civil Allegiance, on the Vatican Council, the Syllabus, on the Fundamental Principles of the Middle Ages, and on Gregory VII. The second volume treats of the Pope and the Holy Roman Empire, from its foundation to its fall, of the Popes and their Vassal Kingdoms, in Italy and elsewhere, of Boniface VIII. and the Bull "Unam Sanctam," of the Origin of the Civil Power, and the right of resisting it, of the Punishment of Heresy, and of the Inquisition, of Liberty of Conscience, and of the claims of the Popes, since the Sixteenth Century.

The following introduction to Essay X., Vol. II., will give the reader an idea of the style and tone of the entire book: "After the eleventh century, many princes entered into feudal relations with the Church of Rome, and the rights of the Pope over such princes was much greater than over other rulers. He had not only an ecclesiastical, but also a temporal jurisdiction over them. The lord superior had a right to judge those princes who were his vassals, in any case of violation of fealty (felony), to depose them, and to give away to others the fiefs that escheated to him in these cases. The Popes in using their right of lord paramount to support their spiritual power, acted in conformity with the general feeling of the Middle Ages, according to which the material sword served as an aid to the spiritual. The exercise of their power may appear frequently to have been imprudent, immoderate, even hard and oppressive; but there was no violation of law nor usurpation of jurisdiction. We must not blame a judge who rests his judgment on the principles of jurisprudence prevailing in his time, only because they do not find the same acknowledgment in our day. This principle is always recognized, except in the case of the Popes. This is the less reasonable, as it was precisely the justice of their authority which caused their contemporaries most highly to esteem, and most strongly to support it. To meet the complaints made on this subject against the Popes, we will consider the Papal fiefs, I., in Italy; II., out of Italy."

PRINCIPIA; OR, BASIS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE: Being a survey of the subject from the moral and theological, yet liberal and progressive, standpoint. By *R. J. Wright.* Second edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876. 8vo., pp. 524.

This is a book written with good intentions, to say the least, and the author has endeavored, no doubt, as he professes in his preface, to avoid giving pain or disturbance to the religious or political prejudices of his readers. In this we scarcely think he has succeeded to the full extent he anticipated. He is not sufficiently acquainted with Catholic doctrine to present it accurately; and an inaccurate statement in such matters is

really misrepresentation, though without wilful intent. The author's explanation of our late war between the States will, perhaps, please neither party, though his language plainly shows on which side he stands. We are almost tempted to smile as we read in Mr. Wright's preface, that he endeavored to write a book "which could safely be recommended to pious young men, especially to students for the ministry, who really desire to be useful and to be abreast of their age on this subject" (Pref., p. vii.); and a few lines after he calls the book "his mite towards the Christianization of politics." Yet, in the exercise of private judgment, he puts a construction on the Saviour's maxim, "love thy neighbor as thyself," which is simply anti-Christian. "The interpretation," he says, "which some put on the word *neighbor*, making it mean all mankind, is MERE JUGGLERY; for it takes away all the meaning of the word 'neighbor,' and therefore takes away the 'point' of the passage!" It is well known that the Pharisees interpreted the passage of the Old Law pretty much as Mr. Wright does; and it was his intention to rebuke their false gloss by repeating the maxim and enforcing its true meaning. If we are to love not mankind but those of our "Precinct," we are not much in advance of our Pagan forefathers, civilized or savages; and the whole wonderful, beautiful theory of Christian charity is scattered to the winds. The social-science system is one of the hardest to be constructed; and our author lacks the ability to do it. Neither his own pet idea of six units, nor what he has borrowed from Compte, Fourier, Spencer, and other notorious unbelievers, will ever suffice to build up a theory of the science half as good as that of Cicero and other Pagans, who lived before our Lord came on earth. If he fails, it is the fault of his imperfect ideas of true Christianity, which never yet were learned outside of the Church, nor by exercising private judgment.

The author says some good things occasionally. Here is one of them: "The world has yet to decide whether the cry for freedom has been only an instinctive ruse of the *outs* against the *ins*, a mere deluded prayer of the covetousness of power, or whether it is the voice of real justice and of human rights, for all sides equally: and whether the call even for freedom of conscience in religion was ONLY for freedom for the caller's religion, or whether really for freedom for all." This, history tells us, was the cry with which the Reformation came into the world, freedom to prosper itself and to persecute others. And the very name of which it is so proud, means, according to historical truth, a PROTEST not only against religious freedom, but against mere toleration of the Catholic worship.

THE SECRET WARFARE OF FREEMASONRY AGAINST CHURCH AND STATE. Translated from the German. London: Burns, Oates & Co.

Masonry is, beyond doubt, one of the most important organizations of the present time. It claims a membership of some seventeen millions, and there is no reason to doubt the correctness of the claim. It exercises a powerful influence in the social, business, and political relations of all countries. It is said to control, to a great extent, the press, in every land that has a press, and to be able to shape the policy of governments. Its ranks are recruited from the mercantile and industrial classes and the professions, but it can also count amongst its adherents men eminent in science, in art, in literature, and statecraft. Its affairs are conducted with a harmony and a unity of purpose exhibited by no other society outside the Catholic Church. Secrecy, too, puts its proceedings, to a great extent, beyond the reach of unfriendly, and even of

disinterested, criticism. Such an organization must, in the nature of things, have a great influence in every country where it has been able to find a firm footing, an influence to be estimated not by local causes only, but by the sympathy, also, and the support the society can count on from its members in other lands. It is not to be wondered at that thousands should be attracted to it by the social and political advantages to be gained by connection with it, and that even kings, and emperors, and statesmen, whatever their individual views of it may be, should seek to control, or at least to propitiate it, by becoming members of it. No one can be indifferent to the existence and the aims of a society such as this. It is too important an element in the social and political life of a nation to be overlooked. Its origin, its organization, the ends it has in view, the means by which it seeks to attain them, are not only proper, but, in a measure, necessary subjects of investigation for every lover of his country. The estimate to be formed of Masonry is, indeed, not an open question for Catholics; the highest authority in the Church decided it long ago; but it is a question that concerns all citizens of whatever form of religious belief.

The author of the work before us undertakes to prove that this society wages a covert warfare not only against the Catholic Church, but against Christianity itself, against monarchy, against social order, and against God. He wishes it, however, to be distinctly understood that he "does not impute to *all* Freemasons the ultimate aims of their secret society. Few only," he says, "are completely initiated; the greater number of the brethren sin in ignorance."

This is a very grave indictment, but it is one the truth of which, we think, he puts entirely beyond question. His proofs are drawn from the authentic records of the lodges, from the manuals of the Order, from its organs, and from the writings and speeches of men high in its councils. Stronger, or more direct evidence than this, could hardly be desired. A very well-written, and closely reasoned Introduction by the English translator, on the general theme of the author, will be read with interest.

The Glories of the Sacred Heart. By *Henry Edward*, Cardinal (and) Archbishop (of Westminster). New York: Catholic Publication Society. 12mo., pp. 302.

The omission, on the title-page, of the name of the Cardinal's See is awkward, and, we may add, incorrect. What is a Cardinal Archbishop? There is a Cardinal Manning, and he is Archbishop of Westminster, but he is not a Cardinal Archbishop. It is readily enough explained *in sensu diviso*, as they say in logic; but in setting down an official title, the usual style should be followed, and explanations should not be needed. The inaccuracy, trifling as it is, is not to be imputed to the Cardinal himself, nor to our worthy American publishers, but to the English publishing house from which they obtained duplicate plates, thus securing a correct and authentic edition.

This admirable book is made up of ten discourses by the Cardinal, and now collected under the following heads: I. The Divine Glory of the Sacred Heart. II. The Sacred Heart God's Way of Love. III. Dogma the Source of Devotion. IV. The Science of the Sacred Heart. V. The Last Will of the Sacred Heart. VI. The Temporal Glory of the Sacred Heart. VII. The Transforming Power of the Sacred Heart. VIII. The Sure Way of Likeness to the Sacred Heart. IX. The Signs of the Sacred Heart. X. The Eternal Glory of the Sacred Heart.

The non-Catholic world, outside of the Church, is too often Socinian, and even when it strives to be truly Christian, rarely gets higher than Nestorianism. What else was to be expected, when it threw away the Real Presence, and the honor due to the Blessed Virgin? These two doctrines are the great bulwarks of the Divinity of Christ, and the surrender of this citadel of Christianity is only a matter of time, when the outworks have been given up. No wonder that they object to the worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as "the newest and most degrading form of Catholic idolatry," for they do not understand it. Nor can they, since the whole doctrine of the Incarnation has become obscured in their minds. They seem to know nothing of the hypostatic Union, nothing of Christ's deified Humanity. Some of them may worship as something abstract His divinity out of sight and dwelling in heaven; did they see Him on earth, present in the flesh, they would be shy of saying to Him, with St. Thomas, *Dominus meus et Deus meus.*

TERRA INCOGNITA; OR, THE CONVENTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM. By *John Nicholas Murphy*, Author of *Ireland, Industrial, Political, and Social.* Popular edition, with several new chapters, and the statistics of convents brought down to the present day. London: Burns & Oates. 1876.

We have long been accustomed to see Mr. Murphy's name mentioned in connection with every good and charitable enterprise in his native city, but we question if he has ever done anything more meritorious, or that entitles him as much to the gratitude of Catholics as the writing of this interesting and instructive book. It is a kind of *ex-voto* offering intended to enlighten his Protestant fellow-subjects, to whom it is dedicated, in regard to the nature and objects of the conventual institutions of Great Britain and Ireland. He treats his subject in a calm, impartial, and scholarlike manner, and we are glad to perceive from the press notices given at the end of the volume, that his work has been well received by those for whose benefit it was undertaken. The fact that such a book as this can be read and, to a certain extent, appreciated by the Protestants of the United Kingdom, is a sure sign that the old no-popery calumnies are fast losing their hold on the public mind of those countries. The chief strength of Protestantism lies in its misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine and discipline, and, that once exposed, numerous conversions may be hoped for from among such of our opponents as are in good faith.

The first twelve chapters of *Terra Incognita* are devoted to the history of the ancient orders of men and women, from their introduction, in the third century, to the Council of Trent, particular attention being given to the orders of women, of this class, now existing in the United Kingdom. These are, the Benedictines, the Canonesses of St. Augustine, the Carmelites, the Poor Clares, the Franciscans, Dominicans, Servites, and Bridgettines. Chapters XIII. and XIX. are interesting sketches of the lives of Miss Nano Nagle, and St. Vincent de Paul. Chapter XVIII. is an admirable answer to popular objections to convents. The remaining chapters give an account of the foundation, rules, and occupations of all the modern orders of women, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, with statistics of their different convents, schools, asylums, etc. These communities are twelve in number, the Ursulines, the Nuns of the Presentation, the Irish Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity of St. Paul the Apostle, Sisters of Notre Dame, Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Faithful Companions of Jesus, Little Sisters of the Poor, Sisters of Nazareth, Nuns of the Good Shepherd, and Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. Information is given in regard to all these

communities, not to be found in any other work, and which cannot fail to interest and edify the reader.

THE PRIMACY OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE VINDICATED. By *Francis Patrick Kenrick*, Archbishop of Baltimore. Seventh revised edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore Street. 1875.

This is the seventh edition, and the fourth stereotyped edition, of this valuable work. It has the advantage of being printed on much better paper than any of the preceding editions. This book, like every other book from the pen of the learned author, is a standard work on the subject of which it treats. As a vindication of the primacy of the Apostolic See, we think it unequalled by any other popular treatise thus far given to the public in any language. When written, it was as complete as a work intended for popular use could be expected to be. Now, however, it must be regarded as laboring under one defect very much to be regretted, which is, the want of a brief exposition and defence of the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, as defined by the Vatican Council. It is true, indeed, that a vindication of his primacy is a vindication of his infallibility, for he is infallible because of his primacy; still, it were greatly to be desired that a work of such singular merit in all other respects should contain a direct thesis on the dogma of infallibility. Had the illustrious author been spared to assist at the Council, of which he would have been the brightest light, this defect would, no doubt, have been well supplied. But this was not to be. In this work before us, he makes but one passing allusion to this important subject. It is in Chapter XVII., page 223: "It has been warmly disputed whether a solemn judgment thus pronounced, wherein a doctrine is proposed to the Church generally, as necessary to be believed under pain of anathema, or an error is proscribed as opposed to faith, with the same sanction, may possibly be erroneous. The *personal* fallibility of the Pope, in his private capacity, writing or speaking, is fully conceded by the most ardent advocates of papal prerogatives. His official infallibility, *ex cathedra*, in the circumstances just specified, is strongly affirmed by St. Alphonsus de Liguori, and a host of divines, in accordance, I believe, with ancient tradition, although the assembly of the French clergy in 1682 contended that his judgment may admit of amendment as long as it is not sustained by the assent and adhesion of the great body of bishops." In this passage the author states the doctrine of infallibility with his usual precision. Why he did not draw it out more fully and defend it, it is, of course, impossible to say now. It certainly could not have been because he regarded it as a mere theological opinion. He could not have viewed in this light a doctrine affirmed by "a host of divines in accordance with ancient tradition." Perhaps it was because he was unwilling to put any unnecessary obstacles in the way of certain persons returning to the Church, where faith in this doctrine would eventually come to them. Who can tell?

THE LIFE OF OUR LIFE, PART THE SECOND. THE PUBLIC LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. By *Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S. J.* London: Burns & Oates. 1875.

These two volumes on the public Life of our Lord, will be found deeply interesting and instructive. In none of his writings does Father Coleridge take his readers over beaten paths. If what he has to say is not always new, it is never commonplace. He is a man of strong intellect, of attainments both varied and accurate, and of a sound practical judgment. His works can owe little of their success to grace of style, or the glow of rhetoric. Their chief excellence lies in their erudition,

in the freshness of their thoughts, and in their adaptation to the intellectual and moral wants of the present time. It is to be regretted that too many of the lives of our Lord, especially those written in the form of meditations, with much that is admirable, contain too much that is farfetched, arbitrary, or trivial. In the volumes before us, there is nothing of this. The author takes up the leading facts in the life of the Redeemer, and his leading doctrines, comments on them, explains them in the light of theology and learned exegesis, shows their dogmatic and moral significance and bearing, and the nexus between them. He perfects the outline that is but partial and broken on the inspired page, gives light, and shade, and perspective to the picture, clothes it in the beauty of color, and does so in strict accordance with the rules of the divine science to which he has devoted his life. He makes no parade of authorities or opinions, though every scholar will perceive that he must have read and considered nearly everything at all connected with his subject. His conclusions are just and logical, his reflections appropriate and suggestive, and the practical lessons he draws from the words and actions of the Saviour, well chosen and wisely enforced. Simple and popular in form and style, his work, in reality, is most erudite and scholarly, and when finished, will be a rich mine of interesting and edifying information for all, but especially for such preachers as desire to instruct more than to please their audiences.

THE KEY OF HEAVEN: A Manual of Prayer, by the *Rt. Rev. J. Milner, D.D.* A new enlarged and carefully revised edition. Published with the approbation of the most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1876. 16mo., pp. 480.

Amongst the crowd of new prayer-books, daily growing around us in number and many of them in popular favor, it is pleasant to recognize the face of an old friend like the "Key of Heaven," and to find that it has not been thrown into the shade by its younger competitors. This little book has been of the favorite devotional manuals of the Catholics of Great Britain, Ireland, and America for the last hundred years. And it is probably still older. For, though, on the title-page, it is said to be Milner's work, we are inclined to think it older than the time of that illustrious divine. It is very likely that he had it republished for circulation amongst his flock; and thus, as frequently happens, it came to be known among them by his name. In the same way, the Catechism of Bishop Butler in many places at the South is known simply as "Bishop England's Catechism," and of the many who derived from it their knowledge of religion, not one in a thousand is aware that its true author was Bishop Butler. To the best of our recollection, Husenbeth, in his charming Life of Bishop Milner, nowhere attributes to him the authorship of the book in question. In the handsome edition before us, there are several improvements and additions, amongst which are some of F. Faber's Hymns. The Prayers for Morning and Evening, and devotions for assisting at Mass, are judiciously printed in larger type than the rest of the book.

THE ACOLYTE; OR, A CHRISTIAN SCHOLAR. A Story for Catholic Youth. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son. 1876.

A very readable story, though by no means a sensational one. Its aim is to illustrate the manner in which the irreligious education of the day works evil, that it is difficult afterwards to eradicate; and to show how, on the contrary, education of the highest kind under the sanction

and guidance of religion, far from weakening, strengthens and invigorates the first elements of Christian piety taught by parents in the truly Christian family. There is one chapter of peculiar excellence, headed "The Golden Vision of a Catholic Future," in which the author unfolds his ideas of the proper way to preserve amongst our youth, verging into manhood, the blessings they have once received from Catholic education. Perhaps our American boys very seldom discourse with one another in such a lofty strain of Christian wisdom, as Charles Desmond and James Lambeth are made to do in this book. But there is no harm in proposing a lofty ideal to youth for thinking, even if they cannot talk up to its standard.

YOUNG LADIES' PROGRESSIVE READER, designed for the higher classes in Schools and Academies. New York: P. O'Shea, No. 37 Barclay Street. 1876.

The selections for the "Young Ladies' Progressive Reader" have been made with care and good judgment. They are taken from the writings of numerous authors; amongst others, Archbishop Landriot, Percival, Balmes, Digby, Washington Irving, Chateaubriand, Cardinal Wiseman, Monsignor Dupanloup, Lacordaire, Lamartine, Addison, Goldsmith, and Emerson. The selections of poetry are equally numerous, consisting of excerpts from Longfellow, Bryant, Tennyson, Schiller, Adelaide A. Proctor, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mrs. Norton, Byron, Shakspeare, and others.

UNION WITH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN HIS PRINCIPAL MYSTERIES. By the *Rev. John Baptist Saint-Jure, S. J.* New York: D. and J. Sadlier & Co. 1876.

This is a very admirable treatise, and, like all the works of the distinguished author, breathes an air of piety as enlightened as it is earnest and tender. It is an excellent book for spiritual reading; and persons in the habit of making meditations, will find in it much fresh and suggestive matter suitable to their purpose. It will also be a valuable aid to those whose duty it is to guide or help others to the higher paths of Christian perfection.

REAL LIFE. By *Mathilde Fremont* (*Mme. Boordon*). Translated from the French by Miss Newlin. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 174 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

This is a tale of domestic life, depicting through a series of letters the incidents, trials, duties, failures, and victories of the heroine passing through the scenes and vicissitudes of real everyday life. It is well written. The heroine is placed in the middle rank of society, equally removed from poverty and material splendor. Her sorrows and joys come to her from her own family. There is the theatre of her hopes, her illusions, her strength, and her triumphs. It would be well if more books in this sphere, and on this plane, were written and published.

MARGARET ROPER; OR, THE CHANCELLOR AND HIS DAUGHTER. By *Agnes Stewart.* Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 174 West Baltimore Street. 1876.

Among all the cruel acts which blacken the character of Henry VIII of England, none is more detestable than his treatment of Sir Thomas More. The author of the work before us brings this out quite fully. The faith adheres to historical truth in her recountal of the scenes and incidents which make up her story. The character of Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More, is well sketched, as is also that of the Lord Chancellor himself.

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